SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00617 0451

BOOK NO. 920 M333 | ACCESSION 452574

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY

VITA SINE LITERIS MORS EST

FORM 3431 20M 1-41

SAN FRANCISCO PUBLIC LIBRARY
3 1223 00617 0451

DATE DUE

JAN 18 1997

HIGHSMITH #45230

Printed in USA

A Photograph of John Hay Taken in His Office When He Was

ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING

BY

ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

LONDON: JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK: JOHN LANE COMPANY
∴ ∴ ∴ ∴ MCMXX ∴ ∴ ∴ ∴

COPYRIGHT, 1919,
BY THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

COPYRIGHT, 1919,
BY JOHN LANE COMPANY

920
M333
452574

Press of
George H. Davis
200 Fifth Ave., New York, U. S. A.

3 1223 00617 0451

TO

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER

WHO MADE MANY OF THESE ADVENTURES POSSIBLE

FOREWORD

This book grew out of a series of articles dealing with wartime interviewing. So many inquiries came to me about my other journalistic experiences that I have ventured to embody most of them in this form.

It may appear presumptuous for me to prepare such a volume before reaching one of the later milestones of life. The reason for the intrusion of this personal record at a somewhat early age is that I have always lived in an atmosphere of timeliness. I believe in making a record of people and events while they are alive and when the interest in them is keenest.

I have met many of the commanding figures of my day. It has been a spacious time crowded with fateful action. Behind all that is written here is a definite purpose. Nearly everybody writes or wants to write. If the narrative can point part of the way to a fruitful contact with the future makers of history I shall feel compensated.

I. F. M.

New York, October, 1919.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER		PAGE
I	Watterson and the Early Days	15
II	New York and the World's Work	36
III	A Great American Editor	53
IV	The Art of Interviewing	68
V	Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt	79
VI	The Real Lloyd George	94
VII	Northcliffe, the King-Maker	116
VIII	Haig and Other British Notables	139
IX	Kerensky and the Revolution-Makers	161
X	Pershing and Wood	183
XI	Foch and Clemenceau	200
XII	The Wall Street Sphinxes	211
XIII	Some Literary Friendships	228
XIV	Other Literary Associations	257
XV	The Story of "The Jungle"	280
XVI	Plays and Players	290

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

John Hay in His Office When He Was Secretary of State . . . . . *Frontispiece*

FACING PAGE

Henry Watterson 16
A Characteristic Page of a Watterson Manuscript . . . 33
Walter H. Page 36
George Horace Lorimer at His Desk in the Offices of *The Saturday Evening Post* 53
Woodrow Wilson 78
Theodore Roosevelt 86
David Lloyd George in the Garden of His Home near Criccieth, Wales 96
A Reproduction of Mr. Marcosson's Letter of Introduction from Lloyd George to General Nivelle 113
Lord Beaverbrook 128
Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Marcosson at Elmwood . . . 135
Douglas Haig 138
General J. C. Smuts in His Drawing-Room in The Savoy Hotel, London 149
Sir Eric Geddes 152
Winston S. Churchill 152
A Reproduction of Sir Eric Geddes' Famous Message to the American People 156
Sir Edward Carson 160
Lord French 160
Alexander Kerensky 177
Prince George Lvoff 177
John J. Pershing 184
Major General Leonard Wood 196
Ethel Barrymore 202
Premier Georges Clemenceau 205
Marshal Ferdinand Foch 205
G. Marconi 210
Thomas F. Ryan 223
James Lane Allen 228
Frank Norris 237

FACING PAGE

A Characteristic Letter from Frank Norris to Mr. Marcosson 238
David Graham Phillips 242
Page of the Manuscript of David Graham Phillips' Novel, "Susan Lenox: Her Rise and Fall" 243
Mark Twain 244
A Page of the Manuscript of Mark Twain's Anecdote About Henry H. Rogers 245
J. M. Barrie 252
The First Page of the Manuscript of Sir James M. Barrie's Play, "Half An Hour" 253
H. G. Wells 257
John Galsworthy 260
Sir Arthur Wing Pinero 260
John Buchan 263
Hugh Walpole 263
Israel Zangwill 266
Ian Hay Beith 266
A Page of an O. Henry Manuscript 269
O. Henry 269
Alice Hegan Rice 272
Ellen Glasgow 272
Richard Watson Gilder 275
Frank A. Munsey 278
Upton Sinclair 283
Jack London 286
F. Hopkinson Smith 286
Daniel Frohman in the Famous Office in the Lyceum Theatre 290
Julia Marlowe Sothern 294
Otis Skinner 299
John Drew 302
David Belasco 303
William Gillette 303
Cyril Maud and Haddon Chambers Discussing a Scene in "The Saving Grace" 304
A Snapshot of George Meredith and Sir James M. Barrie . 308
Charles Frohman and Pauline Chase Playing Croquet . 308

ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING

ADVENTURES IN INTERVIEWING

CHAPTER I

WATTERSON AND THE EARLY DAYS

My earliest recollection of the printed word is not of a book but of a newspaper. When I was a boy in Louisville I engaged in a little strategic game every day with my father. It might have been called "Who can get the paper first?" Often I camped on our doorstep, waiting for a copy of the paper to be thrown in by the carrier. My mother declared that if I paid more attention to my text books and less to what was being published in the press, my school reports would make a better showing. The march of events was far more alluring and less difficult than the advance of academic knowledge. Thus printers' ink fascinated me from the start. Long before I was in my teens I wanted to be a reporter.

A reversal in my father's fortunes made it necessary for me to go to work when I was sixteen. At night, however, I wrote odd articles—they were very odd—for the *Louisville Times* and I determined that I would take advantage of the first opportunity to "get on the paper."

At that time the managing editor of *The Times,* an afternoon newspaper owned by *The Courier-Journal,* was Robert W. Brown. He was a friend of my father and came to our house frequently. What might be termed the first strategy of interviewing approach in my life was largely confined to the efforts I made to persuade Brown that I had every qualification to join his local staff. The invariable response that he made to my importunities was: "Do all the writing you can before you take a job."

It was sound advice and I heeded it. He let himself in for what amounted to a nuisance because I bombarded him

with every kind of manuscript. Some of my articles got into print but most of them found their way into the waste basket. When I was in my eighteenth year I determined to force the issue. I knew that a "cub" reporter had to serve an apprenticeship without salary. This, of course, was a hardship for me because I had to make my little contribution to the support of the family. Without saying anything to my mother I gave up my position in an office where I received the princely sum of five dollars a week and told Brown that I was willing to take a chance.

I was assigned to what was known as the "East End," which was the whole eastern section of Louisville. Every morning I had to make the rounds of police stations, hospital, coroner's office, and the morgue. It was not a particularly cheerful survey at best but it dripped with interest. In this sometimes grim and grewsome contact I got my initial glimpse into the underworld. Into my young ears were poured the tragic stories of dying women, the confessions of men about to march to the scaffold,—all the morbid revelation which comes when people are face to face with the final mystery of mysteries. It is disillusionising but I know of no better preparation for writing. The human nature written on the police blotter is no less revealing than the life disclosed on the register of the gilded hotel. The men who produce the best fiction are those who have been through the reportorial mill.

Technically I was a police reporter. The first interview I ever got for publication was with a policeman who had arrested a negro for stealing half a dozen chickens. As a matter of fact no interviewing that I was called upon to do subsequently was, in some respects, more difficult than extracting the concrete facts about crime from those unwilling and sometimes equally unintelligent blue-coated imparters.

The moment I went on the staff of *The Times* I came under the influence of a man who really became my journalistic mentor. He was John A. Baird, my first and only City Editor. A born reporter himself, some of his feats had become a tradition in that little domain of action of which I was now an obscure actor. A City Editor of an afternoon newspaper must learn, first of all, to keep his head when things begin to happen. No matter how the news "broke"

Henry Watterson

Baird sat serene amid the storm. He slashed the life out of my early "copy" but there was a lesson in every scratch of his pencil. Afterwards, when I became his assistant we sat shoulder to shoulder through strenuous and stirring newspaper battles.

I worked six weeks for "glory," as we used to call it. In plain English it meant that I got no pay. Fate then did me a kindness. On our staff was a reporter with histrionic aspirations. He felt the call to interpret Shakespeare. The fact that he was alone in that desire made no difference. He decided that the drama needed more uplifting than daily journalism so he joined a travelling company headed by the late Thomas W. Keene. This created a vacancy on the staff and I became a full-fledged reporter at the age of eighteen, charged with complete responsibility for all the news from dog fights to suicides that happened in the East End.

In connection with the young altruist whose defection to high art gave me my first newspaper salary, was an amusing story. Two clever Louisville women were discussing his new field of endeavour. One of them expressed some wonder as to what he could do, whereupon her companion replied:

"I found out last night. I was reading Shakespeare and I came to the stage direction 'Noise without.' He is the 'noise without!'"

I was a police reporter for several years. After I had written my copy at noon for the first edition I had to go on watch at the Central Police Station until the final editions were on the street. The officer in charge there was known as "the reporter's friend." Through the circumstance of his work he could give us advance tips on raids, coroner's calls, investigations, and news generally. He delighted to give the newspaper colony titles. I was not particularly slothful in those days so he dubbed me "Walk and Talk."

It was a full life. Each day brought its hardships and its compensations. I had no finer thrill in landing the first of the wartime interviews with Lloyd George than I felt back in that early period when my account of a big fire or the story of a murder got on the first page under flaring headlines. Every lesson that I learned in running down a crime mystery or following a clue that led to a social exposure, has been

capitalised again and again in that later and larger field shot through with the tragedy and terror of war and the lure and glamour of world statesmanship.

From police news I graduated into Main Street. Here I had to write the market news and keep in touch with what was going on in the business world. As I talked with Louisville's leading bankers I little thought that the time would come when I would be called upon to force speech from the lips of Morgan, Harriman, Ryan, Rogers, Archbold and the other American money masters.

One part of my new work was to "do" the hotels. This had no reference to unpaid bills. It meant that among other things I had to keep in touch with notable arrivals and find out the why and the wherefore of their visits. Now started my experience with the great and the would-be great which has lasted through all the succeeding years.

Although I had had a fair experience with what might be called the daily run of celebrities that visit a city like Louisville, I did not really cut my teeth as interviewer until the presidential campaign of 1896. The first national figure with whom I conversed was President McKinley. I went to visit my brother in Cleveland, Ohio, and was invited to an open-air New England Dinner given in honour of the Republican candidate, who had left his famous front porch at Canton, Ohio, to visit his friend and manager, Mark Hanna, whom I also met. The ruling passion to interview was strong with me even in vacation so I wrote a character sketch of Mr. McKinley, interspersed with a few harmless and innocuous remarks by him. Mr. McKinley was an amiable, approachable, kindly man who talked much and said little. I doubt if any American President was quite so cautious and committed himself less on all controversial questions. Yet he was always wise enough to see reporters and communicate something to them.

Mark Hanna made a deep impression upon me. There was something dogged and forceful about him. Afterwards I found his prototype in men like Sir Eric Geddes and Lord Northcliffe. No one adapted himself more easily to the newspaper ropes. Early in his political career he learned, what Wall Street took many years to discover, that frankness in

dealing with reporters is a virtue. When Mr. Hanna had nothing of vital importance to say to reporters he always managed to stir up something that made conversation. The newspaper man never went away empty handed.

Upon one occasion when he was in Washington a reporter accosted him, saying:

"What is new this morning?"

Mr. Hanna had just arrived from a trip to Cleveland and his luggage had not been unpacked. Turning to a suitcase he opened it, pulled out a pair of socks and said:

"This is the only new thing I've got. I just bought them."

Kentucky was a storm centre in the campaign of 1896. The revolt of *The Courier-Journal* against Bryan sounded the keynote of the whole Gold Democratic movement and led to the nomination of General John M. Palmer and General Simon Bolivar Buckner for President and Vice-President. General Buckner came from Kentucky. He had been Governor but had retired to his farm. Like another Cincinnatus, he returned dramatically to the public harness. The national limelight suddenly beat about him and it disclosed an imposing figure. General Buckner was one of the finest and most commanding men I have ever known. Tall, straight, erect, with flowing white hair, he had a kingly bearing. He always wore a black slouch hat. No matter whether he strode the streets of Louisville or walked over his broad acres down in Hart County, he smoked a corn-cob pipe. He looked the typical Southern aristocrat.

General Buckner lived in a log cabin near Munfordville on an estate called Glen Lily. It had modern conveniences however. The only rough feature of it was the bark on the logs. During the campaign I was sent down to interview him amid this rugged setting. On this occasion General Buckner told me of his friendship with General U. S. Grant, to whom he surrendered. After the war these two striking personalities became close friends. When the conqueror of Lee became financially embarrassed, one of the first to offer aid was the former Confederate General who had at one time given him his sword.

I travelled with Palmer and Buckner on one of their "swings around the circle." The two old soldiers made a fine appear-

ance together. They were invested with a pathetic nobility for they were of the past. No one had the slightest idea that they would be elected. They were sacrificial political lambs but succeeded in deflecting enough votes from the Bryan ticket to insure the election of Mr. McKinley.

This naturally leads me to the most striking person I met in that historic campaign. It was none other than William Jennings Bryan himself. A bitter fight was made for Kentucky. Up to that time it was a rock-ribbed Democratic stronghold. The gold movement, however, swung it for the first time, I believe, into the Republican column. Every resource and device that political cunning could inspire were brought to play. Bryan himself came into our midst and I spent several days on his special train which was a power-house of speech. Bryan began to speak early in the morning and talked until late at night. He was then the young Lochinvar come out of the West. About him was some of the magnetic glamour that is always associated with sudden fame. He was not an unimposing figure with his smooth, almost boyish face and his incessant energy. Having been a newspaper man himself he appraised spectacular publicity as a first aid to his ambition. Hence he went out of his way to oblige us. Afterwards I met Mr. Bryan many times. He never again had the same dramatic atmosphere such as invested him in that autumn of 1896 when the lightnings played about him.

To have been a newspaper reporter in Kentucky in that day was to have known the oratorical giants. They belonged to a now vanished race. Instead of being mere "spell-binders" they were wizards in the art of eloquent persuasion.

Chief among them was Colonel W. C. P. Breckinridge, the original of all the "silver tongued." He was the pride of the Seventh Congressional District, whose capital was Lexington. I saw and heard him in his great hour and I also beheld him when the Pollard scandal had made his name almost a hissing and a by-word at home.

I have reported many stirring political contests but I recall none more invested with real tragedy than the race that Breckinridge made for rehabilitation. Against him were arrayed the so-called "good element" who looked with pious horror upon the gallant effort he made to restore himself to

good-will and to Congress. He lost the fight but every fair-minded individual felt that he had more than atoned for the unfortunate publicity that well-nigh overwhelmed him as a result of Miss Pollard's breach of promise suit. Breckinridge uttered the swan song of his matchless eloquence in that campaign. He had a noble presence for he had long white hair and beard; his eyes were brilliant and blue; his voice rang like a bell. The only living orator that approaches Breckinridge in fluidity of speech is David Lloyd George.

The exact opposite of Colonel Breckinridge was John G. Carlisle, whom I interviewed many times. Mr. Carlisle looked and acted like a Roman Senator. His face was of classic mould, his eyes were deep-set and austere; his jaw hard and unyielding. In his own way he was as convincing an orator as Breckinridge. So far as public speaking is concerned these two men formed the same sort of parallel as President Wilson and Lloyd George. Breckinridge depended upon brilliant and flaming rhetoric; Carlisle on cold and dispassionate reasoning.

Carlisle had one of the most remarkable memories I have ever encountered. I once had a small part in an amazing demonstration of it. He came to Kentucky to make a series of "Sound Money" speeches at the high tide of the silver craze. He had only one copy of his speech which bristled with figures. He asked me to "hold copy" on it while he spoke. He had written the speech the day before and had not made the slightest effort to memorise it. Yet he did not vary one word or a single figure in an address that consumed two hours and a half for delivery.

Such were the political and oratorical giants of that other day. Kentucky probably produced more convincing pleaders than any other State in the Union. It was bred in the bone. Men were born with silver tongues instead of silver spoons in their mouths. In this tendency toward speech you find one definite reason why the State was a laggard in literature. It was far easier to talk than to write. The lawyer and not the writer took high social rank. When those masterful figures died they left only the memory of picturesque personalities behind.

The most remarkable political personage during my news-

paper days in Kentucky was William Goebel. If ever a sinister character stalked across the stage of public life it was Goebel. He was the Mephistopheles of the Democratic Party. He came to Covington a struggling young lawyer; he became the most feared and powerful factor in State affairs. Tried and acquitted of murder, he made himself the Democratic nominee for Governor at a Convention that was more like a "movie" thriller than a gathering of men delegated to name a man for high and honourable office. I reported that Convention for *The Times*. Goebel jammed his nomination through literally by armed force. The campaign, which was a fitting sequel to the riot of the Convention, was the bitterest in the history of Kentucky. The feeling was so acute that the militia was called out to protect the polls on Election Day.

Goebel was the physical incarnation of the type that he represented in politics. His face was ashy pale, his eyes small and ferret-like; his whole manner shifty and mysterious. During his campaign for Governor I went to interview him one day at the Seelbach Hotel in Louisville. He was just getting out of bed and wore a mottled night-shirt. He looked like a leopard who had not shed his spots. He never did.

Goebel was defeated at the polls. He controlled the Legislature, however; contested the election of W. S. Taylor, who was a weakling, and was about to be declared the "legally elected" candidate when he was shot down as he entered the grounds of the State Capitol at Frankfort.

For pure drama the events that followed almost rank with any experience I had during the Great War. Frankfort became an armed camp; the whole State was aflame with passion; brother was arrayed against brother; no man knew what the morrow would bring forth. An indiscreet shot might have provoked a bloody civil war. All the while Goebel, sworn in as Governor on his death-bed at the Capitol Hotel where he lodged, lingered between life and death. The moment he breathed his last, J. C. W. Beckham, who had been the candidate for Lieutenant-Governor, was installed as successor before the news of the Governor's demise was announced to the reporters who were keeping the death watch in the lobby below.

The mystery of the Goebel assassination was never solved. Half a dozen men including Caleb Powers were convicted of

the crime. Most of them spent long terms in the penitentiary. There will be a startling disclosure some day when the real murderer is discovered.

Everything was not blood and thunder politics in Kentucky. There was plenty of sentiment, too. Although she had been a neutral State during the Civil War her heart had really been bound up in the Confederacy. To Louisville there came again the surviving figures who loomed so large in the tragedy of the Lost Cause. A reunion of the United Confederate Veterans meant the assembling of a gallery of men and women who had made history.

I remember such a gathering when on the stage sat Mrs. Jefferson Davis, serene and benignant; Winnie Davis, "the Daughter of the Confederacy," winsome and charming; "Fighting Jo" Wheeler, a tiny human package of vigour and vitality; John B. Gordon, one of the last of the great Captains; the white-haired General Longstreet, living reminder of the bloody tides of Gettysburg; Fitzhugh Lee with all the courtly bearing of a "Lee of Virginia." They shone in that supreme test of character which is reconciliation to proud defeat.

The war with Spain gave me my first big journalistic disappointment. I was booked to go to Cuba but got no further than the three mile limit outside Newport News. I saw most of the outstanding figures of that event, however. Admiral Schley, for example, came to Louisville during his speech-making tour. Having met Admiral Sampson, I was able to strike a contrast between these two men who were then engaged in violent controversy over the Battle of Santiago. Sampson had something of the quality of a scholar while Schley represented the "sea-dog" of story. Sampson was averse to talking for publication while Schley, like most men with a grievance, was always accessible.

Just about this time Richmond Pearson Hobson turned up unexpectedly in Louisville. It was soon after the fatal kiss that led to his undoing. I realized that if I could duplicate the kissing episode in Louisville it would make a good story. I was a member of the hastily improvised committee that gave him a reception and dinner at the Louisville hotel, so I entered into a conspiracy with a charming girl of my ac-

quaintance to give him a real Kentucky welcome the moment he appeared.

The plot worked beautifully. As soon as the hero of the *Merrimac* entered the ball-room of the hotel my fellow-conspirator gave him a resounding kiss on the cheek. Hobson was most gracious and charming about it—(the pleasure was all his)—and entered thoroughly into the spirit of the whole occasion.

One of the advantages attached to apprenticeship on a newspaper in a comparatively small city is that you get experience in every branch of journalism. I ranged, for example, from police court news to reviews of books. No earlier work of mine gave me a larger opportunity than the literary editorship of *The Times*. It was incidental, of course, to my labours as Assistant City Editor and all my writing and reading had to be done at night. Through it I met some of the men who shaped my future life.

In the early nineties some exquisitely conceived and executed stories of Kentucky life had appeared in the *Century* and *Harpers*. They bore the signature of James Lane Allen. I not only read them with deep admiration but Mr. Allen became my model of style. He developed into a literary shrine at which I worshipped. I longed to meet him.

One morning in 1895 I read a five line item in *The Courier-Journal* stating that Mr. Allen had arrived in Louisville to obtain some material for a history of Kentucky that he had on the stocks. I realised at once that my chance had come. I felt sure that he could give me an illuminating interview on contemporary fiction so I called on him. As it happened, he was the guest of an old friend of mine, Colonel J. Stoddard Johnston, one of the rarest figures in Kentucky journalism, a master maker of mint juleps, and a colleague of Henry Watterson.

I shall never forget my first glimpse of Mr. Allen. When you have read much about a man or by him, you fashion a mental portrait of him. Sadly enough this picture is too often thrown out of focus by actual contact. Mr. Allen, however, not only realised every expectation that I had had of him but exceeded it. In his presence I had something of the same feeling that I had afterward when I first met John Hay.

Both of these men had the simple, gracious dignity that bespeaks real greatness.

Mr. Allen represented a distinguished quality in our letters and his personality expressed it. He had the air and manner of another and departed generation. Aristocracy of thought and breeding stood out the moment you met him. He looked and acted the gentleman in American literature.

Mr. Allen was then engaged in arranging "Summer in Arcady," which had appeared as "Butterflies" in serial form, for publication. He liked the interview I wrote with him and invited me to visit him in Cincinnati, where he was then living. Out of that meeting developed one of my closest literary friendships, the whole story of which I shall tell in a subsequent chapter. I refer to Mr. Allen here because he fits into the sequence of those Louisville events.

As an indirect result of my admiration for James Lane Allen's work was a unique experience. As most people know, the story that gave Mr. Allen his first reputation was "The White Cowl," which appeared in the *Century Magazine*. It is a tale of the Trappist Monastery in Nelson County, Kentucky, and is, in many respects, the finest short story in American fiction. I had read it again and again. It filled me with a great desire to visit the monastery. How to get there was the problem because, being a non-Catholic, it was necessary to have some excellent reason.

In 1897 my opportunity developed unexpectedly. The old Abbot who had figured in the Allen story died and his successor, Father Edmond Obrecht, was sent out from France. His consecration was made an event of national importance in Catholicism. The cloistered seclusion of that century-old monastery, hemmed in by noble elms, was invaded by princes of the Church and a few laymen. I was among the latter for I was assigned to write the story of the event for *The Times*.

It was late in October and the fields of Nelson County were aflame with autumn colour. A blue haze hung over the distant hills. Nowhere in America is there such a visualisation of the Old World as is presented by this stone quadrangle with its vineyards and fountains that broods on the outskirts of the Blue Grass region of Kentucky. It is the abode of peace and meditation.

I had never before seen a cowled monk and I was much moved by the ceremony. Each member of that isolated brotherhood that filed past the new Abbot in homage and reverence seemed to me to be a living chapter of romance or tragedy. When men become Trappist monks they forget the world and are by the world forgot.

A few days later I was surprised and delighted to receive a letter from the Abbot thanking me for what I had written about his consecration and inviting me to visit him at Gethsemane, as the institution is known. I spent the next week-end with him. Father Obrecht was a remarkable man in many ways. He had been the Trappist Agent at Rome; had travelled everywhere, and although he was a member of the most ascetic of all religious orders he was a man of the world as well. I became a sort of link between him and the things that were happening outside.

Every month I journeyed down to see him. With the exception of the Prior, he was the only person in that community of more than three hundred souls who spoke. In the evening, when the brethren had wrapped themselves in their cowls and slept in their dim, hard cells, Father Obrecht and I would stroll in the monastery gardens and discuss the events that seemed so far away. Once I brought him a copy of "Flute and Violin and Other Kentucky Stories," which contains "The White Cowl." It is the only book of fiction in the monastery library to-day.

Now for the aftermath. The excitement over the assassination of William Goebel had subsided. Beckham was Governor, and he had also married a Kentucky belle. Mrs. Beckham had read "The White Cowl." Whether in admiration of the story or because of natural feminine curiosity, she was eager to visit the monastery at Gethsemane. For a time it seemed a vain and hopeless wish. A Trappist monastery is one of the few domains where women are forbidden. Any female of the species entering its precincts does so under penalty of excommunication. The home of the Silent Brotherhood is perhaps the last and only stronghold of man.

Father Obrecht knew of Mrs. Beckham's ambition. Once when I was visiting him he said: "I am going to take you into

my confidence. Mrs. Beckham wants to come to see us and I have discovered a way to gratify her desire. The Trappist Order was founded in France under royal rule. Into what might be called its By-Laws was inserted the provision that the mate of the reigning monarch should always have access to a Trappist house. Mrs. Beckham is the wife of the Governor and therefore the consort of the ruler of Kentucky. Technically she may enter our establishment."

I enthusiastically endorsed his argument because I saw a big newspaper "beat" in the first announcement that the wife of the Governor of Kentucky would be the first American woman to invade the hitherto inviolate retreat of the followers of La Trappe. The news caused something of a sensation but it was mild alongside the consternation that the occasion itself created among the inmates of the monastery. Some of them had not seen a woman in thirty years.

Governor and Mrs. Beckham and their suite went to Gethsemane in a special train. I was a member of the party and accompanied the First Lady of the State on her trip through the institution. It was the first time that the swish of a skirt had profaned an atmosphere that had only heard the tinkle of soft monastery bells and the voices of monks chanting Latin prayers. A banquet was served in the refectory. One of my first speeches was made on that occasion.

By this time you may have realized that those early reportorial days in Louisville did not lack variety of human contact or diversity of experience. James Lane Allen was merely one of many authors who came into my ken. One of the first was F. Marion Crawford, big, virile, and upstanding. Under the management of the late Major J. B. Pond he was making an extended lecture tour. He referred to himself as a "Pond Lily." I too flowered in that Pond lyceum garden because some years later I lectured throughout America with the Major's son as impresario. Another literary light that illumined my earlier day was Dr. John Watson (Ian MacLaren), the famous Scotch minister who introduced the world to the quaint charm and homely drama of "Drumtochty." He was a witty and winning person who combined a canny business sense with a delicious humour. In those days I also met Hamilton Wright Mabie who was planting the seeds of

culture in the provinces to the infinite delight and palpitation of school teachers innumerable.

One of the most striking of my earlier associations with writing men was with John Uri Lloyd who sprang into fame as the author of "Stringtown on the Pike." Mr. Lloyd happened to see my review of this widely-read book and invited me to visit him at his home in Cincinnati. I found him a man of unusual personal and intellectual qualities and with a most absorbing life story. He had made an international reputation as chemist and amassed a considerable fortune. He took up writing as a diversion and was astounded when "Stringtown on the Pike" became a "best seller."

This story, which was based on actual experience, was laid in a little town in Kentucky called Florence. With Mr. Lloyd I spent a day in this picturesque community. Many of the characters who figured in the story still lived and I met them all.

In the book Mr. Lloyd expressed such great admiration for the place that gave him birth that he used the line: "I love the dust of that dear old pike."

"Stringtown" was in the midst of a long and severe drought at the time of our visit. All the members of our party were grimy and dusty when we returned to Cincinnati. I said to the author: "Do you still love the dust of that dear old pike?" He then confessed that it was literary license.

Although men came and went I had about me constantly the most striking and virile personality of them all. We worked under the same roof; drew our pay out of the same coffers; the domain of Kentucky journalism—indeed the whole national press—daily felt his force and character. I mean Colonel Henry Watterson.

Colonel Watterson bore the same relation to my early ideal of a newspaper man that James Lane Allen had to American literature. This does not mean that I ever aspired to be an editorial writer. My ambition was for the open road where things happened. At the same time the editor of *The Courier-Journal* represented the goal of highest ambition to every reporter in the South.

When I first met "Marse Henry," as he is called, he was well into the fifties. Unlike most of his colleagues he was

never an aloof person. Horace Greeley, for example, brooded over the *New York Tribune,* a thing apart. Mr. Watterson, on the other hand, literally darted all over the establishment. Our editorial rooms were on the top floor of the building occupied by *The Courier-Journal* and *The Times.* Mr. Watterson had a small office on the second floor. It was almost bare of furniture. In the centre was a table desk piled up with newspapers. Three or four large leather chairs completed the equipment. Mr. Watterson seldom used this office. He did practically all of his writing at his country house near Jeffersontown, which is just beyond the suburbs of Louisville.

My first meeting with Mr. Watterson was somewhat unconventional. I had been on *The Times* a short while when it happened. There were some dark corridors in our building and I was making my way down one of them. I suppose that I was not looking where I was going or was absorbed in something when all of a sudden I felt a swift impact; the breath was knocked out of me, and I found myself scrambling to my feet. Opposite me stood an almost undersized figure with big head and broad shoulders and whose hair, moustache and goatee were beginning to turn white. He sputtered: "Why don't you watch where you're going?"

It was Mr. Watterson. He had collided with me in the dingy passageway. I fully expected to be discharged instantly. Instead, he looked upon it as a natural result of his own carelessness. This encounter explains various characteristics of the famous editor. First of all, his eyesight is most defective for the reason that he has only had the use of his left eye since childhood. In the second place, it showed his manner of movement. Only Roosevelt surpassed him in alertness of action. Until he was well past his seventieth year he walked with the energy of a young reporter hot on the trail of a story. He had an incorrigible way of bolting through doors. This often led to disaster, as my experience showed.

In some way I had the good fortune to arouse Mr. Watterson's interest. To-day I have the honour of always being referred to by him as "one of my boys." I was one of the few reporters who survived his favour. It was always regarded as a fatality to incur the Chief's sponsorship. This does not mean that he exerted a malign influence. Far from it. He

has always been the most generous of men. Curiously enough, as soon as a young man became a protégé of Henry Watterson he seemed to court dismissal. So far as editorial writers are concerned this involved no great mystery. Mr. Watterson only singled out a man when he had distinguished himself. He then expected the individual to keep on at the same high pressure. Editorial writing in Kentucky was then pitched on a precarious political plane. Men were constantly shifting their ground. No wonder, therefore, that writers, to quote the vernacular, "got in bad." Mr. Watterson himself was known to indulge in frequent editorial acrobatics affecting larger policies and his satellites found it difficult to keep pace with his changes.

Happily I was never called upon to write any editorials for him, which probably accounts for my immunity from the fate that befell many of my colleagues. On occasion he would stop me in the hall and say a kind word about something of mine that he had seen. He never lacked a kindly word of encouragement for the struggling young writer.

My association with Mr. Watterson, however, was more social than professional. I was the youngest member of a little group in Louisville called the "Disreputable Club." Mr. Watterson loved the play. One of his bosom cronies in the old days was Colonel John T. Macauley who owned Macauley's Theatre. Frequently after the opening night of a theatrical attraction we adjourned to the back room of a saloon nearby where we talked until dawn. This room was the rendezvous of the so-called "Disreputables." Watterson was the life and spirit of these gatherings. From him flowed an irresistible flood of stories punctuated with his incomparable wit and humour. He was never quite so fascinating or beguiling as at these informal meetings when he drew on his matchless wealth of anecdote and reminiscence. When Watterson dies much of the art of table talk will go with him.

Colonel Watterson has not only been a real patron of the theatre—in fact all the arts—but he probably has had the widest acquaintance among actors and actresses of any writing man in America. To the table of the Disreputable Club came Nat Goodwin, who always looked forward to a Louisville engagement with keen delight because it meant an association

with Marse Henry, Edwin Booth, Richard Mansfield, Joseph Jefferson, Sol Smith Russell, Maurice Barrymore, Sir Henry Irving, Lawrence Barrett,—all the stars of the richest era of the acted drama. The Colonel enjoyed a long friendship with Madame Modjeska and was one of the stage sponsors for Mary Anderson who was born in Louisville. When Mr. Watterson desired to be formal he entertained his friends at the Pendennis Club. He always chafed at formality and was in his best element in that dingy back room of a corner café.

These unforgettable sessions of the Disreputable Club often graduated into poker games that lasted well beyond daylight. Mr. Watterson played poker as he did everything else, which means that it was in a manner entirely his own. He was no respecter of other people's chips; likewise, he was one of the most distinguished and accomplished "bluffers" that the great American game has ever produced. He could do more with a pair of deuces than any other card-player in the world. Men regarded it as a privilege to lose in a game of cards with him for the reason that they had compensation in a comradeship that always remained a happy memory.

Whatever may be said about Colonel Watterson, one thing is certain—he is human to the core. He likes to drink and he has never been ashamed to admit it. To him the bottle has simply meant a first aid to companionable intercourse. There is a tradition that the mint julep and Henry Watterson are synonymous terms. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Mr. Watterson has never partaken of this famous Kentucky concoction except when there was nothing else available. His favourite beverages include the two extremes of drinking—beer and champagne, with a strong disposition in favour of the former.

Mr. Watterson's method of writing is as unique as the character of the man himself. He has never acquired the dictation habit even for letters. He does all his writing by hand with a stub pen. While he writes his face is scarcely three inches from the paper. This is due to his bad vision. His handwriting is probably the worst in the world. It is perhaps not quite so illegible as that of Horace Greeley but it certainly runs the chirography of the *Tribune's* editor a close second. His habit in the old days was to send his edi-

torials in from the country by a messenger and then have the proof read to him by his secretary when he came in at night. Like John G. Carlisle, the moment that he put pen to paper the written word was almost photographically fixed in his memory.

Upon one occasion I was called in as understudy for Mr. Watterson's secretary and read the proof of a long editorial aloud to him. Half way through he suddenly halted me and said: "Stop. The printer has used a 'but' instead of an 'and.'" We sent for the copy and sure enough he was right.

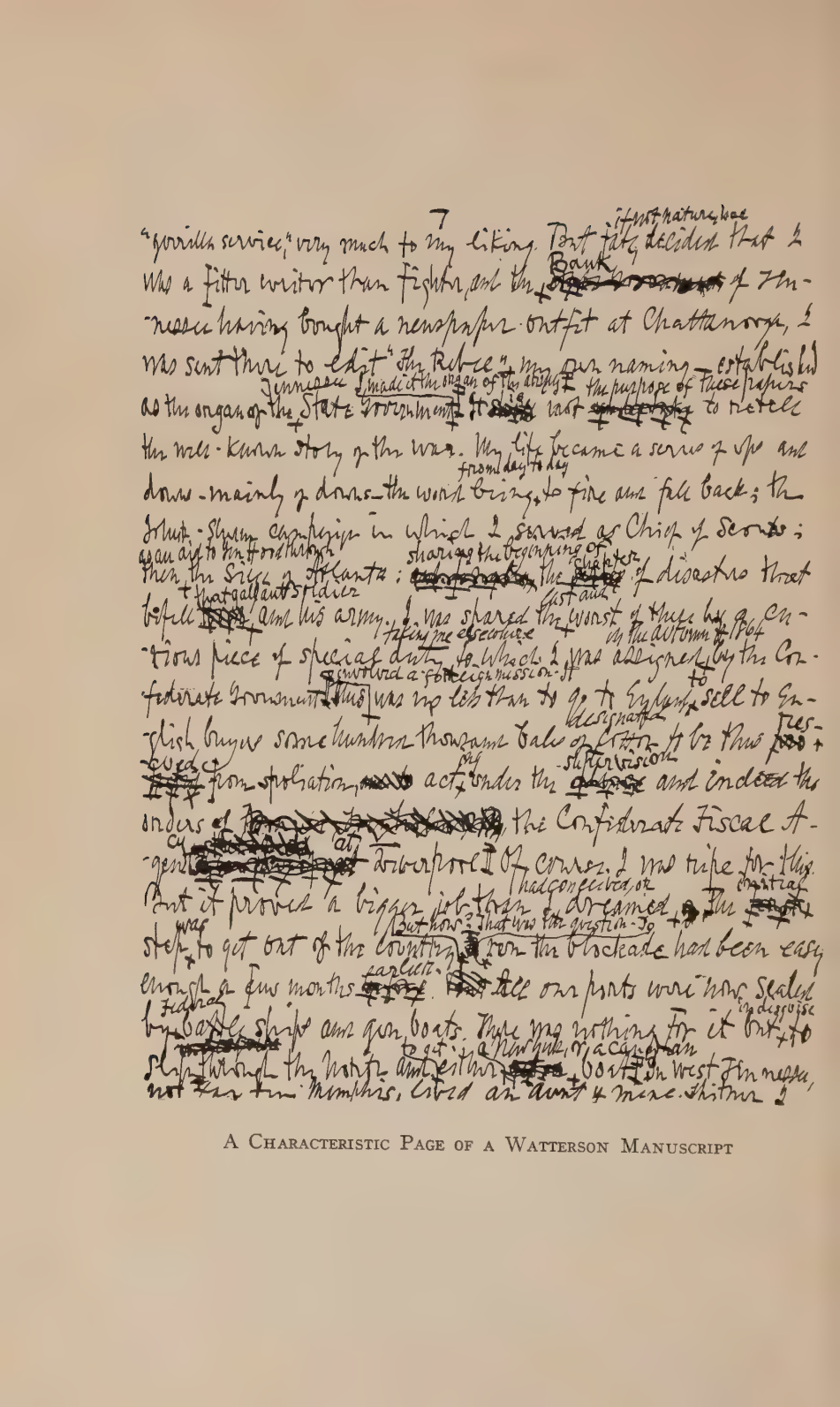
Mr. Watterson pursued the same method with his speeches. He always wrote them out by hand and had them set up in galleys. He penned his famous lecture on "The Compromises of Life" one day and delivered it the following evening without a single change from the text.

Mr. Watterson's wretched handwriting led to many amusing blunders in print. When muckraking was at its height he wrote an editorial about the so-called "criminal rich." He urged the great mass of investors to buy only gilt-edge bonds. The proofreader transformed these words into "guilt-edge bonds." There was more truth than accident in the change, certainly with reference to "watered" issues.

Upon another occasion he indited a tribute to a well-known Louisville citizen and referred to the fact that he had entered "the sleep that knows no waking." It appeared in type as "the ship that knows no shaking."

The old-time "tramp" printer who set up type by hand was the bane of Mr. Watterson's life. In the course of a long editorial he used the familiar phrase "from alpha to omega." The intelligent compositor, who was more accustomed to geography than to literature, set it up as "from Alton to Omaha!" He took to the broad highway the next morning.

Mr. Watterson not only writes an atrocious hand but he revises his already well-nigh undecipherable manuscript viciously. It is like adding insult to the injury of "copy." Some years ago he was called upon to make the dedicatory speech at Baltimore at the unveiling of a monument to Francis Scott Key, the author of "The Star Spangled Banner." After the speech, which contained numerous quotations from the national anthem, had been set up in type Mr. Watter-



A Characteristic Page of a Watterson Manuscript

son made many changes in it. At least a dozen proofs went back to the composing room in rapid succession until the head proofreader was almost frantic. When the final set reached him he exclaimed fervently:

"Thank God, at least he never changed a word in 'The Star Spangled Banner!'"

Mr. Watterson belongs to the galaxy of the great phrase-makers. He is the father of the slogan, "A tariff for revenue only," which became the perennial battle-cry of Democracy. In 1892 he bitterly opposed the renomination of his hereditary enemy, Grover Cleveland. In a scathing editorial he maintained that if Cleveland were named for the presidency the party would "wade through the slaughter-house to an open grave." I doubt if any living writer surpasses the Kentucky editor in vigour of excoriation. His attacks on New York Society and on the Hohenzollerns will have a permanent place in vitriolic literature. His scintillating pen has full mate in his eloquent tongue. Like Breckinridge, he belongs to the realm of inspired orators. His lecture on Abraham Lincoln, in which the one-time Confederate soldier canonises the Great Emancipator, is his noblest piece of expression. To have heard him deliver it is to have the recollection of a golden eloquence. The closing peroration is as follows:

"Where did Shakespeare get his genius? Where did Mozart get his music? Whose hand smote the lyre of the Scottish plowman, and stayed the life of the German priest? God, God, and God alone; and as surely as these were raised up by God, inspired by God, was Abraham Lincoln; and a thousand years hence, no drama, no tragedy, no epic poem, will be filled with greater wonder, or be followed by mankind with deeper feeling than that which tells the story of his life and death."

Mr. Watterson has a rare sense of humour. One of his most popular lectures was entitled "Money and Morals." Once I heard him deliver it in Louisville. His first words were:

"I am going to talk to you about money and morals. I am well equipped for I have neither!"

I believe I can clear up a misconception which exists with regard to Mr. Watterson's relation to the famous bolt of *The Courier-Journal* against Bryanism in 1896. It is widely believed that his cablegram, "No Compromise with Dishonour,"

sent from Vevey, Switzerland, where he was writing his Life of Lincoln, prompted the insurgency. This is not true.

The instigator of that historic defiance of demagoguery was the late Walter N. Haldeman, father of *The Courier-Journal* as a consolidated newspaper and its principal owner. On the afternoon of Bryan's nomination he called Harrison Robertson,—Mr. Watterson's chief assistant and an editorial writer of rare discrimination—into his office and discussed the situation. Mr. Haldeman did not need much encouragement to take the plunge. He had already made up his mind. Within fifteen minutes Robertson emerged to write the ringing editorial which formally repudiated Bryan. It was a trumpet-call to the Gold Democrats. Mr. Watterson's cablegram did not arrive until the following afternoon. He knew nothing of the deed until it was done.

I was present when Henry Watterson lived one of his proudest and sweetest hours. His cablegram about Bryanism to which I have just referred, coupled with the defection of *The Courier-Journal* in the silver campaign, made him extremely unpopular with the "old-liners" of the party. He suffered temporary ostracism from its ranks and *The Courier-Journal* —"The Democratic Bible"—lost its prestige for a time throughout the South.

Politics not only makes strange bed-fellows but leads to still stranger reunions. In 1897 a Convention was held at the Music Hall in Louisville to nominate candidates for some minor State offices. These nominations were purely incidental. The important fact was that the hour had come when Kentucky Democracy stood at the cross-roads to decide whether it would follow the false silver gods or revert to its real keepers—the Conservatives. On the stage sat the Big Four of Kentucky Conservatism. They were Mr. Watterson, John G. Carlisle, W. C. P. Breckinridge and Senator William Lindsay. In the Bryan campaign they had relentlessly fought the heresy that had flaunted the free-coinage banner. There was still a strong Bryan sentiment throughout the State and it looked with open hostility upon the quartet now assembled to lead the way to party redemption.

It was Mr. Watterson's first public appearance since his cablegram from Switzerland. There was a breathless silence

as he rose and made his way to the edge of the platform. He stood erect; his one eye gleamed; his white hair waved like the plume of Henry of Navarre. Raising his right hand he said in a voice vibrant with emotion: "My fellow Democrats."

He got no farther. The great audience burst into a cheer that crashed out like the roar of a mighty cataract. It was fully ten minutes before he was able to proceed. I have heard Mr. Watterson speak many times but he never surpassed that superb effort. He swept the vast crowd to its feet; the whole silver issue was lost in the shuffle that followed; it was indeed a triumphant political home-coming.

The genius of Henry Watterson's service to journalism lies in the fact that he has made of it a purely personal thing. The editorial page of *The Courier-Journal* became the expression of his own magnetic self. In my boyhood days men did not ask each other, "What is in the paper to-day?" The daily query was, "What does Watterson say this morning?"

Mr. Watterson has lived to see the American newspaper become a machine. On this subject he once said: "Newspaper properties are more and more becoming, like the railways and the banks, pure corporate affairs. Less and less does the individual writer cut any real figure. Whilst strong writing, backed by strong character, will always count, the opportunities become fewer for the reason that such writings emanate from authority and this authority will not be delegated by employers to employés."

When Mr. Watterson found that he could no longer invest *The Courier-Journal* with the personal flavour he retired. It was an ill wind that blew good because one of the results has been his autobiography, "Looking Backward," which is a human document of permanent worth.

Henry Watterson is indeed the last of the personal journalists. He belongs to a newspaper age when passion and prejudice were as much the assets of an editor as gift of word and political knowledge. He has watched the Greeleys, the Danas, the Raymonds, the Marbles, the Joneses, the Halsteads, the Reids and the McClures pass on to that remote yet accessible sanctum from which no editor returns. He alone remains as the living embodiment of a force that makes a newspaper a living, breathing, animate thing. We shall probably not look upon his like again.

CHAPTER II

NEW YORK AND *THE WORLD'S WORK*

A GREAT Frenchman was once asked, "What is the best thing about daily journalism?" He at once replied, "To know when to get out of it."

It is easier said than done. Newspaper men find it difficult to break away from their profession. The lure of it is undeniable. Printers' ink is like the actor's grease paint. Once in the system it clings tenaciously. One way out—or up—is the New York paper.

New York has always beckoned to the journalistic worker. Whether he labours in San Francisco, Seattle, New Orleans or Louisville, the needle of his compass is almost invariably set towards the literary market-place. Often this desire is a feeble flame snuffed out by the wind of adverse circumstance. Yet it burns for a time at least in nearly every heart.

One reason why the young literary hope is set upon the metropolis is that with a single notable exception practically all the leading magazines are published there. Magazine journalism represents a definite advance in writing. It not only provides the larger and more permanent field but it usually means the stepping-stone to a career as novelist. The "best seller" lurks like a needle in the vast hay-stack of manuscript.

Most men who come to New York and eventually join the staff of a magazine first serve an apprenticeship on a metropolitan daily. I was more fortunate. I went straight from the City Room of a provincial newspaper to a desk in the office of a leading monthly periodical. The way of it was this:

Through my book reviews in *The Times* I had become interested in the work of Frank Norris and Ellen Glasgow. I was among the first to point out their high literary promise. As was the case with James Lane Allen it led to close friendships. The Norris and Glasgow books were published by Doubleday, Page & Company who also owned *The World's*

Into fellow-service of
the world's work,
Your friend
Walter H. Page
July 1904

Work. Walter H. Page was not only editor of the magazine but chief literary adviser of the firm. As it happened, both Norris and Miss Glasgow were among his protégés. He wrote me at various times in appreciation of my interest in them. On the rare occasions when *The World's Work* had a commission in Louisville he gave it to me.

For years it had been my custom to spend a summer vacation in New York with James Lane Allen. While on such a holiday in 1901 I met Mr. Page and Frank Norris. The author of "The Octopus" was a reader for Doubleday, Page & Company and at that time was enthusiastic over his "discovery" of Theodore Dreiser's "Sister Carrie."

When I made my usual pilgrimage to New York in 1903 I left Louisville determined to try my fortunes in the big city. There was no future for me on *The Times.* I had never consciously written fiction. Therefore *The World's Work,* which was really a glorified monthly newspaper, appealed to me as the ideal medium for work. Mr. Page asked me to lunch and I told him frankly of my ambition to join his staff.

Mr. Page hesitated over detaching me from a long-established connection in Louisville. When I told him that I had burned my bridges behind me and was determined to remain in New York he said: "All right. Suppose you come to *The World's Work* for two months. I shall regard these two months as experimental. Let us then take stock of the situation with the experience that we shall have had. Beyond that I hope will lie what we both wish."

I promptly accepted his offer and on August 26, 1903, took my seat at a little desk in the editorial rooms of *The World's Work,* then located on the third floor of an old office building at 34 Union Square.

So far as American publishing is concerned those offices have a considerable significance. In them five men launched a great venture with comparatively small capital. They were Frank N. Doubleday, Walter H. Page, Henry W. Lanier, son of the poet Sidney Lanier, Herbert S. Houston and S. A. Everitt. Each brought a distinct experience to the infant business. Doubleday had been one of the bulwarks of *Scribner's* and among other things had devised the Outward Bound edition of Rudyard Kipling's work. An intimacy between him

and the creator of "Kim" developed. In fact the basic asset of the new firm was Kipling and he was a tower of strength. Mr. Page had been editor of *The Forum* and *The Atlantic Monthly,* and literary adviser for Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Lanier inherited his father's fine literary perception, while Houston and Everitt were trained in book manufacture and advertising. Thus they represented a self-sufficient combination destined to make publishing history—and it did.

The World's Work had been born in November, 1900. In those days every American publishing house regarded a magazine as a God-imposed obligation. Most of them were literary, that is, fiction publications. Mr. Page was the pioneer in producing a carefully edited fact periodical that would be a "History of our Time." Its purpose, expressed in his leading editorial in the maiden issue, was: "It is with the activities of the newly organised world, its problems, and even its romance that this magazine will chiefly concern itself, trying to convey the cheerful uplift of men who do things." This sentence is a tabloid of the Page editorial idea.

It was the proverbial "far cry" from the hectic life on an afternoon newspaper where your work perished almost before it saw the light of print, to the more sedate and organised environment of a monthly periodical which became a lasting record of what you did. Yet I discovered that writing for a magazine is precisely the same operation as writing for a newspaper. It simply becomes a more exalted and stable piece of reporting.

I do not think that I ever worked so hard as I did on my first article for *The World's Work.* It had the unromantic title of "The Country Merchant Comes to Town," and dealt with the army of out-of-town buyers who visited New York every autumn and spent more than half a million dollars. Unconsciously it was the outpost of the realms of specialised "business" writing that I did in the succeeding years.

I soon found out that making a magazine was a far different matter than feeding copy into the voracious maw of a newspaper. A daily journal is built out of the most fragile thing in the world which is news. The first page sensation of to-day is forgotten in the exposure of to-morrow. Time is the supreme essence of the undertaking. Brilliancy of performance and

distinction of style are lost to the author in the anonymity which enshrouds the profession.

Even on a magazine as timely as *The World's Work* plans for issues had to be made a long time ahead; it was necessary to canvass and commission writers; there was always the difficult problem of devising features that would be fresh and diverting to the reader two or three months after they were written. It was a whole new world of print that I had invaded and I spent many anxious days and nights trying to learn its complicated details.

On *The World's Work* we had regular conferences in Mr. Page's office. On most magazines the policies are shaped in these editorial sessions. Each member of the staff submits ideas for articles and they are discussed and acted upon. To me it was like going to school. Nothing is quite so instructive as the demolition of a pet conception. If you are wise you profit by it.

More informal and diverting were the luncheons nearly every day at the old Everett House in Union Square. Here, at a corner table which was usually reserved for us, we hatched schemes and filled authors with food and facts. The hotel is gone and with it much of the intimate personal companionship which was one of the delights of magazine-making.

Now began my real adventures in interviewing. I not only had to write an article every month and read manuscripts, but I did my share in rounding up authors for articles and books. Mr. Page rightly believed that five minutes' personal conversation with a writer were worth more than a score of letters. The same rule is equally true of a commercial transaction.

I not only had the incalculable benefit of association with Mr. Page but I likewise enjoyed a professional comradeship with a remarkable man—M. G. Cunniff—who was Managing Editor. Although his name is scarcely known to-day he exerted a considerable influence in shaping *The World's Work*. He was a Harvard graduate who had joined Mr. Page after a short experience as editorial writer on the New York *World*. Subsequently he went to Arizona where he wrote the Constitution of the State, became Lieutenant-Governor, and would have gone to the United States Senate but for his untimely death at thirty-five. His career aptly illustrates the contention that

most men who succeed in larger journalism could duplicate the achievement in almost any other activity.

The anchor of *The World's Work* was Walter H. Page. Figuratively I sat at his right elbow for more than five years. He was the first really big man with whom I had an intimate working association. He was more than chief for he was my friend, guide and philosopher. Democracy was the supreme interest of his life, a kindling desire to uplift the plain man his ruling passion. Nor was it the usual emotional altruism for revenue or personal advancement. He incarnated sincerity and conviction.

The whole *World's Work* idea, like Mr. Page himself, was vigorous and forward-looking. With Northcliffe he believed almost fanatically that fundamentally, a magazine should furnish information. He disdained the so-called "literary" atmosphere. He felt that no matter how important a man's message was, it failed if it were not written so that everybody would, and could, read it. "Make it interesting" was his uncompromising law. To work with him, therefore, was a liberal education.

Mr. Page was vitally human. There was something almost Lincoln-like in his rugged, honest face. His eyes were fine and friendly; his voice rich and eloquent. Nothing about him was more characteristic than his laugh, which rang out like a joyous peal. It was the echo of a deep character.

One of the first things that Mr. Page impressed upon me was the importance of "writing for everybody." He knew that many magazine editors, like some dramatic critics, write for each other. He used to say: "Make your articles so simple and concrete that a Kansas farmer can understand them." To him the Kansas farmer represented the average reader everywhere. The word "concrete" was his fetich. It meant that Page and the abstract were strangers. One phase of his genius lay in an almost uncanny ability to make what he wrote or edited so lucid that a child could grasp it.

For so-called "fine writing" he had an abhorrence. He believed in terse, direct, forceful Anglo-Saxon English. He abominated long words and foreign expressions. I remember that one of his associates once used the expression *vis-à-vis* in an article. Mr. Page suddenly turned to him and asked:

"What does this phrase mean?"

"Why, opposite, of course," was the reply.

"Then use it," was the chief's injunction.

I once asked Mr. Page to name the models of his own admirable style and he said: "Lincoln and the Bible. If a man studies these authorities he will inevitably acquire the art of writing."

Mr. Page was a master of the art of letter-writing. He combined the whimsical grace of Charles Lamb with the force and directness of Theodore Roosevelt. His epistles to young authors were sermons in construction. Even his letters of rejection were treasured. O. Henry once said that "a writer could take one of Walter Page's letters to a bank and borrow money on it."

Just as he detested so-called "elegance of style" so did he abhor the prolix. Long articles were the bane of his life. He almost ranked dulness with murder. It certainly was a crime in his eyes.

An academic writer once came to see him to discuss an article for *The World's Work*. The subject had been agreed upon and only the question of length remained.

"What do you suggest?" asked Mr. Page.

"I think I can compress it into twenty thousand words," was the solemn reply.

Mr. Page smiled and responded:

"Do you realise that the story of the creation of the world —the biggest thing that ever happened—was told in a single paragraph?"

The author was silent for a few moments and then said: "I never realised it before. Three thousand words will do for me." He was cured.

Mr. Page delighted to smash precedent. When he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* he found himself in the shrine of American culture. It was an atmosphere hallowed by memories of Emerson, Thoreau, Hawthorne and Holmes. Contributors approached the office with reverence; employés moved about on tip-toe and spoke in whispers. Noise was a vulgar thing and a profanation. Practically all negotiations with authors were by letter.

Being a virile person Mr. Page made short shrift of all this.

His idea of editing and of life generally was to get things done. On the first day of his editorial stewardship he received an excellent article. Calling a stenographer, he dictated a congratulatory telegram of acceptance.

The typist was a maiden lady who belonged to one of the best and oldest Boston families. She had been employed in the office of the *Atlantic* for more years than even she cared to remember. The moment Mr. Page said the word "telegram" she looked horrified. Noting her perturbation he asked:

"What is the matter?"

"We have never before sent a telegram to a contributor," she replied in embarrassment.

"Then we will begin now," was Page's dictum. The telegram went, and many others followed in its wake. The *Atlantic* woke up.

Mr. Page practically wrote all the editorials in *The World's Work*. They were published under the title of "The March of Events." They became a vivid panorama of the times, illumined with humour, alive with mental energy, yet kindly with a sympathetic understanding of men and happenings. Mr. Page was a sworn foe of fogyism. His colleagues used to say in jest that no editorial of his in the magazine was complete without the words "constructive," "democracy," "vision," "large," "helpful," and "task." Yet these words embodied the Page formula of responsibility and character. He contended that no man should destroy if he could not rebuild better; when men criticised they must likewise point the remedy.

Walter H. Page made his magazine the instrument of a varied and constructive reform. He was the pioneer in popularising the new science of agriculture; he helped to outline the whole process of rural regeneration; he heralded the emancipation of a vast region from the hook-worm; most of all he blazed the way for the educational and industrial redemption of the South.

Having spoken of the South I am impelled to speak of what was in some respects his largest public service. Many people knew him as editor, publisher, and ambassador. He was more than all these for he was a great citizen. Born in North Carolina, he grew up amid the tragedy of reconstruction. He beheld the South in the thrall of a sickly senti-

mentality that prated of "beauty and chivalry," "peerless heroism," "the glories of Lee and Jackson,"—worst of all, "the good old day." He saw that so long as the South lived in the past it would never have a future. The sore spot was the race problem. With broad vision he realised that the salvation of the negro lay in the training of his hands.

In early manhood he taught school and edited a newspaper in North Carolina. Then, and afterward, he preached his liberalism with tongue and pen. It was unpopular for the simple reason that it was the truth and it hurt. He told the whole story of his crusade in thinly disguised fiction, originally published as "The Autobiography of a Southerner," and under the *nom de plume* of Nicholas Worth. Subsequently it was revised into a novel called "The Southerner." Although he never acknowledged the authorship in public I can say with authority that Nicholas Worth and Walter H. Page were one and the same.

Mr. Page had a profound contempt for the professional Southerner. Of this pernicious type he wrote: "In truth, the 'professional Southerner'—the man whose capital in life is the fact that he is a Southerner—and your 'professional reformer' of the South have many resemblances. Your Southerner shows his intimacy with the Deity by swearing; your reformer shows his intimacy by a condescending familiarity; and you may take your choice of them for bores. They are alike in that neither will learn anything: different only in the angle at which their complacent density misses common sense and a helpful knowledge of mankind."

In a public address Mr. Page once stated his creed. It is such a reflection of his character that I reproduce it. He said:

"I believe in the free public training of both the hands and the mind of every child born to woman.

"I believe that by the right training of men we add to the wealth of the world.

"I believe in the perpetual regeneration of society, in the immortality of democracy, and in growth everlasting."

Wherever Walter H. Page hung his hat that place became automatically the unofficial capital of the New South—the South of progressive thought and intelligent labour, where

education was the watchword and the Negro had an opportunity to make himself a useful and helpful citizen. It was Mr. Page who edited and published Booker T. Washington's autobiography, "Up from Slavery," one of the most impressive human documents in American literature. In his own peculiar way he did more for the real advancement of the coloured man than half a dozen decades of New England "sympathy with the black man."

It is not generally known that Walter H. Page was the anonymous author of the widely discussed book, "A Publisher's Confessions." They were published serially in the Boston *Transcript* during my day on *The World's Work*. The moment I saw the first instalment I knew that "W. H. P." as we used to call Mr. Page behind his back, was the author. He made an attempt to deny the authorship to us but his personality was written all over it.

Mr. Page regarded publishing as a noble calling and held that it should be reared on the personal relation. Concerning this he said:

"Every great publishing house has been built on the strong friendships between writers and publishers. There is, in fact, no other sound basis to build on. For the publisher cannot do his highest duty to any author whose work he does not appreciate, and with whom he is not in sympathy. Now, when a man has an appreciation of your work and sympathy for it, he wins you. This is the simplest of all psychological laws—the simplest of all laws of friendship and one of the soundest."

Mr. Page never expressed his conception of the profession that he adorned more accurately than in an inscription that he wrote on the fly leaf of his book, "The Rebuilding of Old Commonwealths" which he gave me in January, 1904. Here it is:

"Magazines, books and schools are all machinery to do the same work and the best of it is that we who turn some of the wheels catch a little of the glory of the great results which a democracy at last works out.

Your work-fellow,

Walter H. Page."

No one was more surprised than Mr. Page himself when

President Wilson named him as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Although he was a diplomat in speech and writing —none surpassed him in the strategy of courteous approach— he seemed, at first thought, the very last man to select for a post that imposed caution and silence. Mr. Page worshipped blunt talk, which means that he was the embodiment of open diplomacy.

Needless to say he was a complete success as Ambassador in the most crucial hour of American diplomacy. I was a steady commuter across the Atlantic Ocean during the war with Germany. The Walter H. Page that I found installed at the Embassy in Grosvenor Gardens was the same bluff, frank, honest, outspoken Walter H. Page that I knew in the office of *The World's Work*. When men like Lloyd George, Northcliffe, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. Balfour spoke to me of his work in glowing terms I was not surprised. He was merely doing his job—he loved this simple, old-fashioned word —as he saw it, which meant that he was doing it well.

Mr. Page was Anglo-Saxon to the core and he believed, as many of us believe, that the destiny of the human race depends upon a union of the English-speaking peoples. I am betraying no confidence when I say that in certain quarters at home he was criticised for being "too British." An effort was made to unseat him. When the agent of the State Department arrived in London to "investigate" the case he found out within twenty-four hours that the retirement of Mr. Page would have been a national calamity to both Britain and America.

The drama of life, like traditional truth, is stranger than any fiction. In 1906 I had a friendly difference with Mr. Page. To be specific it related to an increase in compensation which I did not get. I resigned from *The World's Work* and joined the staff of *The Saturday Evening Post* where I had my first opportunity for a national and popular audience.

The years passed. Mr. Page went to London as envoy; the Great War broke, and I was caught up in its seething drama. In March, 1917, I went to Petrograd to get the story of the Revolution that overthrew the Romanoff dynasty. When I returned to London in May, America was in the war and Mr. Page the centre of admiring interest.

The American colony in London decided to give him a large public dinner in the ball-room of the Savoy Hotel in appreciation of his distinguished services. I was invited to make a speech and pay him the formal tribute which I was proud and glad to do. I have rarely faced such an audience as assembled to do honour to my one-time chief. The Government, the Army, Navy and Diplomatic Corps were brilliantly represented. On this occasion Admiral W. S. Sims made his first public appearance after his arrival to take charge of the American Fleet in European waters.

When I rose to speak there flashed across my memory the scene in Mr. Page's office in 1906 when I had told him that I felt that I must look after my future. As a result of that interview I quitted his service. Time had meanwhile wrought its wonders. Mr. Page sat enthroned as the guest of honour in a notable gathering that paid tribute to his international services, while I was fresh from the most dramatic episode of the War of Wars.

The next morning I received a charming letter from him written in his own hand for he still adhered to the obsolete intimate personal method of communication. In that letter he thanked me for what I had said about him. Then he added: "As you stood there speaking I thought of the day when we had our amiable difference and when you left me." It showed that we were both thinking of the same thing at the same time.

Walter Page gave his life to his country as unflinchingly and as devotedly as the men who died at the battle-front. It was as he wished. He saw a man's career in terms of work and sacrifice. Once he said: "There are men that are led by thought; there are men that are led by dreams; but the dreamer who thinks is the leader of them all." He was thinking aloud about himself. There was a boundless sweep to his sympathy; he had about him an atmosphere of cheerful earnestness; the genius of friendship was his. He gave publishing and diplomacy a tradition of courage and character. The memory of him is an inspiring possession.

With my advent on *The World's Work* began a continuous contact with celebrities. The Russo-Japanese War gave me my first experience in interviewing Ambassadors. To make

a diplomatic envoy talk in terms of peace is no spring-time frolic. When his country is at war he puts a double padlock on his lips.

The moment that hostilities began in the Far East I was sent to Washington to round up material for a special War Number of *The World's Work,* the first of its kind. Instinct told me that I could do nothing better than secure either an interview or a signed statement from the Russian Ambassador, who was Count Cassini, and the Japanese Minister, Kogoro Takahira. How to get them was the problem.

I turned to the rules of the salesmanship game. I felt that if I could get one to succumb it would be comparatively easier to convince the other. In such interviewing it is best to follow, at first, the line of least resistance. I argued that the Japanese were looking for justification for their cause so I betook myself to Mr. Takahira, an engaging and agreeable person who spoke half a dozen languages.

One almost unfailing argument in favour of an interview with a public man is that it will be of some benefit to the interviewee or aid the cause with which he is allied. Likewise it is good to get a peg upon which to hang the statement or series of statements. I convinced the Minister that the whole United States wanted to know specifically "what Japan was fighting for." Here was something concrete. It seemed to strike him favourably for he said: "That's a good idea."

This illustrates another important "point" in big interviewing. Summed up it is—never depend upon generalities. A man is much more apt to talk when he is given a lead of some kind. It produces clear-cut results.

Takahira stated his case in compact fashion. While he talked I had an inspiration. An interview is a good thing but a signed article is better. I therefore said: "Mr. Minister, what you have said will be much more effective and permanent if you reduce it to writing and sign it. It will not only be more authoritative but will become a piece of history."

Three days later I received the article. I now had what I thought was the overwhelming "selling" argument with Count Cassini. I found him, as I had found most Russian diplomats, amiable, charming, suave. The moment that I suggested that he write a statement of Russia's case he was up in arms. I

said to him: "Think it over and I will come back to-morrow."

When I returned he was still opposed to the idea. I tried every argument that I could possibly bring to bear and he still held out. Up to this time I had not played the trump card in the shape of Takahira's article. Once more I asked him to think it over. When I found him still unyielding on my third visit, I said:

"It may interest you to know that I have a statement of Japan's case, signed by her Minister here. I think Russia's cause should not be officially ignored."

For once this argument fell down. The Ambassador replied quick as a flash:

"I have no desire to enter into a magazine war with Japan."

Some years afterward when I again met Count Cassini he admitted that he had made a mistake in not assenting to my request. This policy of aloofness prejudiced America against Russia during that war, while the corresponding appreciation of the value of publicity on the part of the Japanese helped to make them popular.

The Russo-Japanese War also provided one of the most grateful of all my adventures in interviewing because it brought me into relationship for the first time with John Hay, then Secretary of State. A really great man is one who instantly makes you feel at home in his presence. I have never felt more free from embarrassment with any human being than with this distinguished American who left an unforgettable impression upon people, just as he wrote an enduring achievement into the diplomatic history of the world. What Byron wrote of Sheridan is true of Hay. They "broke the die" in moulding him.

My object in going to see Mr. Hay was to try to persuade him to write an article on our diplomacy in the Far East. He had been the father of the famous "open door" policy in China and he was the heaven-born person to prepare this paper. To induce a man to write an article when he is not particularly keen to do it demands the same technique as breaking the barriers of silence in interviewing. The "approach" in each case is identical.

I had a letter to Mr. Hay from Mr. Page. The war be-

tween Russia and Japan had just begun and the Secretary of State was then involved in one of his most historic negotiations. I fully expected to be kept waiting a long time when I handed my introduction to the old coloured messenger who had sat outside that same door for more than twenty-five years. To my surprise he emerged and said: "The Secretary will see you at once."

In this detail—and I speak impersonally—Mr. Hay showed one of the attributes of greatness. When men say they have no time to be interviewed they do not mean it. Probe behind the remark and you find the real reason, which is that they are either not of interviewing calibre, or have nothing worthwhile to say. The busiest men in the world are the men who find time to do everything. The busier some men are the more time they have to do what they want to do. No one discovers this more readily than the interviewer.

Mr. Hay sat in a high-backed swivel chair at a long, paper-littered desk across which the battles of American diplomacy had been waged for many years. The character and personality of the author of "Jim Bludsoe" invested the chamber with an atmosphere of real distinction. Looking at him your mind instinctively turned to Lincoln, whose intimate he had been.

Mr. Hay was almost under-sized, with blondish moustache and goatee streaked with grey. Deep lines furrowed his forehead; his eyes were penetrating but kindly. He wore the conventional frock coat of official life. An unframed, full-length portrait of him hung alongside his desk. It created the impression that there were two Secretaries in the room. The portrait had just left the painter's easel, and had been sent in for inspection.

To have met John Hay was to have really touched the embodiment of that much-abused being known as a "gentleman." I told him what I had in mind, whereupon he said:

"Nothing would give me more pleasure than to accede to your request, but I am Secretary of State and a war is going on. It is impossible for me to write for publication."

Some men of lesser calibre say things when they are anxious and willing to be convinced to the contrary. With John Hay

it was different. What he said invariably had the touch of finality. Argument was useless.

He then did a gracious thing for he added: "Although I cannot write or even speak for publication, I can perhaps help you in your work. I will send to your hotel a collection of documents bearing on the Eastern diplomatic situation and I will include a paper which may be of interest."

When I returned to my hotel late that afternoon I found a package and a letter from the Secretary of State. Attached to the letter was a copy of his famous Note to the Powers, which secured the neutrality of China and maintained her administrative entity. It was the antidote for whatever designs Japan may have had upon her yellow neighbour. It ranked with the highest of America's diplomatic performances.

If Mr. Hay had sent me that Note *after* it had been sent to the Governments of Russia, Japan and China it would have been an ordinary performance. The point I want to emphasise is that he had just prepared it and it had not yet been put on the wires. He knew, of course, that *The World's Work* would not appear for at least three weeks. To have this all-important document in hand at once was a distinct help in the preparation of the number.

I relate this incident not only to show the unfailing kindness and courtesy which were among John Hay's foremost qualities but to emphasise the fact that in interviewing the first requisite is character. A premature publication of that Note, or even a reference to it might have played havoc with a diplomatic undertaking of far-reaching significance. Mr. Hay, however, had been accustomed to deal with Washington correspondents who carry more unpublished secrets perhaps than any other group of writing men in the world. No asset, therefore, of the interviewer is more important than his ability to impress the man he interviews with confidence in him. It is the basis of everything, no less in business than in any phase of journalism.

I saw Mr. Hay many times afterwards. Whenever I had a state problem to unravel I went to his door and always found it open. He would never permit himself to be interviewed but he inspired more constructive publicity about America, both at home and abroad, than any other statesman

of his time. He saw diplomacy in terms of frank and fair dealing, not a thing of subterfuge and trickery, as Bismarck beheld it. He made the first breach in the secret treaty. The Great War ultimately demolished it.

Big interviewing demands a variety of equipment. In some instances it is the knowledge of your man's eccentricities, hobbies or activities. Again, it is familiarity with his ambition, his past or his present. I recall one occasion, however, where a good digestion was the foremost requisite. I refer to an interview with Horace Fletcher. It was an adventure in mastication.

Mr. Page had asked Mr. Fletcher, who was a delightful old gentleman with a rare sense of humour, to write an article on eating. He really wanted the autobiography of his appetite. The manuscript was not sufficiently intimate, so I was assigned to write my own experiences with the Fletcher theory of "thirty-two chews for every bite."

It meant a week of flirting with strange foods consumed at still stranger hours. Mr. Fletcher's theory was that human beings should only eat when they are hungry and then eat what their stomach "craved," as he called it. One night, after we had been to the play, his little internal dinner bell rang and we went to the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel to get supper. I ordered solid, intelligent food. To my great surprise Mr. Fletcher demanded dill pickles. When I asked him the reason for this strange appetite he said: "It is all my stomach craves."

Horace Fletcher gave me one of the surprises of my life. I went to lunch with him at the Manhattan Hotel in New York City. The only other guest was a ruddy-faced, broad-shouldered, stocky man well past middle life. During the luncheon we conversed about many subjects. After two hours of pleasant companionship the ruddy-faced man excused himself, saying that he would have to get a train for Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, where he lived.

The moment he was out of sight Mr. Fletcher turned to me with a twinkle in his eye and said:

"Do you know who that man is?"

"No," I replied.

"He is 'Bertha M. Clay,'" was my host's rejoinder.

The virile person who radiated masculine strength and power had written for years under a feminine pseudonym that was literally a household word everywhere.

George Horace Lorimer
at His Desk in the Offices of the Saturday Evening Post

CHAPTER III

A GREAT AMERICAN EDITOR

Just as the transition from a daily newspaper to the more orderly and concentrated work of a monthly periodical represented a complete evolution in my journalistic life so did the move to a live weekly like *The Saturday Evening Post* mean still another drastic change. Moreover the whole character of the medium was different. *The World's Work* only printed facts and had a limited audience. *The Saturday Evening Post,* on the other hand, was the most influential of all clearing houses of fiction and was read by the whole nation. It had become a staple like wheat.

Again I was associated with a publication dominated by a single personality. *The World's Work* incarnated the vision of Walter H. Page; *The Saturday Evening Post* was, and is, the dramatisation of the dynamic personality of George Horace Lorimer. Page was seer and scholar; Lorimer is a man of affairs who interprets the absorbing romance of business in fact and fancy. No two men ever represented more opposite editorial extremes than these gifted Southerners who have guided my path. It was a kindly circumstance that led me to them.

My first regular work for *The Saturday Evening Post* was a piece of pioneering. Up to that time few periodicals in the United States paid much attention to finance. A subject that touched everybody and which affected the general prosperity was left to a few experts who wrote in the language of Wall Street, unintelligible to the layman. Lorimer conceived the idea of publishing an unsigned weekly department devoted to popular investment and written in what really amounted to words of one syllable.

Although I knew nothing of the technique of finance—and had none—Lorimer selected me to inaugurate the department

which was called "Your Savings." He did it on the theory that I could perhaps write in simple terms while I was learning. If I may be permitted to comment on this episode it is to say that complete ignorance of a technical subject is the best possible equipment for writing about it. It compels you to master every minute detail. To describe these details you must first understand them yourself.

To get the material for "Your Savings," which I wrote for nearly four years, I made my début in Wall Street. Here I established, almost at once, many of the connections which later offered big journalistic opportunities, some of which will be described in a succeeding chapter. These financial investigations served to establish me as a writer for *The Saturday Evening Post,* with which I have been intermittently associated ever since. The trail of most of my adventures in interviewing began at Lorimer's desk.

The principal object of this chapter, however, is not to recount my labours on the *Post* but to attempt a characterisation of George Horace Lorimer who is to-day the most far-seeing and distinctive of all the American periodical editors. He has discovered and developed more successful authors, instituted more constructive magazine reforms, and stabilised the profession to a greater degree than any of his contemporaries. His own story is the larger wonder story of *The Saturday Evening Post;* his views on writing provide an unfailing guide for the man or woman who aspires to any sort of literary career. In his own life he personifies a drama of self-made success as fascinating as any he has disclosed to his millions of readers.

One day in the eighties a boy of eighteen was walking down La Salle Street in Chicago, when he was stopped by a ruddy, portly man who said to him:

"Where have you been, George? I haven't seen you for a long time."

"In Yale," was the reply.

"Going back?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come with me," his questioner returned (he was not particularly strong on college educations), "and I'll make a millionaire of you."

The boy was George Horace Lorimer; the man was P. D. Armour, the packer. He accepted the invitation to "come with me," but he did not develop into a Chicago millionaire. What he did do was to acquire at first-hand a commercial experience which he has capitalised both as editor and author. It enabled him to found a whole school of hard-sense humorous literature in which the famous "Self-Made Merchant" was the first notable figure.

While a newspaper training is an all-important phase in the approach to serious writing, a business education is not to be despised as a kindred aid. Business lies at the root of everything and writing is as much a business as war. George Horace Lorimer had the twin essentials as you shall now see.

Despite the fact that he rose rapidly in the Armour service Lorimer wanted to write. Courage is one of his qualities. Toward the middle of the nineties and when he was earning a salary that was considered large in those days, he resigned and spent two years in New York systematically preparing himself for journalism. He studied and wrote persistently. He even took an occasional flier in verse.

He now accepted a position on the reportorial staff of the Boston *Standard* where he did his first actual newspaper work. When the Standard collapsed he went over to the Boston *Post*. Just about this time Mr. Cyrus H. K. Curtis, who had made a success as publisher of the *Ladies' Home Journal,* acquired *The Saturday Evening Post,* the oldest journal of any kind issued to-day from an American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous and unbroken line to that colonial day when the youthful Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old *Pennsylvania Gazette.* In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has scarcely been a week when the magazine has not been brought out. The only time when it failed to appear was during the British occupation of Philadelphia and when patriotic printers were in self-exile.

During Christmas week 1728 Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the *Universal Instructor in All Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette.* Franklin bought the paper in less than a year and on October 2d, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the *Pennsylvania*

Gazette. In 1765 Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner. In 1805 Hall's grandson became its publisher. When he died in 1821 his partner Samuel C. Atkinson formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the *Gazette* to *The Saturday Evening Post.*

Lorimer was ambitious to widen his field so he sought out Mr. Curtis who engaged him as Literary Editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1898. The magazine was considerably run down. Its chief asset was the Franklin tradition. In 1899 the editorship became vacant and Mr. Curtis started for Europe to engage a well-known literary man to fill it. Before departing, however, he gave Lorimer complete authority to bring out the publication in his absence.

The elusive goddess that the world calls opportunity now beckoned to Lorimer and he rose superbly to the occasion. His almost uncanny genius of appraising what the public wants was instantly geared to the task of reviving the ancient and moribund periodical. He pumped life, vitality, and timeliness into its declining columns. When Mr. Curtis received the first issue under the temporary sponsorship he suddenly became less ardent in his search for an editor. When he had read four copies he cabled Lorimer to unfurl his name as Editor-in-Chief at the mast-head of the magazine and it has flown there ever since.

Lorimer was the first American editor to cross the million circulation mark. It was regarded as an almost incredible achievement. Meanwhile he has doubled that initial million. Yet it is only one of many outstanding performances which make him, in many respects, the most striking figure in American periodical literature.

Nearly everybody in the United States buys magazines. In this respect we lead the world. In England and France you seldom see periodicals in the homes of the so-called lower-middle, and lower classes. In America no household, however humble, is complete without two or three weekly or monthly publications. These publications offer a tremendous field for the aspiring author and they have naturally shaped many distinguished careers. No magazine, however, has exercised such wide influence as *The Saturday Evening Post,* which means

that one of the forceful guiding spirits of our army of writers is George Horace Lorimer.

From 25,000 to 30,000 manuscripts are submitted to him every year. He has an unerring instinct for picking out the coming author before he arrives. I once asked him to give me his views on the subject of magazine-writing and especially on the chances of the unknown man. He said:

"Writing is like religion. Every man who feels the call must work out his own salvation. I might add that while many are called, few are chosen.

"Many beginners think that if they can acquire style, the fight is won; but style without ideas is as useless as an edged tool without material to carve. On the other hand many men who have ideas think they can write acceptably without serving an apprenticeship. They must learn how to use the tools of their trade.

"Given talent for it a man must prepare himself for writing as he would for any profession, by study and practice. Men do not expect to leap over night into the practice of either of these professions. But there is an idea current that writing is a haphazard profession and that success in it just happens. I know of none that involves more drudgery and hard work during the years of preparation, or that requires more continuous effort to maintain a once-won place with the public. On every story that a writer publishes there is a plebiscite to determine whether he shall be encouraged to continue. Past performance avails little with the reading public. Rather, it makes it more critical and exacting. A writer's reputation always depends on his next story.

"I believe that a newspaper training is almost necessary to the man who wants to write for the magazines. The daily newspaper sustains the same relation to the young writer as the hospital to the medical student. It is the first great school of practical experience. Take almost any of the men who are doing good work to-day and you will find that they have been reporters. Newspaper training teaches three invaluable things: to do what you are told to do; to do it quickly; and that there are no excuses for not doing it. Then a man who writes for the magazines to-day should have a trained news sense.

"There are some drawbacks to a newspaper experience. It

teaches facility, but a man may easily become too facile. That, I think, is why so many of the new novels read as if they are first drafts of stories. They are written at white heat, with journalistic swiftness and published before the cooling off and rewriting process has taken place. Good writing is slow writing, hard writing, rewriting.

"One should never forget that, though there are points of contact between the newspaper, the periodical and the book, they and the material that go to make them up are, and in many important particulars must be, widely different in style, subject matter, and method of treatment. It is nonsense to apply book standards to periodicals, and periodical standards to newspapers, as critics and professors of English are continually doing. The best serial may be totally unfitted for book publication; and a great novel that can be read with enjoyment in an evening or two may be totally lacking in serial quality. A newspaper is life on the run; a periodical life on a walk; and a novel may be life running, walking or sitting."

Mr. Lorimer believes that there are more women writing to-day than men. "But too many women," he says, "write what they call introspective stories."

"What do you mean by introspective stories?" I asked him. He replied with a characteristic epigram:

"Stories in which one looks within and finds nothing."

There is an impression that writing men are poorly paid. This is true in Europe but in America various men whose names have become familiar to magazine readers derive incomes from their pens alone that equal and often exceed a New York bank president's salary. Being prosperous himself, Lorimer desires his writers to be equally successful. To them he has always preached a gospel which may be summed up in the single sentence: "Achieve your economic independence."

Once when we were discussing this all-important subject he said: "The average writing man's earning power is very much like the capacity of an oil well or a gold mine. The older it gets the less it is likely to produce. Hence the author should take cognizance of this depreciation the moment he begins to earn money."

Formerly only one class of American magazine dealt with business. It was the so-called trade journal and it concerned itself principally with technicalities. Mr. Lorimer changed all this. He created a "business literature" that became a vivid and helpful panorama of the timely things that interested all the people. Here is his platform of magazine-making:

"The American magazines generally were modelled on the English ones and were made for a country that has a leisure class. The final ambition of the English worker is to become a member of it. The war has really made little change in this state of mind. We have no leisure class over here.

"Americans work, and their first and last interest is their work. If there is anything in the idea that literature should reflect life then the American magazine should first of all reflect America's work. American life is business, not as so many people regard it, an affair of musty ledgers and sordid haggling, but a big, active drama of romance and achievement.

"Europeans are nations of shop-keepers, but we have not reached the shop-keeping stage of civilisation over here. We are still in the wholesale business. We spend dollars, not pennies; we save thousands, not shillings. But we work a lifetime and so produce more to spend and more to save.

"The only really interesting people in the world are the workers and the time for a man to stop work is when he dies. The moment a man retires he is no longer interesting to any one but himself and the average American who retires is usually a good deal of a bore to himself even. There is no use taking valuable time to chloroform him; he is already oslerised.

"Before *The Saturday Evening Post* came into the field, the average magazine appealed particularly to women and casually to men. Twenty years ago it was said that men would not buy magazines. Our theory then was, as it is now, that if a magazine appealed to men, women would want it, too, and that if a magazine were to appeal to men, it must reflect business activities in the broader sense. We think that we have proved our contention.

"But it was slow work to develop writers who both had

the knowledge and could see that every element of romance and high adventure could be found in American business—that it had its great heroes and heroines, its adventurers and adventuresses, its Spanish Main, its buccaneers, its tragedy, its pathos, its comedy. The real father of the new weekly in America is Cyrus H. K. Curtis, for he believed in it when every one said that the day of the weekly was dead; and he had the nerve to back it to the limit and the courage to stand by his ideals of it."

"The magazine of to-day," Lorimer continued, "is frankly journalistic. It fails lamentably whenever it tries to handle *daily* news events, but it succeeds enormously when it takes up what I may call *weekly* and *monthly* news events—matters of such great national importance that the incomplete news story and editorial in the daily only whet, instead of satisfying interest. The magazines with their special writers on business and politics have largely taken the place of that group of great personal editors who used to mould public opinion. Call it 'muck-raking' or anything you please, the magazines have done a great work for the country. Yesterday business was business, meaning, go as far as you like just so you keep out of jail; to-day, it is something a great deal better; and a still brighter to-morrow is just below our horizon,—not the red sun of Bolshevism, or the pink dawn of Socialism, but mutual understanding, tolerance and co-operation.

"Our muck-rakers served a useful purpose; but a good deal of their writing was half-truths, based on half-knowledge, because few of them had had practical experience of the things about which they wrote. The crying need of the country to-day is short summer courses in our factories and offices for professors of political economy; jobs in the city hall for political reformers; six months' terms in jail, with practical intensive courses, for our amateur and parlour Bolsheviki; and primary instruction in sincerity and common-sense for our Congressmen.

"The decline and fall of the old weekly was like the decline and fall of any business. Its owners made money, grew old and fat, and failed to keep in touch with the people. They even began to feel a litle superior to the people—to think that perhaps the people must be writen down to, or some one or

another of the fool notions that breed in brains that have fattened on success. Publishers began to say that the weekly had gone out of fashion. But the only fashion in magazines and in magazine stories is human nature; and that does not change. It is the man who makes the magazine who changes, and then all the King's horses and all the King's advertising cannot pull it back into public favour. Better a dead horse than a sick one—there's something final about the former.

"The conduct of a magazine should be businesslike, I think. I never could quite understand why a man should permit the offspring of his brain to be treated as friendless orphans. All writing, up to a certain point, is an artistic matter. But when the manuscript is finished, it becomes, so far as the writer is concerned, a commercial matter, too. Then he should insist on businesslike treatment. Incidentally he should give it the same fair play that he expects for himself from his editor.

"Once the notion was held that a man was lucky to get his work published and that to want money for it was to take a low-browed view of a high-browed matter. He was given something that was called an honorarium, if he got anything; but like most things with imposing names, it didn't amount to much. To live respectably and to eat regularly, he usually had to have a job. Now, when an increasingly large number of men live by their pens, no manuscript should be kept more than a week, and three or four days ought to be sufficient to dispose of the average one. It is just as easy for an editor to keep up with his work day by day, as to let it get behind a month, and then to keep up with it.

"The writer is entitled to a prompt decision, and that helps some with him. Paying on acceptance helps more, for he usually needs the money quite as much as the man who makes a living selling hides. The old method of paying on publication, keeping the author waiting weeks and months and sometimes years for his money, is a relic of the dark ages of magazine making. But it is still twilight in some periodical offices.

"It is my feeling that an editor should not accept an article or a story about which he feels the slightest doubt. You do not find business men entering into an engagement when they are doubtful of its wisdom. If an editor is not quite sure that

he likes a thing, his readers will probably be sure that they don't like it. To keep the wrong things out is quite as important as to get the right ones into a magazine.

"I believe in one-man power on a magazine or a newspaper. Delane of the London *Times* had the right idea when he said that 'Whatever appears in the *Times* should proceed from the initiative of whoever holds my place.' That may sound like conceit, but it is simple common-sense. Editors and crowned heads are the only people in the world, bar a certain historic exception, with the right to say we. Editors should be the only despots. If the editor does not make good, what the public needs is a new editor, not a dozen editors. No human affair is strong enough to stand the mistakes of two men."

A small man hedges himself about with obstructions; a really big man does just the reverse. Mr. Lorimer is one of the most accessible, if not the most accessible, of all editors of important magazines. His reason is summed up in this rather illuminating statement:

"I see everybody that has any real business with me. You never know what you are going to miss. It is better to see a hundred of the hopeless than to miss one hopeful. That, of course, does not mean that an editor can spend time with the men who want to read their manuscript to him or listen to every interminable bore who has a panacea for world ills. The great writer is like the great doctor—sure of only one thing—his own limitations—and he writes better and longer than he talks.

"All the time a keen search is going on in the magazine world for the new writer. This wail that the unknowns have no chance comes from men who are not unknown to the editors, at least. They are known to us by their works, which we have all read, and they are bad. There are many reasons why any editor should be at the front door waiting for the unknown who can say something. One is that he infuses freshness into the magazine—as vital to it as pure air to the lungs. Charles Battell Loomis used to say that for every manuscript there was a waiting editor—the only problem a writer had was to find the editor."

During the past twenty years Lorimer has paid some record prices for articles by well-known people. One of the first

notables that he attracted to magazine writing was Grover Cleveland, to whom he paid $2,500 for an article, a record fee in its day. As a result, what he has to say on the subject of "big names" is striking.

"One of the greatest fallacies in making magazines," he declared, "is the 'big name' fallacy. When you get a good story under a big name you have the ideal combination. But when you have the big name and a bad story, you simply disappoint the high expectations of your readers. I should always prefer a good story by an unknown man, to a moderately good story by Kipling. Of course, a big name stands for achievement and the ability to achieve again. That is why the unknowns keep seeing them in the magazines. But every now and then some very sad manuscript comes from the great, and once they get that fatal disease of the author, delusions of grandeur, and think that the public is going to accept indiscriminately anything they write, it is usually all poor. The most telling successes that we have ever had have been with stories by unknown and anonymous writers. Sooner or later those authors have become 'big names.'

"Commissioning stories is a bad practice—bad alike for the author and the magazines—that America has imported from England. Tying up authors on contract is a worse one that we have developed at home. The first means that a magazine is being edited haphazardly by fifty men, instead of consistently by one. The second usually means another headstone in some publisher's private graveyard.

"It is the first business of an editor to make other men write—not to write himself. There are three places where new authors show oftenest. First, they happen in the daily mail. In this way came to us Montague Glass, George Randolph Chester and a host of others. They came unheralded, unknown, without letters of introduction, 'pull,' or acquaintance of any sort. They pushed open the door of the editorial rooms with a two-cent stamp, got a prompt hearing, a prompt acceptance, a check and an invitation to call again. For it is not only the first business of an editor to make men write, but it is the first business of his readers to find every possibility in the daily mail. The unpardonable sin is letting a new man of promise get away. The value of his readers to an editor

depends altogether on their ability to discover new talent, either developed or potential. If they find no new writers, they can hunt a new job, so the young author may be assured that he is the object of their tenderest solicitude.

"A second source of new magazine writers is the daily press. The development of promising men is watched by us and from time to time we invite them to try their luck with us. So it came about that Irvin Cobb, David Graham Phillips, Samuel G. Blythe, Will Payne and many others renounced the steady job and the weekly pay envelope to browse in periodical pastures.

"A third source of supply is the friendly contributor, because I find that most successful men are sincerely anxious to help others up. So often a man who is in, writes me about some one that is out, who he thinks should be in. That red-blooded, big-hearted, all-around good fellow, Charles E. Van Loan, first called my attention to Ring Lardner and a number of others who have made good in a big way.

"The men who have the best chance with us are total strangers; we are inclined to lean back a little from our friends —afraid that we may take our liking for them as a liking for their stories. But even our friends have a chance.

"The rewards of the successful writer are greater to-day than they have ever been. It is a good thing to have money—clean money—and when it has been gained in a high and useful calling it brings a satisfaction that money alone cannot buy. In the end the printing press is always stronger than the men who serve it. A senseless mass of steel, it yet has a personality that subordinates the personalities of men to it and demands high purpose of those who could use it. Only to those who serve it honestly are its rewards given in turn, and of these rewards, money is simply an incident."

George Horace Lorimer is not only a great editor but he belongs to the "best selling" elect. His most notable performance in this direction was his book "The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son," which has been translated into a dozen foreign languages and has become a classic of its kind. I have seen it on sale in England, France, Germany, Russia, Holland, Switzerland, Austria, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Spain and Italy. During the war I was in a sleep-

ing car going from Paris to Rome. A Japanese diplomat shared the compartment with me. I asked him the name of the Japanese book he was reading and he replied:

"It is the Essays of the American Self-Made Merchant."

"The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son" were first published in *The Saturday Evening Post*. The author wrote them from week to week and they were literally brought out hot from the pen. In serial form they were unsigned and it was only upon their appearance in book form that the reading world knew that Lorimer was the creator of a permanent fiction type.

Many people wonder why he signs himself "George Horace Lorimer." The reason is interesting. Lorimer's father was the late Reverend George C. Lorimer, a famous Baptist divine. He was alive when the editor of *The Saturday Evening Post* began to write and he did not want his own work to be confounded with that of his eminent parent.

The impression is widely held that the original of John Graham, the famous self-made merchant of the equally famous book, was P. D. Armour. Lorimer disposes of this impression for he once said to me:

"Old John Graham was not Mr. Armour alone but a composite of a group of Western merchants that I had seen and watched. Mr. Armour was the high-light in the picture for he towered head and shoulders above all the old constructive merchants who built up American business."

In Lorimer's other book, "Jack Spurlock—Prodigal," he also created a distinctive American type. Just as "Old John Graham" stood for Old America, so does Jack Spurlock symbolise Young America. In explaining his later character, the author said:

"Jack Spurlock is the happy-go-lucky fellow, with no definite idea of what he is going to do when he leaves college; who is educated along the lines of least resistance; whose father is too busy making money to pay any attention to him; and who leaves college with very hazy ideas about life and with the necessity of finding himself in the world.

"He illustrates one great defect of our academic training, for this training does not concern itself with what a man must do when he is graduated from college."

Lorimer preaches the gospel of hard work and practices what he preaches. I do not think that any successful American editor applies himself quite so persistently to his task as he. Most men who edit publications of large circulation only read manuscripts after they have gone through the mill. Lorimer not only reads every article and story published in *The Saturday Evening Post* but a great many more. He confines himself to the executive work of the magazine at his office and does all his manuscript reading and writing in the quiet of his library.

He believes in recreation and lives in the country twelve miles from Philadelphia where he has a country place that enables him to indulge his love of trees and flowers. He is fond of walking and spends an hour or two every day at King's Oak, his five-hundred-acre farm that is located a few miles from his home, so that he may be fresh for his labors at the office.

He has extraordinary swiftness and accuracy of editorial judgment. Decision with him is expressed in a blunt "Yes" or "No." He believes in paying big prices for the best matter and there is never any haggling. Being a business man first and foremost, he wants value received. His frank, plain, square-dealing has inspired in the men who work with and for him, a loyalty that makes for the highest service. Thus *The Saturday Evening Post* is in reality the expression of his own personality. In other words, he has incarnated himself into a magazine that attracts vital things and people like a magnet.

Most magazine editors are afflicted with what I call graphomania, which means that they have the letter-writing habit. They delight in long, intimate, but evasive communications that drip with friendliness. Writers have frequently discovered that this friendliness is a costly luxury. Lorimer writes short and epigrammatic letters which never leave any doubt about his attitude. He gets at the heart of the most complicated matter in three typewritten lines.

At fifty-one he seems to have reached his richest powers. He is brisk and alert, with smooth face, keen eyes and a thoroughly wholesome manner. He literally expresses the frank Americanism that is one of his outstanding qualities. I know of no man who has attained anything like his success

who has such a sincere and consistent disregard for publicity. Lesser lights are compelled to indulge in speech-making and many of the other helps to personal exploitation. George Horace Lorimer needs none of this kind of advertising. His genius and character are revealed in every issue of *The Saturday Evening Post.*

CHAPTER IV

THE ART OF INTERVIEWING

In the popular mind a certain mystery appears to envelop the so-called great, and more especially the great of the Great War. The world at large thinks that persons like Lloyd George, Sir Douglas Haig, Foch, Clemenceau, Sonnino and Kerensky inhabit what the late E. H. Harriman called the higher sphere. Likewise the layman who simply reads about these people assumes that there was some subtle system of approach to that cloistered domain which screened the strategy of war and statesmanship.

As a matter of fact there was no mystery either about the men or in the highway of their inner selves. Interviewing outstanding personalities is in the last analysis merely a piece of glorified salesmanship. There is no more necromancy about it than there is in the piling up of great fortunes. When you put the probe into the reasons why certain men have become very rich you discover that the formula embodies the capitalisation of work, thrift and vision, coupled with the early realisation that the only way to amass money is to make money work. Chance seldom enters into the transaction despite the widespread delusion of rich men's luck.

So too with the matter of interviewing. It is what business calls selling. The elements that enter into highly organised scientific merchandising, whether with safety razors, soap or shoes, are in a larger scale the same elements that contribute to success in handling difficult and inaccessible personalities and persuading them to talk for publication.

If you know anything about salesmanship as we practice it in the United States you know that the so-called principles of approach in making a sale are Attention, Interest, Confidence, Desire and Conviction. In other words, if John Jones, travelling salesman for Smith & Co., wants to sell William

Brown a bill of goods he must first secure his attention, create an interest, beget his confidence and establish a desire to buy. But having achieved all this he may not succeed until he inspires conviction. A man must have conviction as well as a desire to buy, because though desire may emanate from the heart conviction is born of the brain and the pocketbook.

Adapt these principles to big interviewing and history repeats itself. Whether a man is a statesman, a diplomat or a soldier you must first sell him on the proposition of being interviewed. Just as the salesman must eventually convince his prospect that he needs and is able to buy the article or product under discussion, so must the interviewer persuade any world figure that an interpretation of personality or a wide publication of his utterances is vital or opportune to the moment and the cause in which he is enlisted.

One fundamental reason why interviewing personages is like negotiating a successful deal is because human nature lies at the root and human nature is unchanging and universal. The Prime Minister of England and the President or General Manager of a huge corporation are primarily human beings, susceptible to intelligent, timely, human approach. When all the glamour is stripped away from their exalted post, or their massed millions, they are, to paraphrase Mr. Kipling, simply brothers under the skin.

In interviewing well-known people, as in ordinary commercial salesmanship, the first problem is to get at your man. There was a time, more particularly in the dark ages of Wall Street, when a master of great wealth was more inaccessible than the King of England or the leading statesman of France. Influence, of course, is a contributing factor, but when you write for a publication that reaches millions of people every week half the labour of approach is accomplished automatically.

So far as England is concerned—it was with British personages that I was most concerned during the war—I seem always to have known people there. Besides, I had from the start a valiant well-wisher in Lord Northcliffe, who with the outbreak of hostilities realised that to make the war popular spotlights would have to be turned on men and events. In other words, the war had to be advertised. The whole British

attitude toward printer's ink, whether employed in display advertising, posters or in straight text, underwent a complete revolution during the past four years. The volunteer army was recruited and the war loans were sold through big and sometimes spectacular publicity. Statesmen who looked with horror upon personal exploitation in 1914 now regard it as an essential like meat and drink. But they had to be educated, and I had a humble part in that campaign of education.

Remember that I brought to my war chronicling a considerable experience in what was in many respects the most difficult field in the world. For some years it was part of my work to make the Wall Street sphinxes talk. The tasks put up to me during the war were as child's play alongside the job of helping men like E. H. Harriman, Thomas F. Ryan and John D. Archbold find their tongues. Back in that good old day of gilded silence when the gumshoe was a real asset in financial success you could scarcely with dynamite blast a real word for publication out of those old captains of finance. With the flow of speech, which I helped to accelerate, began a whole new public attitude toward them. Advertising always pays.

There was an interesting kinship between those Wall Street sphinxes and the famous personages of the war. It was more sharply defined during the early period of the struggle, however. The American money masters reared the bulwarks of silence about their activities because some of them could not stand airing. In the same way the war wagers believed for a considerable time that mystery and secrecy should envelop not only themselves but everything they did. Nowhere was this belief more deep-rooted than in England. We had to persuade the Lloyd Georges and their colleagues that so long as information did not render aid or comfort to the enemy it was helping to win the war, and it did.

The more you analyse the process of interviewing the more marked becomes the parallel with salesmanship. Men often fail in business because they use the same arguments with everybody. They forget that each human being is a law unto himself. The more distinguished or famous a man becomes the more distinct becomes his individuality. It would have been impossible to get next to Lloyd George with the same

line of selling talk that you employed to make Sir Douglas Haig break his chronic silence. Each of these remarkable men—and they are types—required an entirely different line of approach, based upon a knowledge of their work, interests, ambition and personality, together with a swift appraisal of the mood of the hour and the march of events.

When I was a newspaper reporter some years ago and had my first contact with public men I realised that nearly every one of them had a vulnerable point in the armour, however formidable, that he girded on against the inroads of what used to be called prying publicity. The armour, however, never quite concealed the vanity which is sometimes thinly disguised behind assumed reticence or hesitancy to appear in print. When you have seen Presidents in their pajamas and Kings in their shirt sleeves you have few illusions about any one.

Ever since those early days I have invariably made it a point to find out all I could possibly know about a man before I went to see him. This is precisely what any good salesman will do. Before the war if I knew nothing about a man's particular hobby or interest I made it my business to find out something about it—whether it was horses, yachts, landscape gardening, good roads, first editions, etchings or baseball. Great soldiers and famous publicists are simply human beings. They have some interest, and with that interest you can disarm prejudice and even sterilise opposition to your purpose.

This leads me to the really absorbing feature of big interviewing. Just as every man to be interviewed is a law unto himself so is every interview of importance pitched on a separate and distinct plane. Some silent men must be swept irresistibly into conversation on the high tide of talk. You take the initiative. Then too there is the type who begins to speak the moment you see him. All you have to do is to guide the currents of words. There is also the man who interviews the interviewer. Lloyd George is one of the best examples.

The most interesting personalities to be interviewed are those who have never been interviewed before. Here you get the thrill of pioneering and pathfinding. In such an instance you embark, so to speak, upon an uncharted sea and consciously or unconsciously set up the buoys to guide your suc-

cessors. Thus you can readily see that the whole process of contact with the great becomes a fascinating and sometimes joyous adventure, shot through with romance of real achievement, varied with changing interests, or illumined by some unexpected play of character.

Just as the war smashed all traditions so did it give interviewing a whole rebirth of distinction. You saw the immemorial aloofness of the King of England wiped out at a tea party for American journalists at Sandringham; you beheld the holy of holies of the British War Office as the setting of a weekly conference with reporters. Everywhere precedent, so far as large journalism was concerned, went by the board. Such an unreconstructed monument of silence and formality as Gladstone would have been horrified at the sight of a British Prime Minister discussing in the public prints everything from piracy to food.

In this respect the war, which inflamed passion and bred hatred, was also a great humaniser of man. This influence will affect all the years to come. Henceforth secrecy and silence, once the bane of Wall Street and the principal provocation for the abuse heaped for years upon American corporate enterprise, will be unknown in world politics. They have gone into the scrap heap along with czars, kaisers, and rubber-sole diplomacy.

The art of interviewing has a peculiar interest in the United States where nearly everybody writes or wants to write. Richard Harding Davis used to say that if you asked an utter stranger on the street car how his play was getting along he would kindle up and say:

"Splendidly. The second act is finished and the third blocked out."

The same is true of general authorship. The unpublished manuscript, like the unproduced play, is a skeleton that lurks in practically every family closet.

What is the ideal equipment for writing? Several years ago I asked Lord Northcliffe and he said: "The best possible education; a knowledge of French and a period of initiation on a provincial newspaper."

In America we cannot always meet the French requirement but we duplicate Northcliffe's "provincial newspaper" in the

average journal in the smaller cities. One supreme advantage gained in this school is that it provides an all-around training. Such a varied experience, however, is only useful up to a certain point. In writing articles or books a man must specialise in precisely the same way that a doctor or a lawyer specialises. We live in an age of specialisation and it applies to journalism just as it applies to everything else.

Interviewing is merely a phase of reporting. In a certain sense all writing is some form of reportorial work. When Alphonse Daudet was asked by a highly unintelligent and equally uninformed lady the nature of his profession he replied:

"Madame, I am a reporter."

The eminent Frenchman might have given himself a variety of titles but he chose the simplest and what was to his mind the most effective label to attach to his calling.

Since interviewing, which is always a fascinating occupation, begins and ends with the reporter, let us analyse him. A famous American editor, when requested to define the ideal reporter, said: "A man who knows where trouble is going to break loose and is on the spot."

This, of course, applies to ordinary news gathering. Yet the knowledge of human nature obtained in securing police news is in itself an invaluable asset in persuading men and women to reveal their innermost thoughts. The reporter touches life at its rawest spots. With the doctor, the lawyer and the preacher he becomes a human confessional.

Every reporter who has done big interviewing has his own method. Perhaps the greatest of all newspaper correspondents was the late Henri de Blowitz, who was the Paris representative of the London *Times* for many years. He interviewed Bismarck and the Turkish Sultan Abdul Hamid, who were more inaccessible to newspaper men than any other European personages of their day. De Blowitz had a system all his own. He once wrote the following excellent bit of advice:

"I am going, for the benefit of younger journalists, to give a hint which a good many of them whom I know would do well to bear in mind. When a man gives a correspondent an important piece of news, the latter should continue to remain with him for some time, but change the conversation, and not

leave him until it has turned to something quite insignificant. If the correspondent takes his departure abruptly, a flash of caution will burst upon his informant. He will reflect rapidly, and will beg the journalist not to repeat what he has said till he sees him again. The information would be lost, and the correspondent would suffer annoyance that might have been avoided if he had heard nothing. A newspaper has no use for confidential communications it cannot transmit to its readers."

De Blowitz never made notes. Referring to a colleague who constantly used a notebook he said: "He took down the words that were said to him in a notebook which he held in his hand, a method which in France is infallible for learning absolutely nothing, for, as M. Duclerc said: 'This method of cross-examination puts you immediately on the defensive. It shuts your mouth while it opens your eyes.'"

One reason why the great French journalist did not resort to notes was that he had an amazing memory. He could listen to an address that required three or four hours for delivery and then sit down alone and write it out word for word. This accomplishment enabled him to score the most notable newspaper "beat" of all history when he achieved the first and exclusive publication of the Treaty of Berlin in London at the exact hour it was being signed in the German capital. He was shown the long preamble; read it hurriedly and hours afterwards was able to telegraph it without a single error. The body of the Treaty was already in his hands.

Many reporters frighten the interviewee by taking elaborate notes. Some men are note-shy. This is especially true of the great American financiers. To write down what they say while they are saying it shuts them up like a clam. Hence a good memory is an all-important aid in interviewing.

One good way to remember speeches and interviews is to fix the man or the occasion photographically in the mind. If you can recall how a man looked or acted when he said something it almost invariably follows that his utterance will come back with the conjuring up of the mental picture. This certainly applies to speech-making. Whenever I am called upon to make a new speech I dictate the first few words of every paragraph. When I get up to talk I call back the

image of the typewritten sheet; I see the words directly before me, and I can usually go on without hesitancy.

No interviewing is more difficult than the assimilation of technical detail, yet it provides the best possible schooling for the reporter. Men fail in such an undertaking because they think they know a great deal about the subject. Hence absolute ignorance and a willingness to listen and learn are distinct helps in such an undertaking.

Individuals who know things are much more apt to impart them intelligently when they realise that you have no set or preconceived ideas in the matter. Most human beings are proud of what they know. Give them a clear field and they will disclose. It is human nature. Being human, the average person likes to shine.

In the same way, one secret of successful writing—and writing is the aftermath of most interviewing—is to assume that your reader has never heard of the subject before and you are giving him his first information about it. It makes for simplicity and clarity.

In writing fact articles for a nation-wide audience, most men and women do not succeed because they labour under the delusion that the whole country knows all about the localities they describe. They refer glibly, for example, to the Bowery or Fifth Avenue or State Street, and expect John Jones in Oshkosh and William Brown in San Diego to know exactly where these streets are and what they mean. In writing, as in interviewing, an iron-clad rule is to *explain* everything. Providing information is the first purpose of a periodical. Translating this maxim into salesmanship you find that no man ever "sold" anything properly and permanently without a complete knowledge of his product and the consumer's need of it.

In this connection I am reminded of a story once told me by an old banker in Wall Street. A reporter came to him to get some information for an article about foreign exchange. It is one of the most tangled things in finance. After fifteen minutes of breezy cross-examination the bright young man picked up his hat and said, as he started for the door:

"Thanks very much. I understand it thoroughly."

The banker called him back and said:

"Young man, you are a wonder. I have been in the banking business for forty years and I don't know much about foreign exchange myself."

One of the most arduous interviewing tasks put up to me was the story of the Services of Supply of the American Expeditionary Force which first appeared serially in *The Saturday Evening Post.* A year before I had performed a similar task with the British Army. Compared with the one I was called upon to do with the American, it was child's play. Haig's forces were compact; the supply organisation highly centralised. Our supply army, on the other hand, was everywhere. I had to talk to hundreds of men. The whole experience may not be without its helpful lessons.

In the Services of Supply we had good "imparters"—that is men who can intelligently convey what they do and know—and also some who became bogged in the depths of their own knowledge. Each required a special "approach" and a different "treatment."

One successful way to coach a "non-imparter" into fluency of fact is to start him on some subject remote from the one at hand. This tends to crank up his powers of expression. Before long he unconsciously returns to the thing you really want to talk about and reels off data like a streak.

Apply this principle to straight salesmanship and you find that it is practicable. A man may not be interested in the specific proposition you are trying to put up to him. He is interested in some other, however. Get him going on it and almost invariably he soon becomes receptive to what you really have in mind.

There is an intimate connection between intensive reporting and biography. One is the natural result of the other. There was a time when a great man's family waited a good many years before any adequate history of his life was written. Custom, habit, or something else decreed that a suitable period had to elapse before the continuous and authorised record of his achievements could appear in print. The authorised lives of Macaulay and Gladstone illustrate this tendency. Nowadays, thanks to the journalistic sense which animates all publishing, the official biography begins almost with the funeral.

There is nothing particularly unsentimental about this. We

live in a swift and uncompromising era. Interest in human beings perishes swiftly these strenuous days. The publisher and the magazine editor realise what a fragile asset the bauble reputation is. It must be capitalised while the interest is hot.

The late J. Pierpont Morgan's life was written five years before he passed away. A monumental four-volume biography of Lloyd George appeared in England during the second year of the Great War. Winston Spencer Churchill, General Smuts, Theodore Roosevelt, Clemenceau and Woodrow Wilson have all had their historians while they were at the height of their powers.

The world owes a great debt to the reporter. In the last analysis all fiction is merely a transparent record of human desire, progress and aspiration, done in terms of the larger journalism. So close is the relation between journalism and literature these days that much fiction is unconscious fact and vice versa. Run the range of permanent English writing from Grub Street down to the present day of literary plenitude. The most distinguished examples are those that flowed from the pens and pencils of reporters. Pepys and his colleague Evelyn, for instance, set a pace that any modern chronicler of events would find difficult to follow.

Where, for instance, could you find a more sincere, persuasive, or convincing reporter than Boswell, who will go down in history as the reporter of reporters? Where too has human nature had a more delightful revealer and interpreter than Thackeray? Or who would desire a more realistic or beguiling painter of the foibles, frivolities, and frailties of life than Richardson or Sterne? Yet all of these men merely wrote life as they found it upon the streets or in the drawing rooms of London or along the pleasant highways of England. They were exalted journalists.

Nothing is more imposing than history. Yet when all is said and done Mommsen, Gibbon, and John Richard Green were simply vicarious reporters, sitting in the secluded ease and comfort of libraries cataloguing the past. Others like Woodrow Wilson and Justin Huntley McCarthy, enjoying the same cloistered seclusion, have been the indexers of the present. All were reporters hiding under the mantle of the

impersonal title that the world calls historian. Their performance, stripped of all panoply and investiture, is simply permanent reporting.

Poetry is full mate to history. Keats was nothing more than a reporter of his emotions. Wordsworth reflected nature in terms of verse. Byron was the realistic and rhythmic depicter of passion and desire.

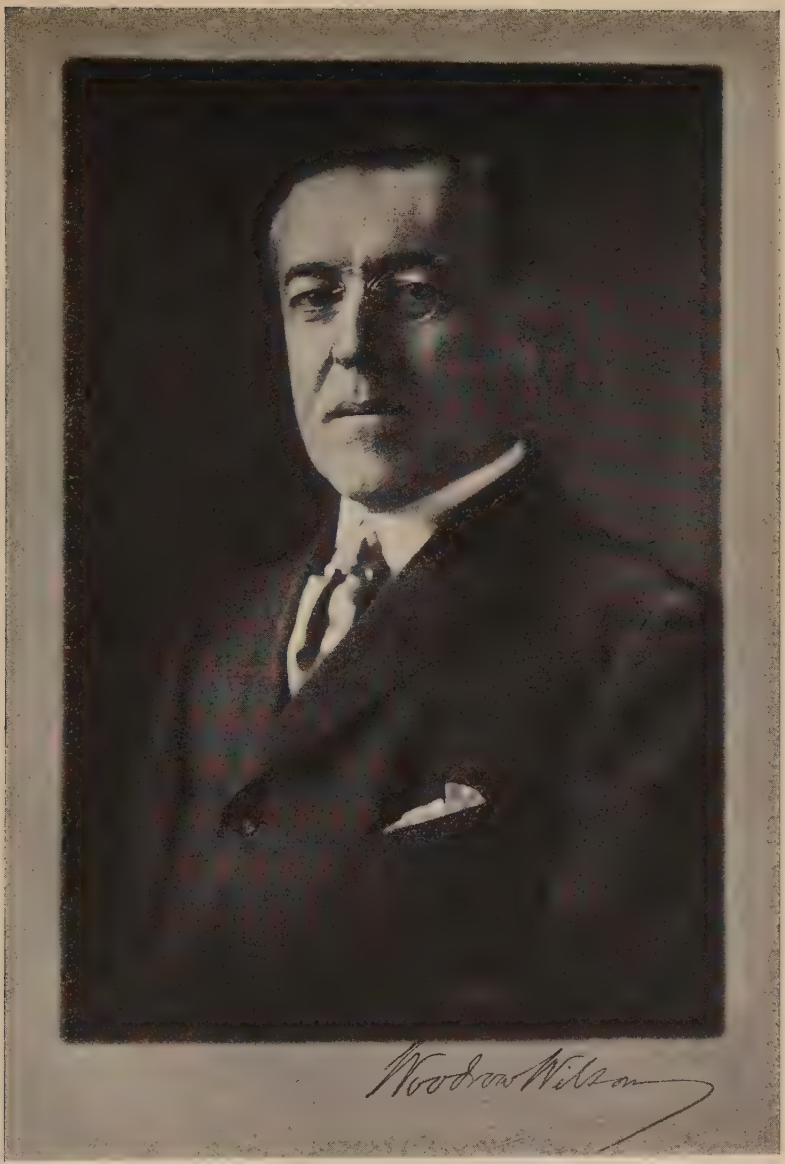
Of course there are two kinds of reporters. One is the type of man who becomes a sort of chronic reproducer of bald facts as he finds them. He remains an ordinary chronicler of events. In a word he is the photographer.

On the other hand you have the reporter who transmutes facts through the alchemy of his own personality. He becomes the maker of literature. This is art.

Any study of contemporary fiction must reveal the influence of straight reportorial work upon the making of books. Richard Harding Davis was a great reporter and that was one of the main reasons why he became a successful writer of short stories and novels. Everything he wrote from "Van Bibber" to "Somewhere in France" was a slice of life taken from Broadway or the battle-line of war.

Frank Norris, concerning whom there will be much more later on, was another conspicuous example. He was a born reporter with a Balzacian eye for detail that was little short of remarkable. Both "McTeague" and "The Octopus" were admirable examples of reporting. The same is true of Upton Sinclair's revelation of Packingtown, "The Jungle," although he got his facts at second hand. When Charles E. Van Loan turned to fiction he merely continued to be a baseball or turf reporter, infusing what he wrote with his magnetic personality and picturesque point of view. Theodore Dreiser is just another faithful reproducer of every-day emotions in the pages of a book. So it goes.

H. G. Wells calls the average novelist "a foot-note to reality." The reporter is Reality itself!



Copyright by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

WOODROW WILSON

CHAPTER V

WOODROW WILSON AND THEODORE ROOSEVELT

No two occupants of the White House ever expressed such extremes of personality and point of view as Woodrow Wilson and Theodore Roosevelt. They represent totally opposite presidential poles. I met them both many times and am able, perhaps, to strike some contrast.

My first interview with President Wilson was in 1911 during one of my few brief lapses from *The Saturday Evening Post* service. I was then Associate Editor of *Munsey's Magazine*. Mr. Wilson was Governor of New Jersey and the star of his presidential destiny had just begun to twinkle over the horizon. I had read some of his books and speeches and I felt that what he had to say on the issues of the day would make interesting reading regardless of what the future held for him. I believe that up to that time the interview I obtained was the first extended talk that he gave to a magazine in connection with the high office to which he was elected the following year.

The simple narrative of this experience will reveal him as interviewing material. Since President Wilson is not subject to vital mental change the revelation still holds good. The temperament of Woodrow Wilson the Governor of New Jersey is little different from the demeanour of Woodrow Wilson the President. His scope and authority have only widened.

The approach to this interview was simple and direct. I wrote to him and asked for an appointment. He replied at once, inviting me to lunch with him at Trenton. He said that on account of the pressure of time the interview would probably have to be obtained while he journeyed from the capital down to Sea Girt where the summer home of the Governor is located.

I had never seen Mr. Wilson before. Although I have

talked with him at various times since 1911 the first impression of him stands out above all the rest. Then, as now, he was precise, dignified, agreeable. He sat at a flat-topped desk in a small office lined with book-shelves. From the mantel on his left a bronze Washington clad in a sort of Roman toga and a metal Lincoln in equally nondescript attire looked down upon him. Through the windows in front of him he could watch the tides of Trenton traffic moving up and down State Street. He had only to turn in his swivel chair to the left and see the shining Delaware fringed with summer green.

One distinctive feature about Governor Wilson's office at Trenton was typical of the man. The door was wide open. I saw him at a distance as I waited for my appointment in the long conference room hung with portraits of former Governors of New Jersey. Afterwards Mr. Wilson told me that his office door was never closed. It was this same attitude that won for frank publicity at the Peace Conference.

I walked with the Governor down State Street to a modest hotel where we had luncheon. In the restaurant he took a side table and throughout the meal any special attention almost embarrassed him. His attitude on this occasion made me think of another luncheon that I once had with a Governor of Kansas. He also took me down the Main Street of his capital city to a restaurant much frequented by the general public. Instead of seeking a quiet table as Governor Wilson did he chose one near the street where he kept up a running fire of conversation and greeting with passers-by. In short he capitalised his democracy.

The smooth-faced, grey-eyed, grey-haired man, (his hair is almost white now), who sat opposite me at Trenton was apparently the most unassuming human being in the room. He ate sparingly, as is still his habit, and talked much. He told me among other things that from his earliest recollection he had aspired to a public life. He said:

"From my boyhood I have aimed at political life. The reason I studied law was because, when I was a boy in the South, the law furnished the shortest path to public life. I gave it up later because I found I could not be an honest lawyer and a politician at the same time. At least, I did not

know how to then. I tried the next best thing, which was studying politics. I went back to school, where I undertook to learn something of the facts of government. People think I was born a scholar; as a matter of fact, I was born a man of affairs."

As we strolled back to the State House I spoke to him about the presidency. I remarked: "This time next year you will be a storm centre."

With a smile the Governor answered: "Remember that I am not even a candidate—yet."

We made the trip from Trenton to Sea Girt in an open automobile. The Governor and I sat in the back seat and the ever-faithful and ever-present Joseph P. Tumulty—who still calls the President "Governor"—was up front with the chauffeur.

I have interviewed men on trains, ships, in the air, and under the ground. Yet I doubt if any similar work was done under the handicaps that marked that first talk with Mr. Wilson. The car jolted; constituents shouted greetings to him from the roadside. All the while I had to keep up a running fire of questions and remember what was being said. We touched every possible subject from tariff and good government to the personal guilt of corporations. It was impossible to take many notes. I had to remember what I heard.

Most men—even the most astute politician trained to glib reply—would have quailed under a continuous cross-examination such as mine but Mr. Wilson met every query with precise and ready response. Here was reflected his habit of thought. His mind thinks in one measure at a time, and he wants these measures to follow in sequence. He leaves nothing in the air, permits no doubt as to where he stands. Thus his political career has been a steady march of completed achievement.

One of his replies will give an index to his mental procedure. I asked him for an expression of opinion about currency reform, then a much agitated subject, and he said:

"My mind is to let on that subject."

In other words, he had not studied the subject sufficiently, and did not care to pronounce half-baked conclusions.

His sense of conviction is deep-rooted. It was manifested away back in his college days. As a senior at Princeton he qualified for the Lynde prize debate, a much-coveted distinction. When he was assigned to the negative side of the subject to be discussed, he refused to take part, because he did not believe in that side.

His power of persuasion is equally strong. It is said of him that during his professional days he made political economy so fascinating that one of his students remarked:

"Why, Dr. Wilson, I never before realised what a pleasure it is to use my mind!"

I asked Governor Wilson to define his Democracy, whereupon he answered:

"I am two kinds of a Democrat—first, a born Democrat, second, a convinced Democrat.

"I can best define what I mean by being a Democrat, perhaps, by first telling what a Republican is. As I see him, he believes in a government *for* and not *by* the people. The Republican party looks upon itself as a trustee, and it believes in the trustee principle. This is the very essence of the protective policy. It is not taking care of the people, but it is being taken care of.

"By a convinced Democrat I mean that I dissent from the Republican party's theory of government. The people as a whole should direct and control our affairs."

"What is your formula for good government?" I asked him.

"It is summed up in two single words—'common counsel,'" he said.

"How does this express itself?" I asked.

"In a free, frank legislation, expressive of the wishes of the people, as opposed to private understandings arrived at by hidden influences. As a matter of fact, the American people are waiting to have their politics simplified, because they realise that at the present time their politics are full of private arrangements, and they do not understand what it all means.

"The reason why this is true is that political machines are organisations that forget what they are organised for.

"It reminds me of the mule who made the trip on the Mississippi River steamboat with a tag tied around its neck

to indicate its destination. But the string of the tag was too long, and the mule, becoming inquisitive, ate up the label. Whereupon one of the negro deck-hands rushed up to the captain and said:

" 'Marse Captain, dat mule done et up whar he's gwine to!'

"The political machine has forgotten its purpose—has 'et up whar it's gwine to.' "

On this trip Mr. Wilson spoke with freedom and fluency. I have reproduced some of the things he said because he still holds these same views. One of the man's characteristics is that he never changes his mind.

When we reached Sea Girt the Governor said: "I have spoken to you with the utmost frankness and I would like to see the proof of what you write."

He knew that before many months passed every word that he said or wrote would pass under a merciless scrutiny. He wanted to take no chances with misinterpretation. It is a wise precaution. If more public men would examine and revise what they say for publication before it is printed they would save themselves and other people much trouble. A statement looks much more formidable in cold black type than when it is uttered. One reason why people get "cold feet" on interviews, and allege that they have been "misquoted" and repudiate the interviewer is that they do not see what they have said until it is revealed to the reading world. So far as Mr. Wilson is concerned he is not only instinctively cautious, but being a historian, he has regard for the verdict of posterity.

Some days later I took the proof of my interview down to Trenton and the Governor went over it carefully. In it I spoke of the kind of president he would make. When we came to that phrase he looked up and said: "Perhaps you are a little previous."

When you have had an extended experience as an interviewer you can look back on certain statements, made in the past, that have peculiar significance in the light of what time has wrought. To illustrate. When I first met Mr. Wilson I wanted to get some biographical data about him. I asked him to suggest a source familiar with his career and his prospects. He replied:

"There is a lawyer down in Wall Street named William F. McCombs, who on his own initiative has been good enough to be interested in my political future. Perhaps he can help you out."

Fate works in a mysterious way to achieve its ends. The "lawyer down in Wall Street" to whom Mr. Wilson referred not only became Chairman of the National Democratic Committee and a national figure but had the satisfaction of helping elect his protégé President of the United States.

The moment Mr. Wilson entered the White House his whole relation to interviewing changed. He did not lose his frankness in public utterance but he preferred to "get over" his message through the medium of a speech. Except at rare intervals he has not allowed himself to be quoted. He has talked to me, as he has talked to other men, on timely subjects but not as an interview.

As President his time is much more precious and occupied than when he was Governor. He still adheres to what might be called a democratic simplicity of approach. He seldom employs the Roosevelt method of collecting a group of people in his outer office and then disposing of them in rapid-fire three minute greetings. When he talks to a man he prefers aloofness, which means concentration. He never quite forgets that he is a professional historian and the writer of history does not like a crowd.

I can give no better evidence of Mr. Wilson's thoroughness than to say that he learned shorthand as a young lawyer down in Georgia in order to make notes in court. His "History of the American People" was first written out in shorthand. He is an expert user of the typewriter. Wherever he goes his machine accompanies him. Most of his historic messages to Congress before we went to war were written on this trusty little typewriter.

The President still delights in illustrating a point with an anecdote. One of his favourite stories, and one that I related to Lord Northcliffe who gave it wide currency in England, deals with an irascible sea captain who brooked no interference from anybody. One of the owners of his craft came aboard his ship and irritated the skipper with futile and foolish questions. Losing his patience, the old sea dog yelped:

"All I want from you is silence and very little of that."

Mr. Wilson has never lost his appreciation of the straightforward and constructive employment of printer's ink in the matter of informing the public about national happenings. "The public has a right to know," is his creed. He was solely responsible for the admission of newspaper correspondents to the sessions of the Peace Conference when the enemy Powers were handed the terms of the Treaty. Even Clemenceau, himself a journalist, opposed him, but the President held out and won. Opposition only makes him more determined.

To turn from Woodrow Wilson to Theodore Roosevelt is to get a distinct change of air. So far as action is concerned it is like going from a convent into a foundry. With the interviewer Wilson is calm, dignified, imperturbable. In the same circumstance Roosevelt was all animation. He radiated publicity. Consciously or unconsciously he was the master press agent of all time. Likewise he was the champion interviewer of interviewers. He was the most accessible and approachable of all Presidents. From him there flowed an almost incessant stream of opinion about every conceivable subject.

I first met Colonel Roosevelt in 1904 when I went to Washington to get a signed statement from every member of his Cabinet for *The World's Work*. This task was quite an adventure in interviewing. I succeeded in pulling it off because I employed one of the cardinal rules in interviewing a group of men allied with the same interests. In such an enterprise, as in salesmanship, the important and immediate task is to "sell" one of them. Having this asset in hand, so to speak, you can use it as a convincing argument with all the rest. Human beings like to follow a lead.

At that time John Hay was Secretary of State, Mr. Taft, Secretary of War, Paul Morton, Secretary of the Navy, James Wilson, Secretary of Agriculture, Horace A. Taylor, Acting Secretary of the Treasury, and Robert J. Wynne, Postmaster General.

I looked over the ground to find the one member of the Cabinet who was the most likely to fall in with my plan. I selected Morton. I knew that he was a novice to Washington official life. I argued that being new at the Cabinet game he had not yet succumbed to official limitations with regard to

the flow of speech. My theory was right because he promptly agreed to write the article. It was, I might add, the first of innumerable services that Paul Morton rendered me. When he went to New York to become President of the Equitable Life Assurance Society he performed the same service for me with many of the Wall Street magnates with whom he was associated that Northcliffe did with the great personalities of the war. He was a real first aid.

Having secured the promise of the Secretary of the Navy to co-operate in my plan it was comparatively easy to convince his colleagues. When they shied I simply said:

"You do not want the Navy Department to get all the publicity, do you?" It went home every time.

This experience simply shows that the rules of salesmanship are precisely the same rules that make for progress in big interviewing. A man will buy when he is convinced that some one he knows has bought. It is as effective with safety razors as with stocks and bonds.

Roosevelt personified the fundamental and all-essential qualities which must equip a successful interviewer. He made it a point, for example, to know every possible thing about the people who came to see him. If he were not already acquainted with their achievements he fortified himself by special reading or investigation. Authors were amazed at his familiarity with their books; scientists were astounded at his understanding of their researches; naturalists were impressed with his range of experience; inventors stood agape at his technical comprehension of their work. So too with painters, sculptors, travellers and uplifters generally. The net result was that they succumbed first to his magnetic personality and second, being human and therefore susceptible, to his knowledge of themselves or their friends. He was a great salesman.

In that first meeting with him at the White House he surprised me by saying at once:

"I hear excellent reports of Mr. Page's two sons at Harvard."

How the President learned that Walter H. Page had two boys at Harvard, and furthermore, how they were getting along, was a mystery to me. He knew, however, that the editor of *The World's Work* would be pleased to know that the

Copyright by Pach Bros., N. Y.

Dec 9th
1916

Inscribed by J. L. Harcourt
with the best wishes of
Theodore Roosevelt

President of the United States was interested in his sons and had spoken about them. It was a typical Roosevelt performance.

No American President ever talked with writing men with the same degree of freedom as Roosevelt. When men came to interview him, as was my experience more than once, he did all the interviewing. Behind this avalanche of speech there was a definite idea, which is well worth explaining. Sometimes the interviewer had a definite conviction about a certain Roosevelt policy which was not in harmony with the President's. Before the reporter could get under way Roosevelt had inundated him with his own point of view and the interviewer, in most cases, was left speechless. The net result was that he departed with Roosevelt's impressions and not his own.

Few could stand up against the Roosevelt barrage of words. When he talked no one could get in a word edge-wise. In this connection I am reminded of a story once told me by Sir James M. Barrie. These two men of widely different personalities and temperaments were close personal friends. It was typical of the extraordinary range of Roosevelt's interest and affection that he should love "Peter Pan" and his creator. When Barrie made his last visit to the United States, in 1913, to visit Charles Frohman he spent a day at Oyster Bay.

"What did you talk about?" I asked him.

Barrie, who is a shy little man, smaller even in stature than Lloyd George, replied with a humorous twinkle in his eye: "Roosevelt talked the whole time. All that I was able to interject into the conversation was 'Colonel, you and your four sons seem to constitute the whole United States Army.'"

I was in England when Quentin Roosevelt was killed. No one over there mourned him more than that tiny Scotchman who knows so well the heart of youth.

Roosevelt seldom allowed himself to be quoted. Being an author himself he wrote his theories and convictions about everything. Every medium of communication with the public was his and he availed himself of them to a degree unequalled by any Chief Executive of the nation.

Roosevelt's whole relationship with interviewers was unique. Although he would seldom allow himself to be quoted in an article he talked with what sometimes seemed an almost in-

credible frankness. He bared the utmost secrets of state. He did this for the reason that he trusted the people who came to see him. In interviewing men of high public station the first and foremost obligation of the interviewer is the exercise of discretion as to what should be printed and what should be suppressed. The most interesting things in the world are those that are never printed. Roosevelt once told me that he assumed that all men who wrote had a sense of discrimination. He, like many others, discovered that it was not a universal gift.

One reason why the famous Ananias Club and its allied organisations had such a large membership was that Roosevelt spoke freely and unafraid with many men and trusted to their discretion. In their zeal to achieve a surprise, advertise their "intimacy" with the President, or spring a sensation they sometimes allowed their enthusiasm or vanity to get the better of their judgment. In self-defence Roosevelt was forced to repudiate them.

Roosevelt the Private Citizen was more intimate and human perhaps than Roosevelt the President. My closest relations with him were at Oyster Bay after he had retired from public office. He was immensely interested in the Great War. Whenever I returned from Europe during those troubled years I usually brought him a personal greeting from some of the leaders in the stupendous struggle.

Once it was an informal invitation to visit Sir Douglas Haig. More often I conveyed a message from Lloyd George. On one such occasion I followed it up with an account of Lloyd George's spectacular activities. Roosevelt listened as patiently as he could.

When I finished he snapped out in characteristic fashion: "The trouble with your friend Lloyd George is that he thinks in terms of parliamentary majorities."

When you consider that perhaps no one in America was more addicted to pluralities than the Colonel this remark is rather illuminating.

Whenever a well-known British soldier or statesman visited America during the war one of his first desires was to meet Roosevelt. In September, 1916, I returned from Europe with Ian Hay. Roosevelt admired his books intensely and the

author of "The First Hundred Thousand" himself was eager to meet the famous Rough Rider so I took him down to Sagamore Hill for lunch.

On this visit Roosevelt made to me what I consider the most pathetic statement he ever uttered in connection with his possible re-election. There had been a considerable party at lunch and afterward we went for a walk on the lawn. It was a brilliant sun-lit afternoon and the country was at its loveliest.

The ex-President and I brought up the rear. I had been talking about the war and bemoaning the fact that we were not in it. Continuing, I said:

"Things would be different, Colonel, if you were in the White House."

He stopped suddenly, pounded his left fist against his right palm and declared with a sort of dynamic earnestness:

"The American people will cheer for me but they will not vote for me."

Roosevelt was much concerned about the Russian crisis. He felt that we made a mistake in not giving the Kerensky government active support. As soon as I returned from Petrograd in 1917 he sent for me and in his delightful fashion demanded to know "all the facts." He yearned to be on the scene and participate in what he considered one of the epic events of all time.

He watched the overthrow of Kerensky and his fellow patriots with alarm and apprehension. Just how he felt in this matter I can reveal in the terms of a hitherto unwritten episode. In May, 1918, and just before I returned to Europe I took Lady Muriel Paget down to see Colonel Roosevelt at Oyster Bay. She had organised and conducted the Anglo-Russian Hospital at Petrograd and was much concerned with Russian affairs in England. She had survived the Bolshevist terrors and was on her way back to England, having come out through Siberia and Japan. She was very anxious to meet the former President. When I told him she was in America he invited us out for tea.

After Lady Muriel had told him her story of the murder of the Kerensky government by the Bolsheviki he pounded the table so vigorously that the tea service rattled.

Then he said with animation: "I could have taken two

American divisions to Russia and saved the whole situation!"

One of Roosevelt's greatest disappointments lay in his failure to go abroad during the war. Here again I can disclose some unchronicled history. In the early spring of 1918 the Colonel sent me a "hurry-up" call to visit him at Oyster Bay. I found him much disturbed. When I inquired the reason he replied:

"I want to go abroad but I do not think I can get a passport."

"Have you tried?" I asked him.

"No," he reluctantly admitted.

"Why do you think you cannot get one?" I queried.

"The Administration does not want me to go," he responded with fervour.

I knew that he was labouring under one of his many delusions about antagonisms that existed toward him in certain quarters so I said lightly:

"You are an American citizen, are you not?"

"Yes," he snapped.

"You have never been in jail, have you?"

"No," he snorted.

"You can get three photographs of yourself, can't you?"

"Of course," he replied.

"Then I will guarantee to get you a passport anywhere within twenty-four hours," I rejoined.

By this time I think he realised that he was wrong in his surmise. He then said that he would take up the matter with me later but he never did. His son Quentin was killed and he became ill. In any event his dream of being even an onlooker in the great conflict in which he had hoped to have an active part, was never realised.

In all the flood of story about Roosevelt since his lamented death one interesting fact has been overlooked. Writing about Oyster Bay brings it to mind. Whenever he had a visitor to whom he desired to pay a special honour he would lead him over to a large bow window in his famous Trophy Room, take a small key out of his pocket, and say:

"I am going to show you something that I do not usually show people."

With the little key he would open a mahogany box which

contained six enlarged snapshots of himself and the German Kaiser, taken during the military manœuvres held in honour of his visit to Potsdam in 1910. In view of what has happened during the past four years these photographs have a peculiar value, not because they show Theodore Roosevelt and William Hohenzollern on horseback side by side, but because of the extraordinary and indiscreet inscriptions that the Kaiser wrote on the back of each photograph. Sufficient to say, at least three of these inscriptions reveal that in 1910, as in 1914, and despite his pacific protestations to the contrary notwithstanding, the ex-Emperor was determined on war and was looking forward to the time when his sanguinary dream would be realised.

No Roosevelt story is perhaps more typical of the man than the one which shows how he got the authority to build the Panama Canal. It was related to me by both of the leading actors. The Colonel, as is well-known, wanted the Army engineers to construct the famous waterway. After he became convinced that Major-General George W. Goethals was the ideal man to take the helm, he sent for him and instructed him to get a formal order from the Secretary of War, who was Mr. Taft.

Goethals called on the Secretary and explained his mission. Mr. Taft replied:

"It is contrary to regulations for me to give you this order but if the President has ordered it I shall comply." With this he gave Goethals the order.

When he returned to the White House Roosevelt asked him at once if he had secured the necessary authority.

"Yes, Mr. President," he answered, "but the Secretary of War says that it is against the law."

Roosevelt snapped his jaws together and giving the table a resounding smash with his fist, said:

"The law be hanged. I want the Canal built." And it was built.

Roosevelt was a big man in many ways. In none was he bigger or finer than in the rôle of proud and affectionate father. Because it was an aid to an adventure in interviewing

and because it reveals him in tender and intimate fashion I will reproduce an extract from a letter of introduction he gave me when I went to Spain in 1917.

Shortly before sailing I went to lunch with the Colonel at the Harvard Club. When I told him I was going to Spain he smiled and said:

"I am not particularly popular in Spain because they have not forgotten the Rough Riders. I can give you a letter of introduction, however, to Ambassador Willard whose daughter married my son Kermit."

After commending me most generously to the Ambassador, he wrote about his family as follows:

"Thanks to the courtesy of Lord Northcliffe, I have just been able to get Kermit an appointment on the Staff of the British Army in Mesopotamia. I suppose he will sail soon. Ted and Archie are already in France. Quentin has just become a Lieutenant in the Flying Corps and hopes soon to sail.

"You yourself are of the fighting type and both you and Mrs. Willard come of fighting ancestors and so you will readily understand the pride I take in my four boys. But it would be of no use that I pretend that I feel happy about their going.

"Faithfully yours,

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Almost a year from the day that Roosevelt gave me this letter Quentin died in France. It is no secret that his untimely demise hastened the taking off of his father.

I never realised what a world figure Roosevelt had become until I began to travel to a considerable extent. His name was known to the humblest everywhere, as this incident will show:

In the fall of 1917 I spent some time with the Italian armies. One of the most interesting features of my sojourn among them was a visit to Gorizia. It was shortly after its capture by the Italians and the town was still under an incessant shell-fire. The Army Post Office was located in a wrecked bank. I thought that Colonel Roosevelt would be pleased to receive a message direct from one of the most bitterly contested goals of the war so I bought a souvenir postal card from an Italian Tommy and wrote on it a few words of greeting to the

Colonel. While I was writing it a battle between Austrian and Italian aeroplanes developed immediately over my head and I mentioned it in what I wrote.

When I handed the card to the sergeant in charge of the little post office he looked at the address. All that he understood was the magic name "Theodore Roosevelt." His face lighted up and he said in Italian, *"Il gran Americano,"* which means, "The great American."

That obscure Italian soldier summed up the real Theodore Roosevelt. He was a "great American" and he taught America a supreme lesson in patriotism. I like to recall the picture he presented when I last saw him alive. He stood in the sunshine on the lawn at Oyster Bay. On the outside wall of his house hung a service flag with four stars. It was a fitting background for this father of men.

I was about to go back to the war. As he grasped my hand he said:

"I envy you your opportunity. Good luck, Godspeed, and good-bye."

Half-way down the road I turned and looked back. The Colonel still stood in the sunshine. With one hand he waved to me; with the other he pointed to the service flag with the four blue stars. His heart was "over there" where I was bound and where his boys carried the emblem he loved.

CHAPTER VI

THE REAL LLOYD GEORGE

The great war, which was invested with an unparalleled inhuman interest by the enemy, was at the same time rich with an almost incomparable human interest. Its scope was so vast and the line-up of nations so complex that it drew upon an astonishing variety of race, temperament and personality. Long after the physical scars of that stupendous struggle have vanished from the earth the impress of the dominating figures will survive for the reason that the makers of war were also the makers of peace.

During those four crowded years I was a steady traveller across the Atlantic Ocean and the North Sea. Again and again I ranged the warring and neutral countries from Russia down to the shores of the Adriatic. Through the circumstance of my work I met many of the outstanding figures of those spacious times and often in intimate and dramatic fashion.

Foremost among the war personalities that I met—and his star shines with equal brilliancy in peace—is David Lloyd George. I have ranged the gallery of the great, the near great and the would-be great pretty thoroughly. Yet no one—not even Roosevelt—surpasses the little Welshman in vitality, many-sidedness and interest. Like Roosevelt he is not a human being but an institution. Instead of being a single man he is a syndicate. Without him John Bull's public life would be dull indeed, for he is the prize monopoliser of the British front page. I watched Lloyd George fill practically every post of high distinction within the bestowal of the British Government during the war. Often when figuratively I saw the red flag of distress hung out, heard the alarm bells ring, and felt the heart of Britain turn to him for leadership in her hour of peril and crisis, I realised that the good old American phrase "Let George do it" fitted him and his astonishing service better than anything else. I once told him about this expression and he was amused and pleased.

What manner of man is this son of the people, who was a Gibraltar during the war and who has remained a rock through a no less stormy reconstruction? No one can explain Lloyd George. I doubt if he could do it himself if he tried. He has one essential quality dear to the biographer of American success in that he is self-made. Like many self-made men he loves his creator. He cleverly capitalised what the world calls his common origin. It has not ceased to be one of his assets.

Lloyd George can apparently be as simple as a child and as complex as a mathematical problem. This is one reason why he remains the most difficult man in England to interview. I can perhaps give no more characteristic picture of him than to tell the story of my first meeting with him, which happened early in the great conflict. At that time—it was long before the British Ministry of Information made wartime visiting in England a sort of American editorial free-for-all and when Lloyd George began to meet American writers in groups—the Prime Minister was the most inaccessible man in Great Britain. You could reach King George with far greater ease than you could approach this lawyer who had begun to make his progressive journey through the high places.

Lloyd George had just become Minister of Munitions and was the busiest man in the Kingdom. Almost overnight he retired as Chancellor of the Exchequer to take up the post upon which Britain's part in the war practically depended. Ammunition, like coal, meant life in the war, and England had little of it. The whole German early success was largely due to superiority in artillery and in an overwhelming preponderance of shells of large calibre. It was put up to Lloyd George to rectify this discrepancy. It meant the complete reorganisation and readjustment of British industry with its immense and inseparable human problem.

Private greed had to be conciliated and a whole new productive era established. It not only required tact and diplomacy but exacted a business skill of the first importance, and Lloyd George was no business man. I cite this preamble to show the handicap under which the little man laboured. Yet he got away with it, and all because he surrounded himself with the best brain, brawn and experience that he could commandeer,

vitalised it with his magnetic personality and gave it full swing. It is the Lloyd George way.

All this meant that he had no leisure on his hands. He had set up shop in a charming time-worn building down in Whitehall Gardens, hemmed in by trees and gardens, where the belles and beaux of other days danced the stately minuet. In what was once the drawing-room of this mansion Lloyd George sat at a flat-topped desk with his finger on the pulse of munitions output. Every day literally hundreds of people tried to see him. One out of every hundred succeeded. He made many engagements, but somehow or other they were almost invariably broken before the appointed hour. I had six appointments with him, and every one of them suffered the same fate. Exalted personages were always arriving at the eleventh hour and everything else had to be side-tracked.

Lloyd George, I might say, is no respecter of programme. I have seen him wipe out a whole day's slate of appointments that included the notables of half a dozen Allied countries as easily as you would break the most informal engagement for luncheon. He always does the thing that presses the hardest. Likewise he knows how to concentrate. Whenever he does a thing it becomes the most important thing in the world while he is engaged on it. It is one of the secrets of his success.

My time in England was growing short. Another appointment had been made for me to see him on a Monday afternoon at half past five at the ministry. It was practically my last chance, for I was to sail in a couple of days from Liverpool. On that Monday I had lunched and spent the early part of the afternoon with Sir James M. Barrie at the Reform Club. As I walked back to the Savoy Hotel I bought an afternoon newspaper in the Strand. My heart sank when I saw a flaring headline which read "Lloyd George decides to go to Bristol."

That news concerned many people in Great Britain, and it also meant something to me, because I knew instinctively that my appointment with Lloyd George had gone into the discard. Bristol at that moment sheltered the British Trade Congress, met in fateful session. The Ministry of Munitions had already run afoul of this congress, which demanded a share of the war profits and which had registered a protest with the Minister himself. Lloyd George had sent the delegates a telegram prom-

David Lloyd George
Taken in the Garden of His Home Near Criccieth, Wales

ising every consideration. This written word was insufficient. In that swift and impulsive way he has of doing things he decided to go down himself and make an appeal to the congress to be loyal and patriotic in Britain's dark hour. Once the decision was registered everything else was incidental to Lloyd George.

In my box at the hotel I found a telephone message from that most devoted of all secretaries, J. T. Davies, who has been the principal buffer between Lloyd George and an eager and inquiring world these past turbulent years. The substance of the message was that on account of the unexpected journey to Bristol my appointment was off.

But I was determined not to set sail for America without having seen Lloyd George. I called Davies up and told him of my determination. He was polite and regretful, and added: "On account of the unexpected trip to Bristol in the morning all appointments with the Minister are cancelled."

"Why can't I go along with him?" I suggested.

I could hear Davies' little gasp of astonishment. After a moment he said: "That sort of thing isn't done over here."

"Then it is high time to begin," I answered. "I have travelled with Roosevelt and Wilson. We think nothing of it in America. If I went down to Bristol with the Minister it would solve my whole problem."

"Well, I'll ask him and ring you up in the morning," rejoined Davies.

I happened to know that the train for Bristol left Paddington at eleven o'clock, and I also knew that if the matter was left until the last moment it was doomed, so I retorted: "Ask him now, and I will ring you up within an hour." I wanted to safeguard this final chance in every way.

At six o'clock Davies informed me that the Minister would be glad to have me go down in the morning, but I was not to talk to him going down.

We made the trip to Bristol on the regular train. What the British call a saloon carriage was placed at Lloyd George's disposal. It was one large compartment, fitted with divans and easy chairs and with a table in the centre.

On this trip I got my first glimpse into the method by which Lloyd George has been able to master so many technical tasks,

When he got on the train he had not written his Bristol speech, which was one of the most important that he had been called upon to deliver up to that time for the reason that he was to deal with a whole organisation of the Ministry of Munitions and its relations to labour. This meant that he had to marshal an immense mass of highly complicated data in a short time. He did then what he has always done. He took four experts with him. Like an animated human sponge he absorbed the very wellsprings of their knowledge and experience on the way down. One was an efficiency engineer, another a trained organiser, the third one of the best-known munitions authorities in the world, and the fourth was a machinery wizard. Throughout that two-hour journey Lloyd George bristled with questions. Occasionally he made a note.

In the town hall of the historic little city he spoke with an ease, authority and fluency that gave his hearers the impression that he had been engaged in munitions all his life and never expected to do anything else. It was just one other evidence of the man's genius of assimilation. Only Roosevelt approached him in this highly useful talent.

This seems to be as good a place as any to explain Lloyd George's speech-writing system. He seldom writes out an address in full. He puts down certain headings, which sometimes consist of only half a dozen words. They not only give him the cue to a thought but start him on a whole peroration. Before speaking he usually rehearses the whole effort in his mind. When he first entered public life he frequently declaimed his speeches privately before small groups of newspaper men. They were the proverbial dog on which he tried them. I saw the notes on the great speech he made at the American luncheon given in London in April, 1917, to celebrate our entry into the war. They comprised less than a dozen small typewritten sheets. The world will have to depend in the main upon public stenographers for the Lloyd George speeches in permanent form.

It was at Bristol that I first came under the spell of the Lloyd George eloquence. I have listened to most of the great orators of my time. None approaches him in witchery of word or wealth of imagery. His voice is like a silver bell that vibrates with emotion. His almost flawless phraseology is no

studied art but a purely spontaneous thing. Words seem to flow from him in a ceaseless stream. He is a consummate actor. The stage lost a great star when he went into politics.

All this is by way of introduction. On the return trip to London after the Bristol speech I got my first real glimpse of Lloyd George, and my first interview. It had a picturesque setting, moving yet serene. The dingy old railway carriage seemed to take on a certain shadowy softness in the early twilight. Yet we rushed past camps where flags flew and soldiers cheered the train as it passed.

The remarkable little man whose words had just flashed to the uttermost ends of the Empire sat silent in a big chair. He had spoken in a hot and crowded hall, his long hair hung damp over a wilted collar, he was visibly tired. But Lloyd George is never still for long. He began to talk, and was soon engaged in his favourite occupation of asking questions.

Conscription was becoming a storm centre. Northcliffe had raised the cry for it and Lloyd George was full of the subject. One of the first questions he asked me was: "What was Lincoln's attitude toward conscription?" Fortunately I was able to tell him.

Lloyd George never ceases to be the politician, and in the course of this first talk he expressed great curiosity as to whether our soldiers voted during the Civil War and how it was done.

On this trip Lloyd George made an utterance that has become a sort of universal maxim. We had been discussing munitions output when he suddenly turned on me and said: "Do you realise that this is a war of machine against machine? It is a duel between the British and the German workman."

This statement not only aptly proclaimed a great war truth but a peace truth as well. During the next five years Germany, despite her temporary internal upheavals, will move heaven and earth to swing back to her old-time international economic prestige. The Teutonic workman will not only be arrayed against the British artisan but against the American as well. The war on the battlefield was won by a weight of metal, and victory in the bloodless war after the war will be largely determined by bulk of industrial output.

That first meeting with Lloyd George began an acquaintance

that lasted throughout the war. The sequence of my interviews with him tells the story of his public service. When I returned to England he had become Secretary of State for War. Here he provided one of the many contrasts of his life of contrasts. The pugnacious pacifist of the Boer War became a war lord in the war of wars!

When the ill-fated Kitchener went down on the *Hampshire* Lloyd George moved up a notch and became his successor. Kitchener was a big man—a colossus in more ways than one. His office was a high-ceiled room of rather stately proportions on the second floor of the War Office, in Whitehall. He sat in a coronation chair at a flat-topped desk at the end of the chamber. Through the window he could see the steel-clad Horse Guards, immovable as equestrian statues, guarding the famous parade ground, one of the sights of London.

In that room at the War Office on a day in October, 1916, I had what came to be a historic interview with Lloyd George. America was still out of the war, yet German stupidity was marching steadily to its doom. To both of us it seemed inevitable that America should sooner or later ally herself on the side of justice and humanity. Lloyd George, as usual, had begun to talk in his quick fashion, asking question after question.

The Hughes-Wilson contest for the presidency was in full swing. The dope that had been handed Lloyd George seemed to favour Hughes. The people who had advised him gave him the impression that Hughes would win. He felt—and this feeling was widely shared in England—that the election of Hughes practically meant our entry into the war. I believe I was the first man to tell him that the election of Mr. Hughes carried no such guaranty.

As I sat in that room which held the real secrets of Britain's part in the war I had a strong feeling that before many months had passed the little grey-haired man who talked so vehemently would be Prime Minister of England and I told him so. I recall the swift little gesture of dismissal that he made and I also noted the smile that broke over his face.

I asked him to give me a message for the American people. He shut his eyes, thought for a moment, and then said:

"The hope of the world is that America will realise the call that destiny is making to her in tones that are getting louder

and more insistent as these terrible months go by. That destiny lies in the enforcement of respect for international law and international rights."

In the article I predicted that Lloyd George would be Premier before six months had passed. By one of the freaks of journalistic fortune both the message and the article appeared on the day after he became Prime Minister and his trumpet call to us was cabled throughout the world.

In connection with this message occurred one of the many illustrations of Lloyd George's remarkable memory. He had given me the statement as we stood in the doorway of his office just before I said good-bye. It was done on the spur of the moment and I knew that he had no copy of it. When I got back to New York I wanted to get an addition to the original message, so I cabled him what he had said, together with the suggestion I had in my mind. In his reply to me he recalled those historic words verbatim. Yet he had left me that day to plunge, as I afterward learned, into one of the most momentous and exacting conferences of the war.

When I next saw Lloyd George he had realised the hope of his life and was Prime Minister of England. The lowly lad who had dreamed of the great things amid the mist-enshrouded Welsh hills had become the hope of the empire and sat on the real throne of England, which is the Premier's chair at 10 Downing Street. Opportunity had lifted the son of a rural schoolmaster and the ward of a shoemaker into the seat of the mighty.

The Lloyd George who was head of the British Government was not quite the same Lloyd George I had seen a few months before. With higher responsibilities came a new dignity which sat well upon him. Yet behind it gleamed the old fire and fervour. Lloyd George could never be sedate or staid any more than Roosevelt could. Yet on state occasions and more especially during impassioned flights of oratory he rises to something that almost approaches a grandeur of manner.

Radical that he is, Lloyd George fitted into the formal atmosphere of the Prime Ministry. Clearly to comprehend this transition you must know that the Premier of England lives in that famous establishment familiar to all readers of English novels as Downing Street. It is a shrine of tradition.

Heroes of secret-service stories and star figures in romances of statecraft usually reach this structure at some stage of their hectic careers. No fiction of a certain type is really complete without a gallant young man who, having saved the papers in the case, is thanked by the Prime Minister in person at Number Ten on behalf of a grateful country. In real life all deserving Britishers with diplomatic aspirations are supposed to be headed for this goal of goals. Like the field marshal's baton that is said to repose in every French soldier's knapsack, and the key to the White House which is the birthright of every free-born male American, the entrée to Downing Street awaits all undiscovered genius.

Yet 10 Downing Street is one of the most unimposing of buildings. We pride ourselves on a certain Jeffersonian simplicity of manner and architecture, yet this structure which has housed England's Premiers for nearly a hundred years would be passed unobserved in the United States. It is a low, grey two-story edifice, which faces the main entrance of the brooding grey bulk of the Foreign Office. On the door is a brass plate bearing the inscription First Lord of the Treasury, which is, oddly enough, the formal and official title of the head of the British Government. Or, to put it more accurately, the First Lord of the Treasury is almost invariably Premier.

When you visit Lloyd George in Downing Street you go through practically the same formalities that attend a visit to the President in the White House offices, but with these differences: In the first place it is much easier to see the President than it is to see Lloyd George; in the second place the attendants at the White House usually change with administrations, while the employés in Downing Street go on forever. This, like the building itself, is typically British. The creaking frock-coated old gentleman who opens the door for you opened the door in Mr. Gladstone's day.

The front hall, which is hung with a few hunting trophies and some old prints, leads to the rear, where a lobby opens on a group of secretaries' offices, which in turn provide the approach to the Prime Minister's sanctum. This office has several exits, which enable the Premier to make convenient escape when policy or prudence dictates. Unless you have a definite appointment with either the Prime Minister or one of his im-

mediate secretaries you never get beyond the front hall. If ever a man had faithful and devoted watchdogs that man is Lloyd George. I have already referred to his confidential secretary, Mr. Davies, who is the William Loeb, Jr., of the Lloyd George régime. In Roosevelt's day at Washington when things went wrong "Loeb did it." In the same way when Lloyd George wants to side-step it is usually a case of "Davies did it."

The British Prime Minister's office undergoes little noticeable change. To bring a new article of furniture into Downing Street is little short of sacrilege. In the centre of the room is a long oval table. It has been the battleground of British statesmanship these many decades. Over it Palmerston pondered, Disraeli flashed his wit, Russell brooded and Gladstone shaped his policies. It is to-day the desk of Lloyd George. He sits at one side, where he faces a superb marble mantelpiece which would fill the heart of any collector with joy. The fire which usually blazes in the grate gives the chamber a delightful air of comfort. My first session with Lloyd George as Prime Minister came about in rather unexpected and almost dramatic fashion. One afternoon in February, 1917, just about the time that we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, I went for a walk with Lord Northcliffe. Having arrived from America only a few weeks before, I was telling my companion about the failure of British propaganda in the United States and the inroads made by the German secret service. I have always been interested in a better understanding between the two Anglo-Saxon peoples. Like many others I realised that the hour for real union had arrived in a common war kinship.

I had made various suggestions as to what might be done, when Northcliffe stopped short—he has a way of doing this when he wants to impress a point—and said: "Why don't you tell this to Lloyd George?"

"All right," I replied; "I will."

At six o'clock Northcliffe and I went to call on the Prime Minister, who was in gracious and happy mood. Things were going well. Then, as often during those troubled years, Lloyd George's face was a mirror in which the fortunes of war were reflected. He talked brilliantly. I told him precisely what I

had told Northcliffe, and he seemed to be interested. Whatever projects I had in mind for closer Anglo-American relationship were soon to be side-tracked. America entered the war and everything else was incidental.

On that night Lloyd George performed the first of a series of gracious acts for me. I was about to start for France to visit Sir Douglas Haig. Evidently Northcliffe had told him about it, for Lloyd George said: "I hear you are going to France in a day or so. I should like to have you meet a great French soldier, who is also a remarkable man. He is English on his mother's side." He rang a bell and dictated the letter to General Nivelle which is reproduced in fac-simile in this book. Poor Nivelle! He had just succeeded Marshal Joffre as Commander in Chief of the French Armies. His name was becoming a household word in France; his portrait hung everywhere. A man of charm and grace, he had about him something of the rare quality of romantic adventure. His reign, however, was brief. Before that crowded year ended he had been hurled from his eminence and was almost a forgotten figure.

Shortly before I left France last November I heard indirectly from him through a friend of mine—a British officer—who had seen him in Morocco, where he was in charge of the French troops. Conscious of the injustice that had been heaped upon him France had begun to make amends. He was slowly coming back. In the midst of the desert and far removed from the war in which he had had such gallant and conspicuous part Nivelle was eating out his heart. Lloyd George had believed in him, and somehow I feel that before a great many years pass Nivelle will come into his own. His experience shows that not all the tragedy of war was confined to the fighting trenches.

That letter to Nivelle was the first of a series of letters of introduction from Lloyd George which I carried during the war and which are to-day my most valued reminders of strenuous days in Europe. I refer to them chiefly to emphasise the magic that attached to his name everywhere during the war. A letter from Lloyd George was more valuable to me than any passport I ever had.

I carried his letters into Russia, Belgium, France, Italy, Switzerland, Spain—everywhere. The most obdurate frontier guard or police officer invariably melted when he saw that

signature. It meant that Lloyd George had become perhaps the best-known figure in the world.

On the night that Northcliffe and I went to call on Lloyd George in Downing Street—the occasion to which I have just referred—the publisher told me something that bears significantly upon the sensational break between the two most dominating personal forces in Great Britain. It may shed a little new light on a dramatic rupture that is bound to affect Lloyd George more than it will disturb Northcliffe.

The Welshman has broken with many comrades. It has almost come to be a habit. They range from Asquith, who was his first chief, down to lesser but nevertheless powerful lights.

As we rode down the Thames embankment and turned into Whitehall that night Northcliffe said:

"You may think it strange, but I have seen Lloyd George less than a dozen times. People have a mistaken idea about our relations. They think that I have been in daily contact with him when in reality I have not."

This was in February, 1917. Up to that time—and indeed until well after the armistice was signed—there was a strong impression both in England and America that Northcliffe controlled Lloyd George, dictated his policies, named his cabinets and, to use an expression much employed in American politics, carried him in his vest pocket.

The truth of the matter is that Lloyd George was never Northcliffe's man in this sense, though he conferred with him about many important matters. Each of these powerful personages has a profound respect for the other. Northcliffe's attitude toward Lloyd George reveals his whole journalistic creed. Despite the fact that he practically reared the ladder on which the Welshman climbed to his present eminence—which means that he carried on the fight against Asquith—he has refrained from making any entangling political alliances. Thus he has kept himself free to criticise or attack Lloyd George or any one else.

At a time when Lloyd George and Northcliffe were supposed to be as thick as two peas in a pod Northcliffe said to me: "I should not hesitate to attack Lloyd George in a moment if I thought that the needs of the country demanded it."

Northcliffe did open up on Lloyd George, as most people

know, and the net result was the attack made on the publisher by the Premier in his speech delivered in the House of Commons on April sixteenth last, when he rendered an account of his stewardship at the Peace Conference.

This battle between two Napoleons—each a dictator in his own way—means a whole new political line-up in England. In the next chapter, in which Northcliffe will have a conspicuous part, I shall tell among other things how he and Lord Beaverbrook made Lloyd George's premiership possible, which is one of the unwritten stories of the war.

I refer to the Northcliffe episode here to emphasise one outstanding Lloyd George quality, which is his courage. Paraphrasing Henry Clay's famous remark, he would sometimes rather be courageous than right.

Lloyd George is never quite so charming as when he is host. In July, 1918, I went to luncheon with him in Downing Street. As in the case of the President of the United States, a British Prime Minister lives where he works. The living rooms in the building are all on the second floor. In a corner of the state dining room Lloyd George has his famous breakfasts. It is his favourite time to entertain. Nearly every morning when he is in town you can find half a dozen interesting personages gathered at his table, and the flow of conversation is brilliant and worth while. Lloyd George is always the fountainhead of the mental gayety.

I refer to this particular luncheon because there were only five persons present, and one of them was Sir Horace Plunkett, the Irish leader, who is so well known in America, where he frequently visits. The Irish Convention, which was a Lloyd George project, though the idea originated with Northcliffe, was in session. Sir Horace was chairman of the body, which represented one of the many attempts made to solve the eternal Irish problem. It almost gave Lloyd George more annoyance and anxiety during the war than the whole German effort.

He earnestly and sincerely desired to settle it in the manner best adapted to Irish interests. He has a great deal of the Celt in him, and therefore is keenly sympathetic with that race.

Lloyd George had not seen Sir Horace since the opening of the Irish Convention. He bristled with questions. He knew the name and pedigree of practically every delegate. I am

frank to confess that I found out more about Ireland and the whole Irish question during that half hour of masterly cross-examination than I had ever known before.

Having exhausted the Irish business for the moment Lloyd George turned to me and plied me with questions about America's preparations for war. I was fresh from home, and I rattled off America's immense programme with a joyous satisfaction. Lloyd George's face beamed and every now and then he would interject: "Fine! Splendid!"

No man in England felt a deeper satisfaction when America recorded her great decision in April, 1917. Nor was it inspired entirely by the acute need of us. Lloyd George always had an abiding admiration for the United States, and it was no language of diplomacy when he welcomed us to the real brotherhood of men.

In this connection I am betraying no secret when I say that it was Lloyd George who persuaded Northcliffe to head the British War Mission to the United States. Aside from his desire to have Britain best served in America, he knew that no ambassador whom he could send to us in that critical hour could be quite so welcome, nor did any Englishman understand us so well as the very man with whom he is now engaged in bitter struggle.

Another distinctive service that Lloyd George rendered us was his appointment of Lord Reading as Special Ambassador to the United States. No individual in England perhaps is closer to the Premier than the great lawyer who temporarily left the Lord Chief Justiceship to play a strenuous part in the war.

Every time I saw Lloyd George I tried to persuade him to come to America. I assured him—and I believe I am right in my surmise—that no alien, regardless of party, country or service, who might visit the United States would have such hearty and spontaneous welcome.

In many respects Lloyd George is almost as much American as he is Welsh or English. This leads me logically to the really remarkable parallel between him and Theodore Roosevelt. Lloyd George is certainly the British Roosevelt, wielding the imperial big stick. Each of these men filled the first page and the public interest of his day. The little Welshman, however,

is not so reckless with his speech as was his American prototype.

Lloyd George, for example, never has recourse to the "short and ugly word." He has no Ananias Club in which to bury those whom he repudiates or who differ with his politics. With the exception of his attack on Lord Northcliffe he prefers contemptuous silence to abuse. He is a prize forgetter.

Lloyd George always had great admiration for Colonel Roosevelt. They met in London in 1910. It was just after the former President's famous Guildhall speech and at the close of his triumphal tour across Europe. Lloyd George did not himself tell me the following story of what happened when they met, but I got it from one of his closest friends. The men foregathered at a luncheon at which the only other guest was Mr. Asquith, who was then Premier. Lloyd George had a great many questions that he wanted to ask Roosevelt, and expected to have some considerable part in the conversation. The inevitable Rooseveltian thing happened—the guest of honour did all the talking. Lloyd George is reported to have projected a single line about the weather.

Several years ago when I was asked to reduce Lloyd George to a formula I made it up as follows: "He is fifty per cent Roosevelt in the virility and forcefulness of his character; fifteen per cent Bryan in the purely demagogic phase of his make-up, while the rest is canny Celt opportunism." I think it still holds good. He incarnates vigour and vision.

In one important quality there was a vast difference between Roosevelt and Lloyd George. Roosevelt was an omnivorous reader and remembered everything he read. Lloyd George on the other hand seldom reads a book. Yet he manages to know everything that is going on. Frequently he has books read to him, and he uses these digests with great effect. One reason why he does not read books is that he is restless and impatient. He chafes at routine. He has the vision of the larger things, but he resents the detail and the drudgery essential to their fulfilment. His maxim for letter writers and visitors is "Make it brief."

The only book that I ever heard him discuss was by an American. One day at luncheon in Downing Street the conversation turned to American humour, which he admires

greatly. Somebody spoke of Mr. Dooley, whereupon Lloyd George kindled up and expressed great admiration for the picturesque sage of Archey Road. "I have always liked Mr. Dooley," he said.

Lloyd George lacks Roosevelt's astonishing versatility. He is not an outdoor man except that he is an ardent golfer. It is his only recreation. Roosevelt could shoot as well as he wrote. He hit the bull's-eye with bullets as with words. He knew something about everything. Lloyd George has confined himself to politics and statesmanship, which do not always mean the same thing. Yet so far as public life is concerned no man perhaps has filled such a variety of public posts. He has been successively President of the Board of Trade, Chancellor of the Exchequer, Minister of Munitions, Secretary of State for War and Prime Minister. It is an unprecedented record.

All this means that Roosevelt was much more profound than Lloyd George, whose intelligence has been characterised as brilliant and hasty. His personality and eloquence always carry when his logic is weak.

There is still another fundamental difference between Lloyd George and Roosevelt. The Rough Rider was a prolific letter writer. He was never more in his element than when he was laying down the law or preaching through the medium of a correspondence that was as refreshing as it was original. Lloyd George never writes a letter unless he is literally put to it. Because of his aversion to letter writing Lloyd George has often been called The Great Unanswered. Perhaps there is more widsom than eccentricity in this aversion. Few damaging or incriminating documents will rise up against him. I have a theory that he follows a rule that was the guiding star in the troubled life of the late Matthew S. Quay, which was: "Think twice before you write, and then don't write."

I will conclude this parallel between Lloyd George and Roosevelt by emphasising one supreme talent which they shared in common. It is the gift of phrase making. Roosevelt's phrases had the snap of a whip; Lloyd George's have a high and serene literary quality. No man of his time in England approaches Lloyd George in witchery of words. He is the master word painter. His war speeches are punctuated with

expressions that will live with the English language, certainly so far as oratory is concerned.

I have already spoken of his compelling eloquence. This reference to his imagery brings it back. Lloyd George's figures of speech not only make literature to be read and appreciated in the aloofness of a library, but when uttered by him they fall on the ear like strains of music. Perhaps the finest simile of the war was made in his address on the small nations. He was picturing humanity's progress through terror to triumph when he said:

"We have been living in a sheltered valley for generations. We have been too comfortable and too indulgent; many, perhaps, too selfish; and the stern hand of Fate has scourged us to an elevation where we can see the everlasting things that matter for a nation—the great peaks we had forgotten, of Honour, Duty, Patriotism, and, clad in glittering white, the towering pinnacle of Sacrifice, pointing like a rugged finger to heaven."

In this more or less informal survey you have touched what might be called the high spots in the Lloyd George make-up. You have beheld the orator sweeping people off their feet; you have seen the minister in his office removed from the calcium; you have watched the play of his personality. Yet the question "Why is Lloyd George?" remains unanswered.

This means that we must now probe behind the externals. If ever a human being followed a star of success that being is Lloyd George. He is essentially a man of destiny. Uncanny things have continually happened to lift him into power and prominence. Men died; empires crumbled; idols tottered to their fall; the whole world shook in a mighty cataclysm. On all this mass of state and human débris Lloyd George mounted to the heights. He seized the great hour and made it his own in a romance as stirring as was ever framed in fiction.

More than once he trembled precariously on the edge of the precipice; often he seemed to be riding for a fall. Yet no matter how the storm blew Lloyd George has invariably landed on his feet. This acrobatic performance constitutes his favourite indoor sport. It helps to answer the question "Why is Lloyd George?"

Lloyd George has one certain refuge in time of stress. Being of the people he goes straight to his own. He has never

failed of vindication so far. Through this process he has scored some of his most sensational triumphs. The episode with Maj. Gen. Frederick B. Maurice will illustrate.

Maurice was Director of Military Operations at the War Office. Part of his job was to supply the War Cabinet with information about the armies in the field. A difference of opinion rose between the Prime Minister and Maurice during the spring of 1918. In a letter published in a London newspaper the director practically charged Lloyd George with having misrepresented conditions at the Front. A great hue and cry rose. The last German offensive was in full swing. General Gough's Fifth British Army was in retreat; England's nerves were on edge.

A real crisis developed and Lloyd George's leadership was seriously jeopardised. Quick as a flash he struck. In a brilliant and impassioned speech in Parliament, which meant that the whole Kingdom was his audience, he not only strengthened his hand but routed his adversaries. When he sat down he was more strongly intrenched than ever before.

I once heard one of Lloyd George's closest friends say: "If Lloyd George fell out of an aeroplane at an altitude of 10,000 feet he would not only land safe and smiling but would discover something of interest and value on the way down."

He is the original happy warrior, for he loves a fight. In this respect he is the exact opposite of Mr. Asquith, whose cardinal rule was "Wait and see." Lloyd George's creed is "Strike first." Despite the strenuosity of his life he is strangely resentful of criticism. It makes him peevish and irritable.

Last November I asked an intimate political colleague to state the largest defect in the Lloyd George structure, and the reply was: "He is what you Americans call a side-stepper." Though he can strike hard and fast there is a great deal of indecision about Lloyd George. He has a genius for compromise. He has had, for example, a sincere desire to solve the Irish problem, yet he has hesitated to face the real issue and have a definite showdown.

To offset this is the man's winning personality. Here you get another parallel with Roosevelt. When the latter was President men often came to the White House with anger and

resentment in their hearts. After five minutes with the Rough Rider they emerged beaming and happy and proclaiming him the most remarkable man in the world. So with Lloyd George. Men who come to scoff and abuse go away devoted henchmen.

Though he is not a business man in any sense—he got into a bad mess the only time in his life when he tried a business venture—he has a profound admiration for business achievement. His first cabinet took toll of the best commercial brains in the Kingdom. Lloyd George realised that war had become a business and needed business men.

Most Americans do not perhaps know that Lloyd George is practically the father of American manufacture in the British Isles. When he was President of the Board of Trade, his first cabinet post, he devised the so-called Patents Bill. Before its enactment patented American articles could be imported into Great Britain indiscriminately. This meant that British labour had no hand in their production, and British industry suffered from a costly and what seemed to him an unfair competition. Under the Patents Bill rights are granted to foreign inventors only on condition that the article be manufactured to an adequate extent in Britain. There was politics as well as economics in this measure. Consciously or unconsciously Lloyd George did American business a great service through this act. As a result we have reared a whole empire of output in England. It was the real beginning of our new world trade.

No man is really great who lacks a sense of humour. Lloyd George admirably meets this requirement. Like Lincoln he not only loves a good story but likes to point a moral with a tale. He likes stories about himself. Here is one which seemed to give him a peculiar pleasure. I do not know whether it has been published in America, but I will take a chance and tell it.

It deals with an illiterate Englishman who served a considerable time in a London prison. When he got out the war was in full swing. He heard some one mention the name of King George.

"Where does he live?" he asked.

"In Buckingham Palace, of course," was the reply.

The old jailbird suddenly chirped up and remarked: "I always knew that little Welsh lawyer, Lloyd George, would some day be king."

10, Downing Street,
Whitehall. S.W.

February 5th. 1917.

Dear General Nivelle,

The bearer of this note is a distinguished American Journalist, Mr. Marcosson, whose writings are read by millions of people in the United States. He has been invited to see Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig and intends to visit the King of the Belgians. I would be very grateful if you could find it possible to grant him an interview so that you could tell him something about the deeds of the French Army.

Yours sincerely,

D Lloyd George

General Nivelle.

A Reproduction of Mr. Marcosson's Letter of Introduction from Lloyd George to General Nivelle

Lloyd George has had many titles, for he has held practically every important cabinet post. His friends refer to him as "L. G." Others speak of him as "George." In official circles he is frequently known as "The P. M.," which is the abbreviation for Prime Minister.

Take a close personal look at Lloyd George and you find him an undersized figure, animated by an almost ceaseless nervous energy. He talks and walks fast and has about him the incessant movement that characterised Roosevelt. It is a striking fact that with the exception of Kitchener, Haig and Pershing most of the figures who made war and peace are men of small stature. Lloyd George is the smallest of them all.

When I first saw him his hair was grey. Now it is almost snow white. He is perhaps the best groomed of all the British politicians. He usually wears grey clothes. When these garments are topped by a grey beaver he is quite imposing.

No personage of his day has figured more conspicuously in the drama of contrasts than Lloyd George. The spectacle of the one-time pacifist in the seat of the war lord or the achievement of the flaming Radical become the whip of Conservatism, is slight when compared with the supreme contrast in his life now to be revealed.

In every career of high achievement there is always one quiet backwater where the man who rides the storm of events finds sanctuary regardless of the whirlpools of controversey that eddy and swirl about him. Into such a placid pool came Lloyd George on a day in 1917. Here he lived his largest spiritual hour in an episode that the world with its usual disregard for such things has overlooked in the contemplation of his spectacular performances.

Lloyd George is the son of a Welsh schoolmaster who died before the future Prime Minister had reached his fourth year. The lad became the ward of his uncle, Richard Lloyd, his mother's brother, who gave the widow and her three children a home in his own cottage in Llanystumdwy in Wales. In his own way Richard Lloyd was quite as remarkable as his foster child. Six days a week he sat on his little bench and cobbled shoes. On the seventh he mounted the pulpit of the Church of the Disciples and became the fervent evangelist. On rugged character, inflexible principle and imposing presence he has

been described as "one of those inspired souls who shape the destiny of a nation." This was profoundly true in his case because he moulded the youth and shaped the character of the emotional boy who grew up to be an international citizen.

Lloyd George always felt a reverent regard for the grim, psalm-singing, militantly religious figure who had succoured his boyhood. Sometimes he journeyed back to the old scenes. Always he found the friend of his struggling days proud and glad of his great success.

During the spring of 1917 Richard Lloyd died. Lloyd George was in the throes of one of his many crises. Downing Street was a smouldering volcano. France, Italy, Russia—all clamoured for the ear and service of the little Welshman who had made himself such an indispensable first aid to the conduct of the war.

Overnight Lloyd George suddenly dropped out of this maelstrom of events and made a pilgrimage of affectionate remembrance to the bier of the old man who had saved his childhood from poverty and perhaps worse. Richard Lloyd was laid to rest in the little cemetery at Criccieth. In that simple rural community they called him the cobbler of Criccieth.

The day of the funeral was grey with flurries of rain. In the east brooded the crags of Snowdon. You could hear the boom of the sea in that secluded churchyard, where an unforgetable scene was being enacted. Bareheaded in the rain and with his long white hair playing in the wind the then most outstanding English-speaking figure, and Britain's hope in the war, stood at the grave of a village shoemaker.

I know of no better way of summing up this estimate of an extraordinary personality than by making a final comparison—this time with the one man who challenged his world leadership. I refer to President Wilson of course. Just as Lloyd George had much in common with Roosevelt, so has he a corresponding lack of affinity in tradition, technique and temperament with the present master of the White House. Save for certain fundamental ideals of democracy no two men were ever so unlike. Lloyd George is swift, dynamic, impulsive. Mr. Wilson is calm, dispassionate, judicial.

Conscious of his ability to dominate, Lloyd George does not hesitate to surround himself with commanding figures. Mr.

Wilson believes in more plastic satellites. Lloyd George is absolutely unacademic, while Mr. Wilson represents intellectual aristocracy. Lloyd George was born to politics; with Mr. Wilson it is an acquired taste. This means that long after the President has retired to private life the Premier will be attracting the thunderbolt.

Both men, however, adopt the same method in projecting a national message. Instead of burying it in a state paper and letting ordinary publicity take its course they get on their feet and speak it out. It becomes a human document. Lloyd George "gets over" through the medium of his magnetic personality and a God-given eloquence that stirs and exalts men. Mr. Wilson, finished and polished speaker that he is, depends more upon reason than upon oratory.

What of the future of Lloyd George? This is one of the riddles of the universe. He has upset so many political precedents that prophecy, always a dangerous dissipation, is futile. His astounding ability to land on his feet will probably never desert him. He is likely to remain the live wire of Britain.

George will always be doing it!

CHAPTER VII

NORTHCLIFFE, THE KING-MAKER

To employ his precise title, the Viscount Northcliffe did not need a sensational break with Lloyd George to make him a widely-discussed figure. So far as British affairs are affected he was a vital factor long before Germany ran amuck. The war simply afforded a larger and more spectacular field for the play of his personality and the exercise of his powers. Peace meant the beginning of another war for him.

The reader need not be told at this late day that Northcliffe, the son of an Irish barrister, was an editor at seventeen, a newspaper owner at twenty-one, a magnate at thirty, and a peer and an international personage before he was forty. All this belongs to formal biography. What interests us is the intimate survey of his extraordinary war activities, the way he shaped events and projected journalism into a force that made and unmade governments. He has been a twentieth century Warwick.

During the war I had the privilege of a close association with this remarkable man. He made many of these adventures with notable Britishers possible. He himself, I might add, was the centre of the most continuous, and in many respects, the most diverting adventure of them all.

I have been with him where the guns roared and also in the seclusion of the silent places. I have seen him at the throttle of his mighty engine of publicity. I have watched him in action with the statesmen he had helped to elevate. I have shared his many moods. Everywhere and everytime he disclosed some fresh facet of a character more many-sided even than that of the little Welshman whom he raised to high estate and with whom he is now engaged in bitter struggle.

In the preceding chapter I disclosed the real Lloyd George that I came to know during the war. The natural sequence is a revelation of the man who, having been his good angel, may

yet develop into his Nemesis. Whatever happens the process is likely to make some stirring political history. In peace as in war it is almost impossible to speak of Northcliffe without touching Lloyd George at some phase of the performance. They are the two strongest personal influences in British life to-day. What follows is largely the story of the publisher's relations with the premier—they bring most of Britain's big war figures upon the stage—together with sidelights on the man and his methods.

Every great national crisis demands a practical person who can mould public opinion. England found him in Northcliffe. It was the first time in history that a newspaper proprietor filled the rôle. The authority wielded by Greeley and Dana were slight compared with the near-dictatorship exercised by the owner of *The Times*. There could be no stronger commentary on the power of printers' ink which was as potent an aid in winning the war as the "silver bullet" of the investor or the gun of the fighting man. Northcliffe, it is true, battled through the medium of so-called "exposure." His muck-raking, however, unlike some American mud-slinging for circulation purposes only, was constructive. He made publishing synonymous with patriotism.

Before we go into the inner narrative of what Northcliffe did in the war and how it was done, it may be well to state the fundamental reason why he has been able to make his newspapers such effective agencies. I hinted at it in the previous chapter when I said that Northcliffe had kept himself aloof from entangling political alliances in order to be free and unhampered for independent criticism. It is the only way. The late Joseph Pulitzer, who possibly had more of the Northcliffe quality than any other newspaper publisher, and for whom his British colleague had a high admiration, once remarked:

"I am the loneliest man in the world. I cannot afford to have any friends. Men who dine at my table one night find themselves arraigned in my newspapers the next morning."

Without being lonely, for he has infinitely more resources than Pulitzer had, Northcliffe practically goes it alone. He sees and talks with many people but he *knows* few. Many

have thought they knew him. They soon discovered their mistake. He once said to me:

"If you know many people it is impossible to conduct a newspaper impersonally, and the only way to run a newspaper is to do it in the impersonal way. Friendships become costly luxuries to a publisher."

He has made it a rule for years to only meet public men at their offices or in his office. Thus they can never call him a social ingrate. Friendship has spoiled more business deals than anything else in the world. Northcliffe is determined that sentiment or the purely personal relation shall never interfere with a project of his. It explains his attacks on Kitchener, Lloyd George and Winston Spencer Churchill. In the popular mind he was supposed to be the intimate friend of these men. He praised them highly in his publications. Not knowing the man, they were perhaps lulled into security by the assumption that they were immune. Yet the moment Northcliffe believed that public service demanded that they should retire or change their methods he opened up his broadsides on them as if they had been the most absolute strangers. It explains the whole Northcliffe war procedure.

In the light of the Northcliffe creed the reasons for the failure of William Randolph Hearst as a national force are clear. Mr. Hearst, who may have been animated by the very best motives, has been handicapped and impeded at every turn by his personal and political alliances and obligations. They have tied his hands and sterilised the agencies that he might have employed in a big way.

Northcliffe does not believe in much letter writing. In the years that I have known him I have received less than six letters from him. His favourite medium of communication is the telegram. It takes much less time and is safer. Besides, the publicity of the telegraph system does not inspire intimacy, and intimacy, in turn, is the real first aid to indiscreet speech.

Northcliffe is not a citadel of silence to be stormed into surrender. No grand strategy of approach or technique are required to make him loosen the flow of speech. Lloyd George craves exploitation, yet at the same time surrounds himself with all kinds of obstacles to make interviewing difficult.

Northcliffe, on the other hand, who is not precisely averse to publicity, is human, frank and accessible.

He is a great interviewer himself and he knows the job thoroughly. When he has anything to say for publication he writes it out. This is an unfailing rule. Thus he takes out insurance against inaccuracy. He once said to me: "If all public men would take the trouble to write out their views for publication, the world would have an infinitely better opinion of them. There would be much less of what you Americans call 'side-stepping' and the whole profession of journalism would have a higher ethical standard."

Northcliffe interviews people much more effectively than the average person interviews him. Like a wise man he learns from everybody. He has an insatiate thirst for information. He started his first newspaper when he was a boy at school. His principal idea was to furnish information. It has been part of his publishing formula ever since.

Northcliffe is not only a prize interviewer of interviewers but he is likewise master of every trick of the interviewing game. The way he first met the late Cecil Rhodes admirably illustrates one of his methods.

Rhodes had a constitutional prejudice against journalists. Like many strong men he was shy. Northcliffe was determined to get at him. It was, of course, before he had become a power in British journalism.

He went to the hotel where Rhodes lived and made his way to the apartment occupied by the father of the "Cape to Cairo" project. Quite by accident he got into the financier's bathroom.

A strange sight met his gaze. Rhodes sat in his morning tub vainly trying to wash his back. Quick as a flash Northcliffe said:

"You're wasting a lot of energy. I know of a brush with a long handle that is the best back-washer in the world."

Rhodes was much interested in this suggestion. It opened the way to a conversation. The net result was that these two dominating personalities became intimate friends.

They had much in common. They were both men of vast vision. Each dramatised power. Rhodes thought in terms

of empire; Northcliffe's perspective sweeps the world. One of the few portraits that hung in the gallery at Sutton Place, Northcliffe's show estate in Surrey, was a full-length portrait of the far-seeing Englishman who reared a new Britain in South Africa and of whom Kipling said:

"Living he was the land, and dead,
His soul shall be her soul!"

I first met Northcliffe in 1915 when began the close association which lasted throughout the war. It was just about the time that I had my first interview with Lloyd George. These two men were then lined up for a common cause. Northcliffe was good enough to become interested in my impressions of the Welsh lawyer then making his way to international leadership.

I went to lunch with him in *The Times* building in Printing House Square. Here Delane, who made *The Times* "The Thunderer," laboured in his great day. Here, before the imposing Georgian marble mantelpiece, British statesmanship has passed in critical review. Long before Lord Northcliffe took up his abode in this charming room *The Times* was an unofficial *Gazette*—Britain's newspaper Bible.

When Northcliffe bought *The Times* British reaction, which is another word for her fogyism, shuddered. A great sacrilege had been committed against a public asset. As a matter of fact, Northcliffe saved *The Times* from dry-rot. Instead of giving it a yellow hue, he maintained every one of its traditions. Moreover, it prints more news than ever before. He did, however, make one characteristic change. He fitted up a bed-room for himself in the building on the theory that to run a newspaper successfully a man must be literally on the job day and night.

Luncheon is usually served in Northcliffe's office at *The Times*. It was at this meeting in 1915 that he discussed the whole Kitchener matter with me frankly. Although it has come up in scores of conversations between us since that time, it was then that I got the real reason for his historic arraignment of the hero of Khartoum. He said:

"I was animated in this matter by two fundamental principles. One was the truth and the other was necessity."

Were I to write fifty thousand words about him, I could not express the whole Northcliffe creed more emphatically or compactly than he stated it that day. The question: "Is it true?" is the unfailing acid test applied to everything he prints. Nor does he ever wonder if what he publishes will "hurt any one." This applies to individuals as well as to political parties. He is the Journalistic Rough Rider.

Northcliffe has been in America so often—I think he has made thirty-three trips during the last twenty years—that his features are familiar. His bulk of a body is surmounted by a smooth boyish face which alternately beams and gleams. Probe into the man's real self, and you find a nature as whimsical as a woman's. Laughter and tears mingle in a complex make-up. I suppose it is the Irish in him. He has something of that "immense and brooding spirit" that Kipling saw in Cecil Rhodes.

Such is the human mainspring behind the most powerful publicity machine ever created. Northcliffe owns sixty newspapers and periodicals, and their weekly circulation is well over twenty million copies. If only three people read one of his properties it means that he is not only reaching the entire population of the United Kingdom every seven days, but could likewise supply Paris, Rome and New York with reading matter. His papers include *The Times,* which Abraham Lincoln called the most powerful thing in the world except the Mississippi River, *The Daily Mail, The Evening News, The Weekly Dispatch, The Manchester Daily Mail* and the Continental edition of the *Daily Mail* which is published in Paris.

Northcliffe is Field Marshal of all these armies of print. They bend before his will; voice his views; animate his antagonisms and are vitalised by his energy. At this point you may ask the natural question: "Why cannot a similar string of newspapers exercise a similar influence in the United States?"

The answer is easy. In the first place we have no Northcliffe. In the second place Northcliffe deals with a nation that has a common ancestry and which speaks and reads a common language. We, on the other hand, are a polyglot

people, speaking many tongues and with conflicting race heritages. We could no more have a national journalism than we can have a national art or a national literature.

With this swift glimpse of his policy, personality and equipment we may now enter upon the historic part that Northcliffe played in the war drama.

When the war staggered civilisation in August, 1914, Mr. Asquith was Prime Minister and also Secretary of State For War; Lloyd George was Chancellor of the Exchequer; Winston Spencer Churchill First Lord of the Admiralty. Lord Kitchener had started on his return journey to Egypt, where he was engaged on an important work, but was recalled by wireless and almost immediately took over the War Portfolio. Such was the line-up in that particular domain of British statesmanship which was to know the Northcliffe thunder-bolt before the great struggle had registered the first real epoch of its fateful progress.

The case of Kitchener, who first drew the lightning, and Northcliffe, is rather striking when you know the facts and get a dispassionate perspective. Not only did Northcliffe help to "invent" Kitchener as a popular press hero—he sent the lamented G. W. Steevens as correspondent for *The Daily Mail* on the Khartoum expedition—but *The Times* was perhaps the loudest proclaimer of Kitchener's eligibility as War Lord in 1914. I happen to know that Northcliffe never had the slightest animosity toward Kitchener, although many people still believe that they were deadly enemies. He arraigned the great soldier because he felt that emergency demanded it. Just as he prefers to know men through their work, so does he assail them through the same medium. He seldom deals in personalities.

In those early days of the war, Northcliffe scarcely knew the present Prime Minister. Lloyd George had fastened upon Northcliffe long before Northcliffe saw in him the instrument of what he believed to be Britain's salvation. Lloyd George has always loved publicity and Northcliffe had it to give in torrents. Lloyd George felt that his hour had struck the moment the world saw red. His uncanny eye was already on the Premiership. He realised that discreet personal exploitation would make the way easier. Lloyd George

possessed the "pep and punch" that the publisher regarded as absolutely essential to the successful waging of the conflict.

Stripping this whole situation down to what we would call the "brass tacks" you discover in the last analysis that these two men were useful to each other. This is the real basis of most human relationships.

Northcliffe's first big journalistic explosion in the war was his demand for publicity in the conduct of the war. Here he had his initial clash with both Asquith and Kitchener who, so far as this all-important matter was concerned, belonged to a departed generation. Lloyd George was wise enough to side with the publisher. From this moment on Destiny decreed that they should supplement each other in the eye and councils of the nation.

Now came Northcliffe's dramatic entrance as popular trustee of the British people. It was an hour that demanded virile leadership and frank speech. England saw through the war glass darkly. The blithe and buoyant feeling that the war would be a "sporting proposition" and soon ended had given way to depression. The civilised world stood appalled at the *Lusitania* horror. What would be next? Still the Germans swept on. No small part of their advance was due to overwhelming preponderance of munitions and more especially high explosives. Up to this time the British armies in the field were suffering from a shortage in both shells and guns. In certain sectors British guns were rationed.

Down in that stately chamber in Whitehall sat Kitchener, man of blood and iron. He saw the conflict, certainly so far as ammunition was concerned, in terms of the Boer War. Shrapnel had been effective in South Africa, so he sent shrapnel to France. But the whole science of war had changed. German hellishness, combined with an amazing industrial resourcefulness, had made human slaughter a fine art. The devil had to be fought with fire.

Northcliffe put his finger immediately upon the need of the moment. He sent Colonel Repington, the military critic of *The Times,* to France. As the guest of Lord French at British General Headquarters, he had exceptional facilities. In a dispatch which referred to the British attacks at Fromelles and Richebourg, he wrote the following sentence: "The want

of an unlimited supply of high explosives was a fatal bar to our success."

I quote this sentence because never before perhaps in the history of the world, certainly of war, have sixteen words in a newspaper produced such epoch-making results.

This revelation was, of course, uncensored. It was never meant to be censored. Northcliffe knew perfectly well that if he had entrusted this significant dispatch to the Press Bureau—it should have been known as the Suppress Bureau—it would never see the light of day. With his usual courage he defied the Government and got away with it.

The bomb had a slow fuse. There were several reasons why it hung fire. For one thing, Mr. Asquith at once declared that "there was not a word of truth" in the statement. Then, too, it takes a long time for anything to soak into the British consciousness, even when it is harassed by defeat and racked with anxiety.

Northcliffe, who is naturally restless, became impatient. He wanted results. He then wrote the famous editorial entitled "The Tragedy of the Shells—Kitchener's Grave Mistake." It was the first terrific attack on Britain's war idol and it shook the Kingdom. Translating this historic episode into American terms, it was as if Horace Greeley had made a violent assault on General Grant when he was flushed with the triumph of his Civil War success. Northcliffe's act was even more daring because America had been rent with Civil War and had a divided people, while practically all England believed Kitchener to be the perfection of everything that war leadership should embody.

The storm broke about *The Times*. Northcliffe's name became a hissing and a by-word. His newspapers were burned in the streets; his life was threatened again and again. He smiled grimly and stuck to his task. The country reluctantly came around to his way of thinking and the Ministry of Munitions was organised. Lloyd George became the first Minister.

Soon Britain was converted into a vast arsenal. The whole shell episode brought the future Premier and Northcliffe really together for the first time.

The Munitions upheaval did more than jolt Kitchener from

his pedestal and give Britain a real weapon against the Germans. Northcliffe never does things by halves. With others he saw that strict party rule in the midst of a great war was wrong. His shell revelations and his assault on the Dardanelles enterprise practically forced Mr. Asquith to reconstruct his Liberal Cabinet and Coalition became a fact.

Just about this time Northcliffe led the fight for conscription and won. I mention this to emphasise one of his outstanding qualities, which is foresight. Early in the war he asked me: "What do Americans think about the duration of the war?" This question indicates that he was engaged in his well-known occupation of interviewing others.

"Our people are inclined to be optimistic and believe that the war will not last long," I replied.

"They are much mistaken," replied Northcliffe. "It is going to be a long war and a costly one. Before it ends all Europe will be involved."

He was right. Because he had unwavering faith in his judgment, he pounded away at conscription with Kitchener and the whole War Office practically arrayed against him. Lloyd George backed him up, however. Northcliffe had little admiration for the conscript, to whom he once referred as the "sent" instead of the "went." He liked the phrase so much that he frequently employed it later.

Northcliffe's foresight was never more strikingly demonstrated than in his provision against shortage in paper. Other British publishers depend upon the general industry. He supplies himself. To do this he built an immense factory in a virgin forest in Newfoundland and established a steamship line to haul the product to England. During the war a paper famine developed in Europe. Northcliffe was the only newspaper proprietor with an abundant stock. Now developed the tragic humour of the situation. Like everything else paper passed under a "control." Life in these days was one control after another. The British Paper Controller decreed that Northcliffe's supply should be apportioned among all his competitors!

That luncheon with Northcliffe at *The Times* in 1915 to which I have referred, was the first of many contacts with him in many places and under varying conditions. He was

my anchor during the strenuous years of war interviewing that followed. He had an essential part in much of it. Thus I got the contrast between his personality and other striking figures. In his desire to serve a friend he forgot all differences in policy and politics. When Reginald McKenna was Chancellor of the Exchequer Northcliffe gave me a letter of introduction to him although practically a state of war existed between them. I wanted to get at the crux of the British financial situation and Northcliffe was equally anxious that I should get it with authority. He felt that he was doing his country a service. I cite this to show Northcliffe's respect for accuracy.

To return to the sequence of war events, the shell exposure and the Kitchener episode merely marked the prelude to Northcliffe's pre-eminent war feat. I mean his part in the overthrow of the Asquith régime and the rise of Lloyd George to the premiership. It has such intimate bearing on the rupture between the publisher and the Prime Minister that it is well worth rehearsing in brief.

The autumn of 1916 was not a particularly happy one for England. Things were going badly at the front: coalition did everything but coalesce. Lloyd George now sat in Kitchener's chair, Secretary of State for War. Like Northcliffe, he was dissatisfied with war policies. At that time the Supreme Court of War was the so-called War Committee of which Mr. Asquith, as Premier, was President. It was a large, cumbersome body, composed of men drawn from both civil and military branches of the Government. Everything had to filter through many minds.

Northcliffe, who believes in a one-man power, even autocratic if it achieves results, began to pound away at the War Committee. I remember that just about this time in commenting on its unwieldy form and methods, he said to me: "You cannot conduct war with a town meeting, and the War Committee is a town meeting."

Lloyd George shared this opinion. He not only chafed at the clumsiness of the Committee, but he resented what he termed Asquith's policy of "delay, hesitation, lack of foresight and vision." Now began the duel between Asquith and Lloyd George.

To understand it let me first give you a close-up picture of Asquith. He represents the oldest traditions of British statesmanship. His face is cast in a classic mould. Of distinguished and courtly presence, he looks the thing that he is —a scholar and a gentleman. He can make an address on Elizabethan literature with the same ease and grace with which he delivers himself of an opinion or a Foreign Office policy. He prides himself on the fact that he has never been interviewed. To him an interview for publication is coarse and vulgar, to be despised and scorned. He believes that communication with the public should be through formal and official "statements," which never say anything.

Opposed to this view was Lloyd George—son of the people—Asquith's opposite in every way. Lloyd George and Northcliffe believed that victory in the war lay in a small compact War Council that could get things done. Asquith was strong on tradition and precedent, while Lloyd George wanted action. The Northcliffe press opened up its guns on the Premier. Meanwhile Lloyd George had made a suggestion to Mr. Asquith for a reorganisation of the War Committee on what practically amounted to a five-man basis, the Premier to be President and Lloyd George, Chairman. Asquith construed it as an inroad on his power and prerogative. Lloyd George became an insurgent and was backed up by Northcliffe.

The upshot of the whole matter was that early in December, 1916, Mr. Asquith decided to form a new Government which meant that Lloyd George would have to get out. As usual, Lloyd George "beat the flag" and resigned first. He had manœuvred the Premier into such a position that he would either have to bare the friction and dissension existing in the Cabinet, which would aid the enemy, or retire himself. To Asquith's credit let it be said that he sacrificed his post rather than expose the Cabinet skeleton.

Lloyd George's great opportunity was now at hand, for the road to the Premiership was open. Northcliffe saw in him the hope of the hour and advocated his elevation. He was not alone in this desire, nor did he lack a valiant colleague.

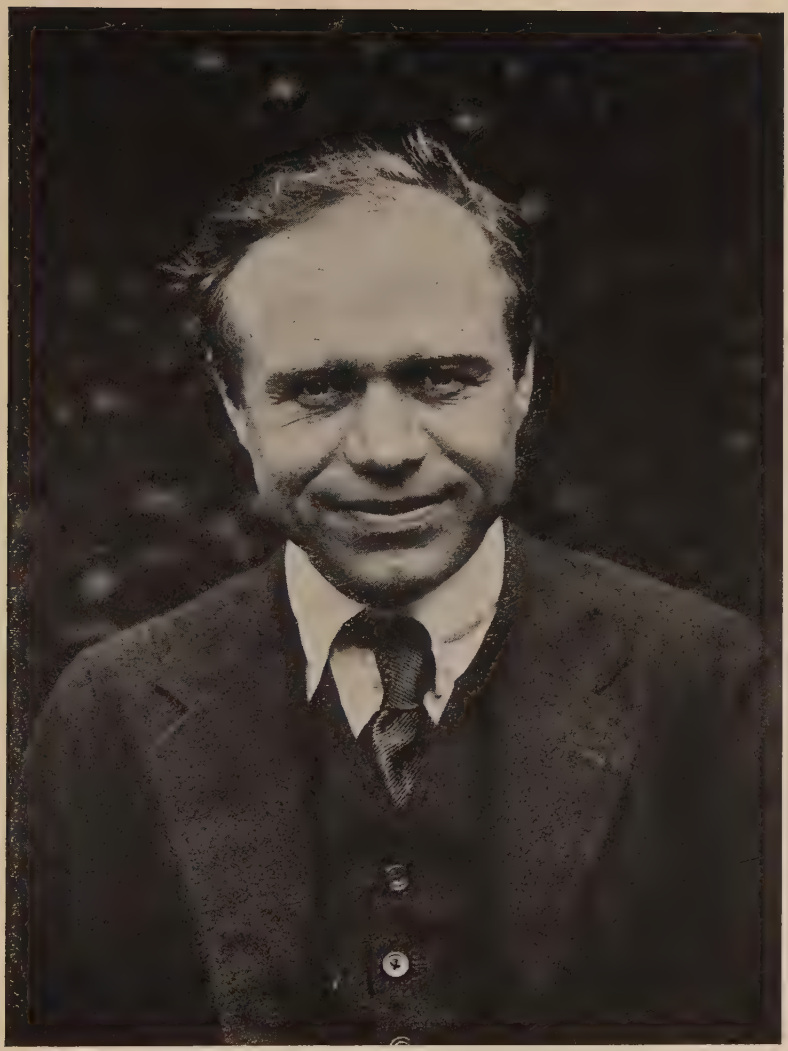
For two years there had lurked behind the political scenes a remarkable man whose peculiar talents were now to have full play. Indeed, they had been employed for a year in shaping

and maintaining Coalition. That man was Lord Beaverbrook. Born Max Aitkin, he was a struggling Canadian bank clerk at eighteen, a merger of mergers at thirty, a millionaire at thirty-four, and a peer at thirty-nine. He had come to London a decade ago to live the "life of a gentleman," but was drawn irresistibly into politics. He had known Bonar Law, the Unionist leader, in the old days and they became inseparable friends. Bonar Law practically held the Unionist whip-hand. He was essential to a renewal of Coalition. The moment Asquith resigned the King formally and perfunctorily asked Bonar Law to form a Cabinet, which was about as feasible an undertaking for him as crossing the Atlantic in a canoe.

Here is where Beaverbrook came in. Down at his country house at Leatherhead in Surrey, was held a series of conferences at which the new Government was practically framed. Every manner of conflicting political interest and personal ambition had to be reconciled. The one-time Canadian bank clerk proved that he could handle men as readily as he could make millions. He had the call, so to speak, on Bonar Law, and exercised strong influence with Lloyd George. While Northcliffe threw out a smoke screen in the shape of a newspaper barrage, it was Beaverbrook in the rôle of manipulator of men who really framed up the new Government with Lloyd George as Premier. Here in a nutshell, is the inside story of one of the most dramatic episodes of the war so far as British public life is concerned. For his services Beaverbrook was made a peer.

This reorganisation, which speeded up the whole British war machine, emphasised Northcliffe's larger journalistic policy. He helped to bring about a great national change. He was the voice of reform. At the same time he kept himself free from any entangling alliances which might hamper him in the future. It was Beaverbrook, immersed in the policies of the deal, who tied himself up with various obligations. Northcliffe emerged from the transaction with an absolutely free hand.

Lloyd George now faced the difficult task of making a Cabinet. To this piece of state carpentry Northcliffe contributed a full share. He demanded practical men of busi-



To J. J. Marcosson
from Bernard Baruch

ness experience. It is no secret that he named Sir Albert Stanley as President of the Board of Trade, Lord Rhondda as President of the Local Government Board, Sir Joseph Maclay, Shipping Controller, and Lord Devenport, Food Controller.

In connection with Lord Devenport I can relate an amusing story. Devenport is the Woolworth of the British grocery business. He began life as an humble clerk, saw the value of the chain-of-stores idea, and became a multimillionaire and a peer. Being the first Food Controller he had to combat that universal weakness which begins and ends with the stomach. People wanted all the food they could get and shied at the curtailment of its supply. The Controller had a hard time.

Northcliffe, who had great confidence that Devenport would succeed, became irritated at what he termed the "failure of the food administration." This meant that he let loose at the Controller in his papers.

Soon after these attacks began I met Devenport—a big, rubicund Britisher—at a dinner given by Sir Joseph White Todd. When the ladies left the table the men began to talk politics. Northcliffe's name came up. Devenport turned to me and said:

"Your friend Northcliffe is a strange person. He got me into the Cabinet and now he is moving heaven and earth to get me out."

A few days later I saw Northcliffe and told him what Devenport had said. He smiled and remarked:

"Devenport seemed to have lost all his business sense the moment he got into the Cabinet."

Northcliffe had his way and Devenport retired in favour of Lord Rhondda who literally died in harness. I saw him when the fatal illness already had its grip upon him. I told him that he looked tired, whereupon he replied:

"Food conservation will win the war, but the job of trying to make people realise it will probably kill me." It did, for he broke down under the tremendous strain of censoring the British stomach.

Lord Rhondda represented the complete evolution in the attitude of British public men towards interviewing which was wrought by the war. Before the great struggle he side-stepped publicity. He was the Welsh Coal King: immensely

rich, and cared nothing for personal exploitation. When Lloyd George became Minister of Munitions he sent him (he was then D. A. Thomas) to Canada and the United States to straighten out shell contracts. He told me that American newspaper reporters had educated him in the fine art of interviewing. It became an acquired taste and he liked it. Lord Rhondda was a great administer. He regarded a Cabinet post in the same way that he looked upon a big business proposition. This is why he succeeded.

Northcliffe is more American than any living Englishman and he is proud of it. One reason is that he understands us thoroughly. When he wants to emphasise a fact about America with Americans he talks American—not English. He has that rare journalistic quality of being able to bring a matter home in local and familiar terms. In other words he talks New York in terms of New York; society in terms of Newport and Fifth Avenue, and so on.

Contrary to the general belief, and although he realised our power and prestige, he was not particularly anxious for Uncle Sam to become an active participant in the war. In 1916 he said to me: "If America goes into the war it will be because she is forced in."

It was Northcliffe who told me that we had broken off diplomatic relations with Germany. I was working in my room at the Savoy Hotel in London that historic afternoon in February, 1917. The telephone bell rang. I answered it to find Northcliffe at the other end. He was down at Elmwood, his country place in Kent.

"It's happened," he said, "and I know you are glad."

The next morning I received a cablegram from New York asking me to get Northcliffe's opinion as to the immediate aid that America could render the Allies. I called him up and he said he would send me a statement. In this decision he was merely following his rule of writing out his own statements. In a matter as important as this he did not want to take any chances of being misquoted. At six o'clock that evening one of Northcliffe's messengers handed me a thousand-word statement which forecast precisely what America did at the start. He felt then, as he felt throughout the war, that after man-power our chief weapon would be the aeroplane,

Whenever he talked with Americans he emphasised this fact.

Yet up to the moment that we actually declared war Northcliffe did not believe that we would go in. I can illustrate with a somewhat personal incident. On March 2nd, 1917, the American Luncheon Club in London gave a luncheon in the ball room of the Savoy Hotel in honour of Northcliffe and myself. With one exception it pleased me more than anything that happened to me during the war. It was the first big gathering of Americans in England since the breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany. At the head table, among others, were Lord Rhondda, Lord Fisher, Lord Sydenham, Sir Albert Stanley, Sir James M. Barrie and H. G. Wells.

I had been asked to make the "long speech," as they call it in England, and took as my subject "America and the War." Northcliffe was to act as Chairman and introduce me. Just before the speaking began he said to me:

"I suppose you are going to be a jingo and say that America's destiny lies in participation in the war."

"Yes," I replied, "and a good deal more."

"You don't mind if I differ with you," was his retort. Of course I said that I did not.

Northcliffe made a brilliant speech in which he paid high tribute to America. He said however:

"So far as Anglo-Saxon participation in the war is concerned, John Bull can go it alone. He never fights so well as when he is in a corner."

Yet when President Wilson registered the great decision he was greatly pleased. He became our most sympathetic interpreter abroad. I was on the Russian frontier when the United States formally arrayed herself on the side of freedom, and did not get back to London until the end of May, 1917. I found Northcliffe full of optimism about our plans.

Because of America Northcliffe broke what had been one of his rigid rules. This rule, which he established long before the outbreak of the war, was that he would never hold any public office. He felt that to occupy any public post would handicap or embarrass him in criticism.

With our entry into the war England's affairs in America became more complicated. She had a vast network of contracts for everything from horse-shoe nails to cargoes of wheat.

Half a dozen missions looked after her various interests. Once we became a belligerent our first obligation was to our own needs. It called for an immediate readjustment of all these international agreements.

Lloyd George saw that England's interest in the United States would have to be consolidated under one head. He knew that Northcliffe understood America better than any other Englishman, so he invited him to become head of the British Mission to the United States, which was to co-ordinate all her activities in America except propaganda. The publisher declined on the ground that he did not want any public post. The Prime Minister, who is a persistent person, urged him again and again to accept. How Northcliffe came to acquiesce is an illuminating example of the swift way he does things.

I had booked passage on the Steamship *St. Paul* of the American Line which, in those days, sailed from Liverpool on Saturdays. On the Thursday preceding this particular trip I went to *The Times* for a good-bye luncheon with Northcliffe. Just as I was about to leave, he said:

"You will probably find a friend of yours on the boat."

"Who is he?" I asked.

"You will find out in ample time," was his answer.

I thought nothing of it at the time. When I reached Euston Station the following Saturday morning I found Northcliffe there ready to go on the boat-train to Liverpool and to take the *St. Paul*. He delights in surprising people, and he had achieved a pleasant surprise for me.

The point I want to emphasise in this matter is that between Thursday morning and Friday night he had not only made up his mind to head the British War Mission but had organised his many enterprises so that he could leave them for an indefinite period: had had an audience with the King: had rehearsed the whole project with Lloyd George, and had in every way made ready for what was one of the most strenuous and exacting experiences of his life.

Northcliffe entered upon this trip with an ominous feeling. On the train to Liverpool in which we shared the same compartment, he told me that he had a "hunch," as he called it, that the Germans would get him. There is no doubt that the

Hun would have taken a hellish delight in removing the man who had first bared the German menace in England and who then, with Lloyd George, was their chief stumbling block in British public life. The loss of Northcliffe would have meant more to the enemy than the wiping out of a small British army. As a result, his departure was shrouded in secrecy. Only his immediate family, his closest business associates, and the members of the War Cabinet knew that he was going.

In those days the submarines were at their worst. Every passenger ship that left England went under secret orders. The captain did not know his route until he was about to depart. On that trip the *St. Paul* took what is known as the "North of Ireland Route." We were one of fifteen vessels bound for Halifax and New York. All had started about the same time. As we swung down the Irish Coast, green and brilliant in the sunshine, these ships were strung out in a long procession. Before twenty-four hours had passed three were at the bottom of the sea. This information, which was communicated to me privately by Captain Mills, with whom I had travelled much on the *St. Paul,* did not add much to the gaiety of the early stages of the voyage.

On that trip I had a close daily contact with Northcliffe. We had our own little table in the dining saloon. After dinner he would come into my stateroom, stretch himself out on the lounge, as was his invariable custom every evening at home, smoke and talk. He felt the responsibility of the American Mission keenly. Long an admirer of American business methods, he decided that he would organise and conduct an undertaking which meant the expenditure of many millions of dollars every day, on the American scientific efficiency basis.

In his stateroom one day he blocked out a huge chart of organisation in the form of a pyramid with himself at the apex and the myriad subordinate British Missions then in the United States radiating from it. When we got to New York he had the whole business definitely set down. It is typical of his energy that exactly one hour after we docked he was at work at a desk in an office on Fifth Avenue. He had rented it by cable and it was fitted up while we were at sea.

At a luncheon that I had the privilege of giving him in New York he made his first really public utterance following his arrival. I refer to it because in his speech he urged America not to commit Britain's blunder in suppressing war news. He felt that in a nation that thrived on publicity the whole war effect should stand revealed. He also made a tactful plea for a War Cabinet. He knew how the cumbersome English War Committee had made a mess of things and he did not want America to fall into the same error.

Northcliffe conducted the British War Mission in precisely the same way that he ran his newspapers. He brought over his own auditors and secretaries. It developed into a great business enterprise. I happen to know better than most people the sacrifice that it imposed upon him. No man likes comfort more than Northcliffe. Yet he left half a dozen country establishments and the life that he loved best in the world, as he expressed it himself, to "sweat blood" during the hottest summer that America had known in years. His work made him a viscount and also a good many new enemies.

After his return from America, Lloyd George offered him the Air Ministry, which he declined. Subsequently, at the Prime Minister's urgent request, he became Director of Propaganda in Enemy Countries. Some day Northcliffe himself will probably tell the story of how he got his material into Germany and Austria. It is no exaggeration when I say that the literature he planted in enemy countries had an appreciable effect in ending the war. He had remarkable organisations in Holland, Switzerland and Italy. More than this, he had scores of agents actually in Germany and Austria. How he got them there and kept them there was part of an adventure no less thrilling or hazardous than the work of the Army Secret Service in which men hourly carry their lives in their hands.

Now for the real Northcliffe. The world knows him as a dynamic overlord, a sort of modern king-maker who is no respecter of persons. Behind these battlements of power is a simple human being who can relax and for the moment forget the stress and storm of event. The sometimes stern Northcliffe whom you meet in public is a different Northcliffe in private.

Photograph by Merl La Voy.

LORD NORTHCLIFFE (RIGHT) AND MR. MARCOSSON AT ELMWOOD

The Journalistic Juggernaut has a surprising streak of sentiment. He has owned and still owns magnificent country estates whose storied halls have echoed with the footsteps of royalty and whose formal gardens are famous. Yet his favourite retreat is a modest establishment, "Elmwood," down in Kent near Broadstairs where Charles Dickens lived and worked. One reason why he likes it is that he bought it with his first big earnings. Here he finds refuge and sanctuary.

Northcliffe has one marked peculiarity in that he dislikes to sleep in London. He has Joseph Pulitzer's aversion to noise. He never spends a night in town if he can help it. Having a variety of country residences, he turns up at unexpected hours. This means that they are always in readiness. One reason why he keeps himself fit is that he never talks shop after seven o'clock.

Unless he has a formal engagement elsewhere — he never goes to a public dinner when he can escape it,—his rule is to dine at home and retire at nine. As a consequence he is awake at dawn. Before most men have stood under their shower he has done a whole day's work. Like Mark Twain he likes to work in bed. This habit sometimes works a hardship on his friends. His morning hour for calling me up in London is seven o'clock.

Northcliffe is amused by simple things. No Englishman is a more devoted admirer of American ragtime than this peer who helps to shape British destiny. It takes courage to start a conversation with him when the phonograph, one of his greatest diversions, begins to reel off the latest George M. Cohan or Irving Berlin compositions.

It almost goes without saying that Northcliffe has a keen sense of humour. Here is an example of it. I once went to a luncheon in London given in honour of Sir Edward Carson, the First Lord of the Admiralty, by the Aldwych Club, of which Northcliffe was Chairman. In introducing the guest of the occasion, Northcliffe said:

"I have learned to have a great respect for Sir Edward Carson. He not only believes in publicity at the Admiralty, but he knows professionally how to put the probe into other people's pocketbook. He once cost me three hundred thousand pounds." Everybody laughed because they knew the facts.

Northcliffe referred to a celebrated libel suit against him. It was brought by a well-known soap manufacturer who employed Carson to prosecute the case. He got a big verdict.

Northcliffe likes to give his friends and associates titles. Although he insists on wearing the same pattern of red neckties every day he takes a peculiar delight in railing at my shirts. He thinks they are loud. On a photograph of himself that he gave me last November, he wrote the following inscription "His Radiance, I. Marcosson—*Roi des chemise.*" He calls me "The Shirt King." In exchange for this photograph, and as a parting shot, I sent him one of the choicest of the sartorial creations which seemed to give him so much amusement. At the steamer I received one of the famous red neckties. We were quits.

Northcliffe's ability as a phrase-maker is not always expended on his friends. The closest competitor of his *Evening News* in London is owned by England's richest manufacturer of chocolates and allied products. Northcliffe never mentions this paper by name, but always refers to it as the "Cocoa Press."

I have already intimated that Northcliffe dislikes to write letters. He receives an enormous number of them every day and many must be answered. He has one secretary whose sole task is to read all this correspondence first, write out a compact résumé of the contents, and pin it at the head of the communication. Thus the publisher gets the substance at a glance.

Being human, Northcliffe postpones his general letter writing as long as possible. Meanwhile the mail accumulates in a leather receptacle which he calls "The Green Box." On other occasions he terms it "The Pandora Box." Sometimes when I stopped in to see him he would say grimly: "This is Green Box Day." He was answering letters and I knew that he was doing something that he did not like to do.

If you want to get a real glimpse into the character of a man, be he famous or otherwise, find out his relations with his mother. Between Northcliffe and Sir James M. Barrie exists a peculiar kinship. It is not based entirely on mutual admiration. The historian of Thrums never did anything finer in all his writing career than the life of his mother,

"Margaret Ogilvy." It is perhaps the only time that a mother's biography has been written by her son.

Northcliffe has written no life of his mother but his adoration for this splendid old woman, Mrs. Harmsworth, who at eighty-four is as much interested in her son's activities as when he started, is a beautiful thing. Every day that he is in England he calls her up on the telephone. When he is out of England he sends her a telegram. This daily message from her first-born (he is the oldest of fourteen children) is as much a part of her daily life as food. Mrs. Harmsworth lives at Totteredge, which is not far from London. Northcliffe makes it a point to spend one night every week with her. She has so many sons that she can have one with her every day. I have shared some of these visits with him. At Totteredge he is merely a boy come home.

It only remains to speak of the dramatic break between Lloyd George and Northcliffe which projected both men into a controversy that will doubtless become historic. With the merits of this quarrel we are not concerned. The question is: "How do these men line up and what will be the outcome?" Each is so essentially a part of the history of his time that whatever he does is bound to be big with significance.

The break began soon after the signing of the armistice. Whether Northcliffe had an ambition to be a member of the British Peace Mission, I am not prepared to say. One thing is certain. He was dissatisfied with its personnel. He chafed at the delay of the negotiations and at the failure of Lloyd George to make good on his December, 1918, election promises.

Whatever the cause, Northcliffe opened up on Lloyd George. The reply was a scathing denunciation of the publisher by the Premier in a speech in the House of Commons on April 16, 1919. The two livest wires in England got crossed and the sparks flew.

Who will win in this battle of giants? That it is bound to be a long and bitter struggle, no one can doubt. Neither Lloyd George nor Northcliffe is a quitter. Northcliffe lacks Lloyd George's magnetic personality and compelling eloquence, but he has one supreme advantage over his adversary. He can talk to millions of people every day and Lloyd George cannot.

Lloyd George's prestige is largely contingent upon political fortune, always an unstable thing. On the other hand, Northcliffe's papers are not dependent upon elections. *The Times,* like the proverbial brook, is an institution that goes on forever. Each has a tremendous following. Northcliffe was largely instrumental in driving Asquith into private life. Can he duplicate the performance with Lloyd George? Asquith was no fighter while Lloyd George was born with a chip on his shoulder.

More than once Northcliffe's name has been mentioned in connection with the Prime Ministership. The disagreement with Lloyd George revived the suggestion that he head the Government. No man can be Prime Minister, however, without a party, and Northcliffe has no party.

If you knew his real mind in connection with this office, you would probably discover that he prefers to remain what he has been and is—the unofficial premier of the British people.

Photograph by Bassano, Ltd., London.

D. Haig. F.M.
1919.

CHAPTER VIII

HAIG AND SOME OTHER BRITISH NOTABLES

Adapting an old maxim, some men are born to be interviewed, others acquire the habit; still others have it thrust upon them. To the last named class belong the great generals of the Great War. For them there can be no so-called "open diplomacy." The whole circumstance of their deadly profession demands mystery. This silence is in strange contrast with the mighty din of battle they let loose. Of all public men they are the most difficult to approach. Hemmed in by tradition they dwell amid the fastnesses of caution. Secrecy is almost as potent a weapon against the enemy as a bombardment.

Despite their aloofness no outstanding figures in the world tragedy of life and death now happily ended are more striking in personality or more illuminating perhaps in their impressions of people and events. Many laymen believe that because war is a brutal and relentless thing the wagers of war must incarnate some of these qualities. The opposite is quite true. The Duke of Alva belonged to another and remote civilisation, or rather a lack of civilisation.

All the Allied Commanders-in-Chief are men of quiet presence and modest manner. They speak in low, almost gentle, voices. More than this they are of noble character and spiritual vision whose natures are keenly attuned to tender aspirations. Foch the devout Catholic has his prototype in Haig the devoted Presbyterian. No matter how the tides of conflict ebbed and flowed, they went to church every Sunday. While their work was dedicated to a monster destruction they were personally devoted to a high conservation.

Of all the distinguished Allied Generals the most secluded, certainly the least known so far as his personal side is concerned, is Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig. Although his name is a household work wherever the English language is

spoken, not many civilians met him during the war. Less than half a dozen were able to persuade him to talk. I was among the few to see him, and I think I was the first American writer to interview him for publication. It was one of the many compensations of these strenuous years.

The average person does not realise that aside from his achievements in the field a peculiar distinction attaches to Haig. He is the only one of the Army Chiefs who retained his command to the end. War is a vast furnace in which men are tried and tested. The fires that consume reputations are no less deadly than the flames that spurt from guns. Joffre and Nivelle were both superseded in course of time. Cadorna, once the idol of Italy, went the way of most generals and was forced to retire in favour of Diaz. With the Russians the war was one succession of leaders from the Grand Duke Nicholas down to the tragic eclipse of Korniloff and of Brusiloff. Viscount French took the First Seven British Divisions to France but he too had to go. Haig, who succeeded him, remained Commander-in-Chief of the British Expeditionary Force from the time he took over General Headquarters until that historic day last November when the German delegates signed the armistice on Foch's famous train. General Pershing has retained his command from the start but his period of leadership was so brief as compared with that of his colleagues who were in the war from the beginning, that he can scarcely be included in this list. For many reasons Haig will loom large in the panorama of the War of Wars.

Haig is a British regular, and this means that so far as unofficial communication with the public is concerned, he is no talking machine. If ever an army worshipped tradition in such matters it is the British Army. "Soldiers fight. They do not talk" was the motto. The original mountain of taciturnity in the late war was Kitchener, and he was merely one of a long range of peaks of precedent. Haig is much more human, but he has the same innate prejudice against the interviewer. This, of course, made the task of overcoming the aversion all the more interesting and worthwhile.

During the war—and for that matter throughout the progress of the peace negotiations—there were no brilliant examples of exclusive news gathering for the reason that the

details of all the fighting were issued in statements signed by the Commander-in-Chief. Everything was "official." The correspondents at the active front who were few in number lived at Press Headquarters. They were allowed to see everything but their reports were carefully censored. Haig talked to them occasionally as they met on the highway or at some inspection, but usually in groups.

My way to Haig, as to so many others during the war, was paved by Lord Northcliffe. He had sincere admiration for the British General. He wanted the American people to know something about the personality of this silent soldier who was then crossing the dark waters. German supremacy was at its height and we were still out of the war. Northcliffe wrote to Brigadier General Charteris, then Chief of Intelligence on Haig's staff, expressing the hope that I have an opportunity to see the Commander-in-Chief. I thought nothing more of it. As a result my meeting with Haig was somewhat unexpected.

I was making my first visit to the British front. It was before the "American Château," used entirely by American visitors, was established. The people permitted to see "the real works" of war were entertained at a charming château, Tramecourt, which, by the way, was not far from the famous field of Agincourt. Twenty miles away at Rollincourt lived the six correspondents accredited to British General Headquarters. They included three British "aces," Philip Gibbs, Beach Thomas and Percival Phillips. At one time Filson Young, the novelist, was also there.

Tramecourt in those days was one of the most interesting establishments in Europe. Its Visitor's Book was a Register of Fame. Within those century-old walls royal personages, dukes, generals, statesmen, Members of Parliament and a few obscure civilians like myself were housed.

In connection with my first visit to Tramecourt I can relate a story which sheds light on the intelligence of at least one member of Parliament. It was the daily custom to take parties of visitors to various points at the front. One of the most interesting sights was the battle-field of the Somme where the Hun first felt the real might of Britain's army. One day I accompanied a small group of Members of Parliament

there. We had passed Albert where the historic engagement began, and were up in the region of Mamentz. On every side stretched a leprous landscape. The whole earth was a tangle of twisted wire, blasted woods, wrecked houses. All the waste of war was epitomised in this devastated domain. Suddenly one of the bulwarks of the British Constitution turned to me and said:

"I can't on my life understand why people should fight to possess such wretched looking country."

This man could not understand, or did not seem to understand, that the hideous ruin he surveyed was once a smiling countryside: that on the débris had stood neat farmhouses before whose fires old men smoked and children played: that the churned-up fields had teemed with plenty.

It was on this visit to Tramecourt that I was invited to lunch with Sir Douglas Haig. Then, and almost throughout the entire war, the General Headquarters of the British Expeditionary Force was in the quaint moated town of Montreuil. No name or spot in France was so zealously guarded during the war. Soldiers spoke of it in whispers. It was often referred to as "G. H. Q."

In other wars the headquarters of an army was confined to a single establishment. Modern war, however, enlisted so many scientific aids to destruction and demanding a network of communication in the air and on the earth, that what might be called the central executive plant in the field is really a small city. At Montreuil were quartered, among others, the Chiefs of the three vital agencies of Supply, Transport and Intelligence.

The headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief, however, was not there. At that time Sir Douglas Haig with his immediate staff, lived in a picturesque château about thirty miles away. Just as the average person has had a curious misconception about the real character of the great Captains of the war, so has he the same mistaken idea about the Grand or Great Headquarters. Obtaining his ideas from motion picture thrillers, spy stories and war "shockers" generally, he seems to think that the Headquarters of the Commander-in-Chief of the army must be a spectacular institution with flags flying and automobiles honking up at all hours day and night.

He assumes that the place must be vitalised with excitement and athrob with energy.

Nothing could be farther removed from the truth. The Headquarters of the conspicuous Allied Generals—and I have seen most of them—were quiet, aloof, country houses, off from the beaten highways of the traffic and surrounded by friendly trees. The sound of the guns never reached them.

Here the war was really won by a few grave-eyed, serious-minded men who pored over reports, studied maps and staked out the strategy. They seldom if ever saw the fighting that they instigated. During a long engagement, and some of the battles of the late war lasted more than a year, the Commander-in-Chief had what was known as an "Advance Headquarters" nearer the scene of hostilities.

Haig's personal Headquarters was of the kind that I have just described. It was a much smaller building than the château occupied by Petain or by Foch, who had a cluster of houses. His personal staff consisted of half a dozen men. To comprehend fully the work of Haig and his associates you must know that every subsidiary army in the field—and Britain then had five complete armies in France—each one in charge of a General—had his own Headquarters with a complete staff organisation. The General Headquarters was the mother of them all. Into it flowed every day a constant stream of information which had to be digested. Out of all this data was framed the larger policies. In other words, the Sir Douglas Haig that I found that February day was General Manager of the British Business of War. Continuing the phraseology of trade, the Secretary of State for War over in London was President of the Corporation that merchandised with men instead of material.

I first saw Haig in his office which was the salon of the château. The old family portraits still hung on the wall: on the marble mantelpiece a Sevres clock ticked away; in the corner stood arm chairs in which royalty had rested. The only evidence that this charming room with its blazing wood fire and old-world atmosphere was the nerve centre of the biggest army in France was a flat-topped desk, littered with papers: the inevitable telephone, and a large clay relief map of the Somme region.

Like many of his comrades Haig is shy. This is one reason why he dislikes to be interviewed. He is of splendid physique, erect carriage, with fair hair and blue eyes. I always felt afterwards that no matter how I had first seen him—whether in a pair of pyjamas, a bathing suit or a dressing gown—I should have known instinctively that he was a British regular. He radiates authority.

If I had told him at once that I wanted to get an interview for publication he would have shut up like a clam. I therefore began to talk about America, the possibility of our entrance into the war, and my impressions of the British armies. The conversation became general and Haig started to talk. Being shy, he bottles up the moment he meets strangers. He had to be "coaxed" into speech. He is the type of real personage who is surprised when told that the big outside world is interested in what he is like and what he says. He incarnates that rare jewel—unaffected modesty.

In Haig I discovered something of the same attitude that I had found in the one-time kings of Wall Street. Those financial captains who believed that silence was such a golden asset—and it was—secreted striking views on many world subjects. They hid their real mental selves. The great trouble with them was that they could only think about money and power. Once you gained their confidence and made them realise that all you wanted was unrestrained talk, they broke into interesting comment.

So with Haig. He was so absorbed in war that he could only think war. When a layman like myself came along and opened up vistas of world politics and economics the doors to the unused chambers of his mind flew open and he talked with ease, knowledge and fluency.

I remember distinctly that we discussed Roosevelt. I had been down with the Colonel at Oyster Bay just before I had sailed on that trip and he had charged me with a message to the British Commander-in-Chief. I found that Haig was a great admirer of the ex-President and he sent a greeting to him through me. When I transmitted this message to the Colonel on my return he said:

"By George, I am glad to get it. How I wish I were fighting with Haig."

In talking with Haig you get an occasional flash of that tender inner thing which strong men so often hide behind a grim or stern exterior. One of these revelations came while we were discussing the price of war, and when the Commander-in-Chief remarked, not without sadness: "It is a war of youth." He spoke of the immense human toll that those days were taking. Even then there passed before us the "Phantom Army" that Bret Harte once wrote about and which would never march under triumphal arches in a victorious home-coming. It keeps ghostly vigil "in Flanders' fields," along the gashed stretches of the Somme or the banks of the Meuse.

One secret of interviewing, especially with taciturn men, is to find them at the psychological moment. All men like to eat. Out of a long experience, not so much with eating as with men, I have found that men talk best when they eat. It was not until we sat down to lunch in that stately old dining room that Haig really got under way. We began to tell stories. Being Scotch, he has a real sense of humour and likes a good yarn.

A British Officers' mess, particularly during war, is always diverting. Mealtime is the one break in the rigid watch of life and death. Then the talk turned to home, sports, and those other intimate things that seemed so far away. It meant relaxation. Men who really make good at a strenuous task are those who know how to relax. Haig, for example, always rode an hour on horseback every day, rain or shine. Likewise he invariably took the hour immediately after luncheon as a period of aloofness and meditation. It enabled him to get his perspective on the maelstrom about him. Incidentally it kept him fit to "carry on" with the responsibility that is the supreme ravager of mental and physical vitality.

Those great commanders lived the simple life—none simpler than the British. They were early to bed and early to rise. They ate sparingly. Their whole resource was concentrated on the immense problems before them.

One final picture of Haig will always linger in memory. Night had fallen over that old château and with it a deep and brooding silence. Yet less than fifty miles away guns roared and the torrents of death rushed unrestrained. The office of the Commander-in-Chief was soft in a mystic half

light. At one end the fire blazed. Over the relief map of the Somme leaned the Commander-in-Chief studying the red, blue and green lines that indicated the opposing armies locked in stupendous struggle. As he stood there—a solitary figure amid those encircling Rembrandt-like shadows—he looked a master of fate standing at the checkerboard of human destiny.

Turn from Sir Douglas Haig to Field Marshal Viscount French and you find a soldier of the same type, cradled in the same traditions, certainly in the matter of interviewing. I did not meet French until 1917 when he was Commander-in-Chief of the Home Forces, which meant that all the troops in Great Britain were in his authority. I had a letter of introduction to him from Major General Leonard Wood. They had been fellow observers of the German autumn manœuvres in 1912.

French's office was in the famous old Horse Guards in London. In this time-worn room which had sheltered British soldiers for many decades I found one of the smartest looking soldiers I had ever seen. Like Haig, Lord French looks the British regular. Shorter in stature than the man who succeeded him as Commander-in-Chief in France, he is ruddier of face, with white hair and pointed moustache.

If Haig represents a bulwark of silence then French is the whole citadel. I doubt if he ever was really interviewed in his life. Yet he has high regard for what war correspondents have done.

When I first met him I was fresh from the British front and among other things I had had my initial view of Ypres. To see that skeleton among the cities was to behold war's brutality at its worst. Gun-fire could do no more. It was French who commanded the British army in that first desperate battle around Ypres which will always rank as one of the monster heroisms of the war.

We talked of Ypres and its tragic place in the annals of the war. Interviewing history repeated itself. I was on congenial ground. It brought up other subjects of similar interest. Before long French forgot that I was a writing man and was conversing with vigour.

One evening after that first talk I went to dine with Lord

French at his house at Lancaster Gate. Most professional soldiers do not wear mufti with ease and grace. Lord French is one of the few exceptions for he looks as distinguished in evening clothes as in uniform.

After dinner some one brought up the subject of the famous retreat from Mons. French, as the world knows, commanded the British Army in that brilliant action. Sir Douglas Haig was one of his subordinates and in command of the First Army Corps, which included the cavalry. French began to recall those heartbreaking days, when the Germans were sweeping down like ravening wolves from the North upon Paris. He told a story that is in some respects one of the most drastic that I heard in the war. Here it is as I recall it:

It was the night of September 5th, 1914, and the eve of the first battle of the Marne, which decided the fate of the world. For days French had manœuvred the heroic retreat, fighting a rear guard action against overwhelming odds. Man and beast had well-nigh reached the point of exhaustion. No one knew what the morrow would bring.

Accompanied by three staff officers, one of whom was with us that evening at dinner, French had reached an old inn not many miles from Paris. He had not slept for fifty hours. To his Chief of Staff he said:

"I am going to take a little sleep. Under no circumstances must I be disturbed."

After what seemed to him a few moments there was a loud rapping on the door. Opening it with a vigorous protest at being roused he found one of his officers who said:

"I am extremely sorry to have disturbed you, sir, but the matter is most urgent."

"What is it?" demanded French.

"General Joffre is below, sir, and desires to see you."

The British Commander-in-Chief descended to the dingy main room of the café. Wrapped in his blue cape stood "Papa" Joffre with only one aide.

"I have decided to take a stand. Here is the plan," said the Frenchman.

On a wine-spattered table and by the light of a guttering candle, Joffre unfolded the plan of the engagement that ended the Kaiser's dream of conquest forever. He then showed his

colleague that immortal "order of the day" which included the phrase, "The hour has come to advance at any cost and to die where you stand, rather than give way," and which was read to the French Army at dawn. I doubt if the whole drama of the war presented a scene more striking than the spectacle of these two chieftains seated in that shabby room of an obscure country tavern on the eve of one of the world's epic events.

In Haig and French you have the more or less austere type of professional British soldier to whom the interviewer is practically an undesirable alien. General J. C. Smuts, on the other hand, has no such state of mind. A patriot by instinct, a lawyer by profession, a soldier by circumstance and adoption he reveals a more human and accessible side. He knows the lay mind. No personality in the war is more appealing in many ways than this one-time Boer leader who to-day wears the insignia of a British Lieutenant General. On battle-field and in council chamber he has been a dominating and history-making figure. He is a real product of the Empire he helped to weld. Yet the general public, certainly the American, know little about the man and his activities these past four years.

I first met Smuts in unconventional fashion. He came to London in 1916 for the Imperial Conference. Although Premier Hughes of Australia was the spectacular and speech-making personage of that notable gathering of overseas statesmen, the real leadership was vested in Smuts. He lived at the Savoy Hotel where most of his colleagues were lodged. I also resided there. His picture had appeared in all the illustrated papers and I knew his features well.

Every morning at eight o'clock I went down to the hotel barber shop to be shaved. One morning I had just settled myself in the chair when Smuts entered the place. I recognised him at once. I immediately got up and offered him my seat, as only one barber had arrived. He courteously refused to accept it. This episode started a conversation for he stood alongside the chair while my face was being scraped. I was only sorry that I had not ordered everything in the calendar of the establishment. He invited me to come to see him and I called a few days later.

Photograph by J. Russell & Sons, London.

The way I met Smuts aptly illustrates what might be called the fortunes of interviewing. Often, as this instance indicates, you meet men by chance. The fine art lies in a swift capitalisation of these opportunities. This particular kind of contact could hardly have happened with an Englishman who is not naturally inclined to informality and who likes to follow precedent.

Out of that unexpected meeting with Smuts developed an acquaintance that lasted throughout the war. Smuts came to England originally to remain a few months. He remained three years. This tells the whole story of the Empire's need of him. He developed into an animated understudy of Lloyd George. Whenever there was something to be done, whether a strike settlement in Wales, a diplomatic tangle in Rome, or a ticklish conference in Switzerland, Smuts was put on the job. Like his Welsh chief, he delivered the goods. He was also an invaluable Member of the War Cabinet. I usually found him in England when I got there and I always counted it a fruitful experience to slip down to his rooms and talk with him about the strenuous world in which we were both living.

Most people have seen pictures of Smuts, whose name, by the way, is pronounced as if it rhymed with "huts." No portrait, however, does him justice. There is something wistful about his bearded face. It is one of the saddest I have ever seen. If you do not know him you get the idea that it reflects the tragedy of the Lost Cause of which he was such a gallant defender. His eyes are alert and friendly; but his manner is inclined to be shy at first. He hides a real achievement behind an equally real reserve.

Although Smuts was born in South Africa he speaks English with a Cambridge accent. He was a student at the famous English university and wears its highest honours. I have heard Smuts speak in public many times. The lawyer-soldier who led the last forlorn hope of the Boer War and who crushed the Germans in British East Africa in the Great War, is an orator who knows how to sway his audiences. In private conversation he is no less convincing.

I have discussed many topics with him. Like so many of his colleagues he is immensely interested in America. His interest, however, is intensely practical. He once said to me:

"One reason why I want to see your country is to study the great farms of the West. South Africa is an agricultural country in the main, and I am sure we would profit by your scientific agriculture."

Roosevelt was always an absorbing topic with him. These two strong men had never met. Each had a tremendous admiration for the other. On my return to New York from the trip on which I first met Smuts I gave the Colonel an enthusiastic account of the man and his work. Roosevelt kindled up immediately and said:

"When you go back tell Smuts that I want him to come to visit me at Sagamore Hill. He is a great man."

I sent Roosevelt a character study of Smuts that I had picked up in England and he wrote me a letter in which he said that it only whetted his desire to know the original. When I got back to England a few months later I told Smuts of my conversation with Roosevelt and his desire to have him in America and he was much pleased.

When the real story of the sponsorship of the League of Nations is told some day it will be found that among its first and foremost advocates was General Smuts. We often discussed it in London during the hectic days when the whole universe was in chaos. It then seemed an iridescent dream. Smuts always held to his conviction that out of colossal evil would emerge a vast good. To him this permanent compensation was crystallised in a federation of the free peoples.

He once said: "Europe is being liquidated, and the League of Nations must be the heir in this great estate."

I can pay Smuts' work in this matter no stronger tribute than to repeat what a brilliant American said of him. It was: "His statesmanship has been one of the happiest resources of Europe and perhaps the decisive influence in the Constitution framed at Paris."

Smuts stamped his statesmanship indelibly in the historic protest that he registered when he affixed his signature to the Peace Treaty. It was not disloyalty to the great cause he had served so faithfully that dictated this disclaimer. The eloquent South African, with the vision which is his birthright, looked ahead to the still more troubled years that are coming.

To Smuts can be applied that rare and much abused word "great." This means that he has a sense of humour. He was the central figure in one of the most delicious stories of the war. I do not think it has ever been told in this country. Nobody, I might add, enjoyed it more than Smuts himself.

When Smuts came to London for the first Imperial Conference the breast of his khaki tunic was bare of ribbons. Most British generals wear so many that the collection looks like a bed quilt. Hence the virginity, as it might be called, of Smuts' uniform made him all the more conspicuous. Thereby hangs this tale:

During the early days in London he went to a fashionable gathering which included many women who buzzed about the South African hero. One of them remarked ingenuously:

"Why, General, you have no South African ribbons!" The poor lady had forgotten that every South African ribbon then being worn in London had been awarded for service *against* Smuts.

The little god of drama must have hovered about Smuts at his birth. His whole life has been a succession of thrilling contrasts. The revelation of one of them came during his first war visit to London and most unforgetably.

A public dinner was given him in the House of Lords gallery at the House of Parliament in appreciation of his services to the Empire. In that storied hall assembled a notable array of soldiers, statesmen and diplomats. Lord French presided. As is the British custom on such occasions he proposed the health of the distinguished guest.

Smuts arose with a curious smile on his face. In gracious language he expressed his thanks. Then turning to the chairman he told a story that sounded like a chapter from fiction.

It dealt with the closing hours of the Boer War. Smuts, with the tattered and battered remnants of his army, had taken refuge in the mountains. Dispirited and discouraged they awaited the end. Late one afternoon they heard the panting of a locomotive and looking down they saw a British armoured train crawling beneath them. One of the Boer officers spoke up and said:

"We will register one more blow."

Instantly a score of men began to assemble huge boulders

to hurl down on the approaching train. From that height they would have been destructive. Smuts stopped them, saying:

"No, we must not add murder to defeat."

The train was allowed to pass on in safety. The next day Smuts discovered that it conveyed Lord French and his staff! Yet by the curious working of Fate here they sat side by side in the House of Lords each one in the uniform of a British general and consecrated to a common cause.

When you hear such stories as this you realise that the novelists of the future will have to strain the imagination to create "situations" to vie with the actualities of the war.

If ever a man in public life lived "the crowded hour" that man is Winston Spencer Churchill. Smuts, for example, is soldier and statesman. Churchill has been both of these and in addition is author and political storm cloud. Famous at twenty-five, a Cabinet Minister at thirty-two, and in control of the British Navy at forty, he is, in many respects, the most irrepressible and picturesque figure in British life to-day. He thinks and talks the language of print and is therefore the joy of the interviewer. Half American—he once said jestingly to me: "It's the Yankee in me that makes me erratic"—he has a peculiar interest for us.

With Winston Churchill no grand strategy of approach is required. Being a writing man himself and with many books to his credit, he knows the rules of the game. Although I had met most of his colleagues by 1916, I did not meet him until the following year. The reason was that from 1915 to 1916 he was "down" but far from being "out."

One day in August, 1917, the telephone bell rang in my room at the Savoy Hotel. When I picked up the receiver a voice at the other end said:

"Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill would be glad if you could come to tea at five o'clock to-day at his office." I accepted, of course.

I had received no previous intimation that Churchill had the slightest desire to see me and I wondered what it was all about. He was then Minister of Munitions and installed in the bridal suite of the old Metropole Hotel on Northumberland Avenue, a famous caravanserie that was the delight of

Photograph by S. Wilkinson.

SIR ERIC GEDDES

Photograph, Elliott & Fry, London.

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

the Cook tourist back in the peace days. Like many other hostelries in London, it had been commandeered for war work.

As I entered the long, high-ceiled room Churchill was pacing restlessly up and down smoking a long cigar. I have been to see him many times since and with one exception I have always found him in action. He is tall, with a smooth, boyish face, sandy hair and stooped shoulders. He looks and dresses like the traditional British statesman, which means that he almost lives in a frock coat.

The first thing he said to me was:

"I hear that you are the man who made Lloyd George famous in America."

"No," I replied, "God and Lloyd George did that."

Churchill began to talk in his usual brilliant fashion.

All the while he walked up and down the room. He even drank his tea in motion. The principal thing that he wanted to discuss was America's preparation for war. As Minister of Munitions he had a vital interest. He was immensely proud and glad of our entrance and he was then trying to work out the plan through which he could give us the largest possible assistance.

At that first talk Churchill revealed his vision in almost startling manner. He declared with vehemence:

"What the Allies need from America most of all is men. I hear people saying that they cannot be transported. They *can* be carried and the way to carry them is in British ships. I am in favour of turning over the *Olympic, Mauretania* and the *Aquitania* to America for troop ships and employ them as ferries across the Atlantic." He punctuated these remarks with vigorous raps on the table.

I repeat this conversation because Churchill, with uncanny instinct, put his finger on the very crux of the American participation in the war. The rough plan that he outlined to me in 1917 was translated into historic action the following year when those gallant American millions went to France in a fleet that was more than sixty percent British.

In the matter of interviewing, Churchill is what I call a good imparter. He has held various public posts demanding technical knowledge. They include the Presidency of the

Board of Trade, First Lord of the Admiralty, and Minister of Munitions. He not only mastered their ramified details but has always been able to describe them comprehensively.

I have seen Churchill many times and under many conditions. I have never been with him but that I marvelled at his astounding versatility. He is essentially a soldier of political fortune. He has ridden the high tide of sensational events and he has already had one "downfall."

During his temporary eclipse men constantly asked: "Can Churchill come back?" Almost before they could realise it he *had* come back as Minister of Munitions. A year ago, when he was forty-four, an age when most men are beginning a career, he had started up the ladder again with a whole lifetime of service behind him.

Once I got a striking and succinct analysis of the man and his temperament. The way of it was this:

Churchill had retired as First Lord of the Admiralty practically because of the failure of the Dardanelles Expedition for which he was responsible. In his youth he was a professional soldier and he immediately joined his regiment in the trenches in France. He has a weakness for the spectacular thing. Just about this time the Aldwych Club in London gave a luncheon for Sir Edward Carson, then First Lord of the Admiralty. I had the good fortune to sit next to the guest of honour at the speakers' table. I brought up the subject of Churchill and asked:

"What is the trouble with Churchill?"

Carson, who is an Irishman with a rare gift of phraseology, replied quick as a flash:

"He is a dangerous optimist."

Analyse Churchill's career during the war and you find that this so-called "dangerous optimism" looms large; never more so than when he said that the British Fleet would "dig the German Fleet out like rats."

In connection with the ill-fated Dardanelles enterprise, Churchill made the following interesting prophecy:

"History will vindicate the Dardanelles Expedition. It was planned with the sole idea of cutting and keeping closed the German road to India. It was a gamble and in war you must take chances."

More than once Churchill discussed this great adventure in our talks. Some day when he writes the story of his part in the war it will be found that he thought of the conflict in world terms, while some of his colleagues could not see beyond France. I am betraying no secret when I say that one of the stumbling blocks to the consummation of the Dardanelles project was the late Lord Kitchener who was intolerant of suggestion.

It is impossible to write of Winston Spencer Churchill or "Winston" as every one calls him in England, even in the informal way in which these recollections are being set down, without a reference to the greatest service perhaps that he rendered civilisation during the war. He was First Lord of the Admiralty during that fateful summer of 1914. The whole British Grand Fleet had been mobilised for a royal review in the Solent late in July. The demobilisation would have commenced on the morning of July 27th.

It was largely because of Churchill's reading of the ominous signs of the time, particularly Austria's ultimatum to Servia, that the fleet was ordered to "stand fast." It was therefore at its war stations on that memorable August fourth when Britain declared war against Germany. But for this historic order the Naval Reserve would have been back at its land tasks and the ships scattered.

Churchill, who has what writers call a keen "story sense," has told me of that hour of hours in the war when he sat in his office at the Admiralty on the night when Britain's ultimatum to the Kaiser was about to expire; how he watched the hands of the clock moving toward midnight; how, when the hour of twelve struck he pushed a button and those miles and miles of grey ships far out in the stretches of the North Sea and elsewhere cleared for action. Then began the ceaseless watch that spelled the safety of civilisation.

No man in England feels the Anglo-Saxon kinship more deeply than Churchill. The only time that I ever saw him in repose was on a winter's day long after we had entered the war, when we sat in front of the fire in his office at the Ministry of Munitions. I told him that I was going back home and that I should probably make some speeches. I asked him if he had a message for America. For once he

slipped into a meditative mood. He pulled hard at his cigar and then said:

"In war as in peace, England and America must walk together. The fate of the world is in their hands."

The war wrought wonders with many things and many people. With no man did it achieve a more complete evolution than with Sir Eric Geddes. In August, 1914, he was the comparatively unknown General Manager of the North Eastern Railway in England; to-day at forty-four he is directing British transportation, one of the most significant of all post-war activities.

When I first saw Geddes in 1915 he had not yet come within the range of the interviewer. This bronzed, brawny, iron-jawed individual was then a cog in the munitions machine. He was part of what we would call in America the "gum shoe" squad, for part of his work was to speed up inventions which were all enveloped in mystery and secrecy.

The next time I saw him he was First Lord of the Admiralty with a string of titles and jobs a yard long. He was a public character and had "views." Nobody however was more averse to exploiting them than this Jack of Public Posts and Master of them all.

I had planned an article for *The Saturday Evening Post* on the part that business men played in the British conduct of the war. Geddes' name, like the Arab in the well-known poem, "led all the rest." Having known him before, I had no trouble in seeing him again. Besides, he had displayed interest in a book I had written about the organisation of the British Armies in France, in which he had been Director General of Transportation. He was the father of the "light railway" in the field.

When it came to talking about himself and his work he laboured under a handicap for the first time in his life—an unusual experience for the masterful, big-fisted person who sat alongside me in a room rich with the traditions of the British Navy. It was characteristic of him to say at once:

"So long as we are going to do this job, let us do it thoroughly."

He outlined his system of work, which is summed up in the single sentence: "Statistise everything." When we reached

28/10/17.

Dear Mr Marcosson

My message to
Your great nation is
"Give up hoping that this
can be a short war:
"Plan & provide for an ever
lasting duration of
"at least two years more."
If we all do so - Peace may one
day surprise us - If we do
not, then will be no Peace
no Freedom, but only a
postponement.
Then must be no postponement
& no "next time".

Yours sincerely,
Rudd

Mr J. D. Marcosson.

A Reproduction of Sir Eric Geddes' Famous Message to the American People

his personal side he floundered. Now came the employment of one of the cardinal rules in big interviewing. Earlier in this article I said that the psychological moment to talk to taciturn men was at meal time. I therefore invited Geddes to lunch with me the next day.

"No," he replied, "come and have breakfast with me tomorrow."

At nine o'clock the next morning I turned up at his rented town house in Queen Anne's Gate. I knew the place well. It was owned and had been furnished by an acquaintance of mine who owned one of the finest collections of old furniture in London. In a charming Jacobean dining room I had a diverting session with Geddes.

It is his custom to take a horseback ride every morning before breakfast in Hyde Park which his home practically adjoins. He came in with rosy cheeks and all aglow from the exercise. The moment he sat down and began to eat his flow of speech started. The reserve and reticence that he manifested in the office vanished. I simply ate and listened while one of the really remarkable stories of modern achievement was unfolded by the doer. All I had to do was to guide the course of speech. Geddes became so absorbed in the narrative that he quite forgot an appointment with Admiral Sir David Beatty, who was waiting for him at the Admiralty.

It was during this visit to England that Sir Eric gave me his famous message to the American people which was cabled throughout the world. As First Lord of the Admiralty he had a peculiar significance for America; first, because Germany's ruthless campaign of unrestricted sinkings at sea had forced us into the war; second, the co-operation of our Navy with the British Fleet was our first definite blow at Germany.

Geddes usually does things in a swift and impulsive fashion. With the message, however, he took a different tack for he pondered over it two or three days. He wrote it out in his own hand and it is reproduced in facsimile in this book. It read as follows:

"My message to your great nation is:

"Give up hoping that this can be a short war. Plan and

provide for an ever-receding duration of at least two years more.

"If we all do this, peace may one day surprise us. If we do not, there will be no Peace and no Freedom, but only a postponement.

"There must be no postponement and no 'next time.' "

The Geddes experience emphasises two distinct points in interviewing. One is that to make men talk who are not accustomed to speak about themselves or their work, you must get them in a congenial environment. No setting is more favourable than the dining room. The other and perhaps more important is, that once launched into the story it is fatal to interrupt. Men like Geddes have a sense of sequence. It is one reason why they get things done. Interviewers often fail because they digress or permit their "victims" to digress. Concentration is a virtue no matter where it is applied.

Another common reason for failure in interviewing, more especially in Europe, is ignorance of a man's proper title or what is even worse, the correct or official way to address him. All men are vain. The moment they get a public post with a title this state of mind becomes more highly sensitised. The British are the greatest of all sticklers for form.

Writing of Geddes naturally brings to mind his fellow graduate from business into statesmanship, Andrew Bonar Law. Being a wise man, he made himself economically independent before he got into politics. In his quiet but effective way he has been a strong force these past four years. He made the Chancellorship of the Exchequer a real fountain head of national finance. He is one of the few perennial possibilities for Premier.

Having once been in business Bonar Law has none of the aloofness that characterises so many British public men. He is spare, nervous, energetic, and looks less like a Cabinet Minister than any of his colleagues. The one-time vulgar thing known as trade taught him the value of frankness and accessibility with writing men. Despite his immense public service he has scarcely figured in so-called human interest narratives. He side-steps personal publicity.

When I first met Bonar Law he was Colonial Secretary. He figured in a little incident that I shall always remember. We

had been talking about the linking up of the British Empire through a common war sacrifice. The Minister warmed up to the subject. He said: "I have the whole Empire before me."

He turned to a group of electric push buttons on his desk. All were connected with maps. As he pressed each little silver disc a diagram of some section of Britain's far-flung domain was exposed to view. Never before had I seen those mighty possessions so visualised. The slim, keen-eyed man who sat before me seemed literally to be bound up to the uttermost ends of the earth.

As I sat there, stirred, I must confess, by this spectacle, I thought of the picture that Cecil Rhodes presented one day in his room in the financial district of London called the "City." Rhodes had beheld the vision of the Cape to Cairo Railway. Behind him on the wall was a huge map of the Dark Continent. Here and there on it were splotches of red that indicated British sovereignty. The big and brooding figure, so well named "The Colossus," turned to the map and said to his companion:

"It must be *all red.*"

My experience in Bonar Law's office made me feel that at last some of Rhode's vision had been realised.

Any survey of Britain's war personalities must include Sir Edward Carson, the Stormy Petrel of Home Rule. Most Americans do not realise that long before he entered politics he was one of the most successful lawyers in the United Kingdom, with a peculiar genius for annexing big fees which he always earned. He is a sort of Celtic combination of John B. Stanchfield on the cross-examination side and James M. Beck on the oratorical.

Carson is long, lean, and lank with a hawk-like face that strongly resembles that of Admiral Jellicoe. Experience as Irish propagandist has given him a considerable contact with interviewers and he is therefore human and accessible. When he has anything to give out for publication, however, he usually writes it himself.

Although he has lived in the spot-light for decades no contemporary British statesman is perhaps so little known to the general public through the medium of the interviewer as Viscount Milner the Bachelor Minister. He has been in public life for nearly forty years, yet I doubt if he has ever talked for

publication, despite the fact that he himself dabbled in journalism in his early days. He was a close friend and colleague of Kitchener and has that soldier's aversion to appearing in print. About him raged the controversy that broke into the storm of the Boer War. He was Secretary of State for War when the Great War ended.

Milner is tall, inclined to be stoop-shouldered, and has the unmistakable manner of the Council Chamber. It is a curious fact but most men in British public life seldom stand erect. They look as if they had spent their lives leaning over desks. Churchill, Haldane, Curzon, all have this same appearance.

Like other men of his type Milner talks with charm and brilliancy. He is never at advantage in a crowd, but always shines in a small circle. He really represents the well-nigh lost art of real conversation.

The one British Cabinet Minister, with the possible exception of Winston Churchill, who really knows how to be interviewed and who lends himself ideally to the performance is Sir Albert Stanley, formerly President of the Board of Trade. He looks and acts like a business man. He got his training in the United States, which explains the miracle. I never went to him during the war but that I got what I wanted and in swift, business-like procedure. He is simple, frank and unaffected. He has put the hall-mark of a dynamic efficiency all over an institution once so swathed in red tape that an original idea could never penetrate. Neither could the interviewer.

It took Big Business in America a long time to realise that constructive publicity is one of its best assets. British statesmanship, which was a close, copper-riveted, corporation for years, has learned the same beneficent lesson. It pays to be frank with the public.

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

SIR EDWARD CARSON

Photograph by Paul Thompson.

LORD FRENCH

CHAPTER IX

KERENSKY AND THE REVOLUTION-MAKERS

Out of Russia came the supreme tragedy of the war and also a sinister menace to permanent peace. In that land of the red terror I had perhaps the greatest—certainly the most picturesque—of all my adventures in interviewing. The hazards and handicaps of the long journey there: the unforgetable events that marked its progress: the extraordinary group of men I found in control of the new Government, all combined to produce a succession of experiences that, as I look back upon them, seem like a chapter out of romance.

Although a few Americans who happened to be in Scandinavia entered Russia ahead of me, I believe I was one of the first—if not the first—from the outside world to arrive in Petrograd after the revolution which overthrew the Czar.

The spring of 1917 was in many respects the most fateful of the war. It marked our entry into the struggle, and it also witnessed the break-up of the autocracy that had oppressed Russia for four hundred years. During the early part of that historic March I had been in France with Sir Douglas Haig's army. I returned to London to renew my acquaintance with some of the comforts of life. One morning I read in the London *Times* that the Czar had abdicated and that Russia was free.

Even a feeble-minded individual would have realised that Petrograd had suddenly become the most interesting spot in the universe. How to get there was the great problem. The North Sea had become one of the grave-yards of the world. All passenger traffic between Scotland and Norway had ceased. But I was determined to get to Petrograd and the British Navy, which does all things well, got me under way.

I remember that when I secured a berth on the little grey, gun-mounted Admiralty vessel that had begun to make the trip

to Bergen, Norway, at irregular intervals, a certain high Naval officer said to me:

"We can start you across the North Sea but after that your fate will depend on God, the Kaiser, and the submarines."

The North Sea situation was then more dangerous than at any time during the war. Germany had inaugurated a wholesale and relentless slaughter of ships. Hence my whole enterprise was shrouded in the utmost mystery and secrecy. I got what amounted to "sealed orders" from the Admiralty. All negotiations were by word of mouth. Throughout the United Kingdom it was forbidden to mention the name of a ship over the telephone. Vessels were indicated by numbers.

During the war I made many trips through danger zones from the English Channel down to the Adriatic, but I never embarked on one with the same apprehension that I felt about this expedition to Russia. One contributing factor to my state of mind was a remark made by a Scotch sea captain as I went aboard the ship. He said amiably:

"I suppose you know that Kitchener sailed not many miles from this place." The "place" was a point in Scotland. Kitchener was at the bottom of the sea two hours after his ship set out. You may well imagine that the beginning of the adventure was not particularly cheerful.

We ran into trouble at once. Before we were out five hours we had a wireless message from Admiral Sir David Beatty saying that a whole flock of submarines lurked in the vicinity, and ordering us to put in for safety at Kirkwall. Here we found the harbour full of ships flying the flags of many nations, all awaiting inquiry and search. It was a sort of police station on the high seas, where more than one suspicious cargo, consigned to German use, came under the strong arm of seizure.

After a twenty-four hours' wait, we made a dash across the North Sea in a gale so terrific that it put a certain British Sea Lord out of commission. Then came a great moment. Amid a lull, and with the background of a glorious sunset that flooded those angry waters with a marvellous radiance, I saw the British Grand Fleet in battle order—a memorable picture of imperial power. Imposing as it was, it was not quite so welcome as the friendly Norwegian *fjord* where we found haven and sanctuary the next day.

In those days you had to cross Norway, Sweden and Finland to get to Petrograd. Any land travelling, however uncomfortable, was a springtime frolic after the hideous sea ordeal I had just undergone. Life became one passport *visé* after another and a continuous change of trains. At Torneo, the border town in Finland where you enter from Sweden, I got my first glimpse of the effects of the Russian Revolution. A red flag floated over the customs shed: the grinning soldiers in dirty grey uniforms wore crimson rosettes: the air was hideous with the notes of the "Marseillaise" sung by raucous voices.

During my brief stay at Torneo occurred an incident, not without certain value in explaining Russia's present ordeal. On the ship with me was a high French army officer bound for Petrograd on a diplomatic mission. In our little hand-picked party were also two British aviators. The moment they got into Finland they put on their uniforms because they were then in Allied country. I had made the entire journey from Scotland in the uniform of a British officer, without insignia of rank, which I always wore at the front. In London no one knew exactly what was going on in Petrograd and I felt that I would be safer in khaki, and I was.

Just as we were about to board the train for Petrograd a Russian officer, his breast ablaze with medals and with much silver on his shoulder-straps, came out and informed us through an interpreter that since we, (he mistook me for a British soldier), were the first Allied officers to come through since the revolution, he wanted to pay us what he called a "high honour." Little did we know what was in store for us. He had gathered together several hundred Russian soldiers and a make-shift band which began to play the "Marseillaise." I doubt if the band had ever heard of this tune until the revolution broke a few weeks before. The rendition therefore was a melancholy affair.

All this meant that we had to stand at salute in the freezing weather for what seemed an interminable time. Finally one phase of the agony ended, but another began immediately. We had to submit to a kiss on both cheeks from the Russian who smelled like a vodka distillery, despite the fact that Russia was on the water wagon.

Naturally we supposed that this man who seemed to be

running the whole community was a prominent personage. After we got on the train, where he insisted upon following us for a part of the trip, we found that he was a veterinary surgeon and a hoof-specialist at that! Apparently he was boss of the most important gate-way into Russia. Already the revolution had commenced to work wonders.

For thirty hours we travelled through Finland, reaching the real Russian frontier late the next night. It was a small town with a name about a yard long. Here the weary traveller got his clearance into Russia.

I entered the reeking customs house through a lane of unsterilised Russian soldiers. My name was called out: I advanced to a desk where a Cossack officer sat ready to give me my final *visé*. When he saw the American eagle on my passport he rose, stood at salute, and said in flawless English:

"Welcome to our new Ally."

I had been cut off from the swift march of war events for days, so I asked:

"What do you mean?"

"Your country went to war yesterday," was his reply.

In that isolated frontier post, hemmed in by aliens, and with the dawn of a new day about to break, I heard the news that gave me the deepest thrill of the war. It was worth all the rigours that lay behind: it nerved me for the perils that stretched ahead.

There is no need of rehearsing here the story of those Seven Days in Petrograd when a hunger-prodded revolt, staged by the autocracy to crush the populace into absolute submission, became a Frankenstein that literally destroyed its instigators. Democracy had come so swiftly that when I reached the one-time capital of the czars the people were still trying to get accustomed to the strange sensation of freedom.

Petrograd was like New York City on the night of a presidential election, but with this difference: the returns were piling in all the time and the whole world seemed to be elected. It was a continuous joy-ride. Everybody was delirious with delight. In the mind of the *vox populi* the revolution meant a free and continuous meal ticket and a four-hour working day. Knowing this delusion you can readily understand how swiftly these simple and childlike people became the victims of Bol-

shevism which merely painted another rainbow. Had they looked ahead they would have seen that the principal pigment was blood.

Far more fascinating than the maelstrom of equality that seethed about me were the men who made it possible. With that first Russian revolution, as with every other outstanding event in history, the human side was notable. No epic event ever produced such a group of leaders as that week of weeks.

I met them all and in varying circumstances. I saw some with the full spotlight of that crowded time full upon them; others in an aloofness that was in strange contrast with the history they were helping to make. It was their hour of triumph. The virus of the Bolsheviki had not begun to poison the minds of the people against their real emancipators.

At this writing every one of those first Revolution-makers is either dead, imprisoned or in exile: their great work a prey to the fury of a misguided and destructive "uplift." Yet they had a tremendous part in the most stirring national upheaval that the world had known since the streets of Paris ran red. Although the structure they reared with passionate patriotism has fallen their impress remains.

Dominating the Provisional Government was Alexander Kerensky. With the single exception of Lloyd George, he was the most compelling personality that I met during the war. Fighter and dreamer: demagogue and beneficent despot: a great orator and actor who dramatised himself in everything he said and did; he presented a picture of dynamic leadership that I shall never forget.

In him the elusive thing called sudden fame found kindling realisation. Four weeks before the revolution he was merely a leader in the Labour Group with an oration constantly on the tip of his tongue. When I reached Petrograd his name ran like a strain through the ecstatic din of that colourful day. He was a world figure.

Of course Kerensky was the great interviewing prize. Up to that time I doubt if he had talked to a single alien writer. The few Russian journalists who had had access to him were either allied to his political party or had worked with him during the earlier period of the revolt against the Czar.

Clearly to comprehend the difficulties that lay in the way to

an audience with this remarkable man you must know that Kerensky was carrying the chief burden of the new Government. As Minister of Justice he was a member of the Cabinet, and it was a full-sized job. But this was a mere incident in his work. He was conciliator, orator, ambassador—the inspiration and bulwark of that shifting era. Whenever anything went wrong it was put up to Kerensky to straighten out. In Russia the chief oil for troubled waters usually is impassioned speech. He met this requirement admirably. It meant that he spent most of his time talking. He was in action day and night.

It was therefore well-nigh impossible for him to keep any semblance of office hours. This, however, was only one of many difficulties that had to be surmounted. It had been a comparatively easy matter for me to meet his colleagues in the Government. With men like Milyukoff, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Rodzanko, the President of the Duma, for example, I simply got a line from Ambassador Francis, who was an old acquaintance of mine, and the door flew open.

With Kerensky there was no such sesame. Everybody wanted to see him and few succeeded. At that time Hugh Walpole, the novelist, was in charge of British propaganda in Petrograd. I told him of my desire to see Kerensky. I remember he said:

"For once you will fail. He is the most inaccessible man in Russia,—certainly to interviewers." I told him that it would make success all the more worthwhile.

In interviewing, as in regular commercial salesmanship, there is usually a way. Back in my newspaper reportorial days I had learned that everything was worth trying. It is a good rule to follow. Even if you did not succeed in reaching your man, there was a story in the attempt. Sometimes the tale of the "try" was more picturesque than the person sought.

Another reason made the conquest of Kerensky difficult. Before I left London I accumulated a number of valuable letters of introduction from British officials. Chief among them was a "To Whom It May Concern" letter from Lloyd George, which contained this sentence: "Mr. Marcosson goes to Russia on a mission that can only result in great good and I bespeak

for him every consideration." With this letter I could have seen anybody anywhere.

Unfortunately I did not have it at hand. In London the acting Russian Ambassador, Nabokoff, who had given me a *Laissez Passe,* told me that he believed the pre-revolution embargo on letters and books still existed at the frontier. He warned me that any papers I had on my person might be seized. He advised me therefore to send my letters by the King's Messenger in the British Embassy bag, which I did. These bags are inviolate.

The royal courier arrived in Petrograd a week after I did. When I inquired for my papers at the British Embassy they were not there. After diligent inquiry I discovered that a "brilliant" young attaché had sent them back to London by the same messenger who had brought them! I had to find some substitute for them,—certainly in the matter of the approach of Kerensky.

Just before I left London Nabokoff gave me a letter to his brother in Petrograd. It was too late for the Embassy bag so I had secreted it in one of my leather leggings. Something told me that this brother might be the good angel. I found to my delight that he was secretary to the new Provisional Government. Translating his job into American terms, it was as if he were secretary of our whole Cabinet.

I found him a charming and delightful person who spoke English fluently. I said to him: "I cannot leave Petrograd without seeing Kerensky. Can you fix it?"

He smiled and replied: "I want to help you, but Kerensky is the busiest man in Russia. So many demands are made upon him day and night that he can scarcely find time to attend the Cabinet meetings. I will do my best."

It was agreed between us that any news of a possible audience would be telephoned to me at my hotel, *Medvied,* which is the Russian name for Bear. Like most Petrograd hotels during that hectic period, it was a sort of madhouse sheltering a strange jumble of nationalities who went elevatorless, sugarless, bathless and almost breadless. The only thing we had in abundance was odour, which is an essential part of Petrograd "atmosphere." It was a new structure, and had been occupied just after the outbreak of the war. Telephones were scarce

before the hostilities: they were at a premium now. This meant that there were exactly three in the whole six-story building.

Four or five times a day I inquired about the telephone call for which I was so eagerly waiting. The porter who only spoke German and Russian always shook his head. One afternoon, however, I came in about five o'clock and asked my usual question. He replied:

"Yes, there is a telephone message." He fished into his pocket, dug out a crumpled piece of brown wrapping paper on which was written in English:

"Minister Kerensky will see Mr. Marcosson Saturday morning at ten o'clock at the Ministry of Justice."

Here was the long-expected message, two days old, and it was already Friday. I tore to the telephone, succeeded in getting Nabokoff who had arranged the appointment, and confirmed it. I relate this little incident to show the close shave I had in the preliminary to one of the most interesting experiences of my life.

Although Kerensky lived in a vortex of talk I did not know what languages he spoke. As a precaution I arranged to take a Russian interpreter along. This situation will serve to emphasise a real handicap in interviewing foreigners on their native heath. It is easy to make a man talk who speaks your own tongue, but when you are in an alien land and must depend upon your own knowledge of an alien speech or use an interpreter, the task is made doubly difficult.

During the past four years I have had to interview men representing at least eight different nationalities. With a knowledge of English, French and German you can get along anywhere, more especially with English and French. I include German to impress two important facts. One is that practically every world statesman speaks German: second the average man in public or business life in most European countries also speaks the former Kaiser's lingo for the reason that German merchants have been everywhere. Although the German in trade himself is a versatile linguist, the world learned his tongue.

In Russia, for example, whenever I found that a statesman could not speak English or French, I could always converse

with him in German. This is not surprising because before the war Russia was a business annex of Germany and unless some drastic steps are now taken, she will continue to be that. Nearly ten million people in Russia speak German at home or in business. It is an almost insurmountable barrier to Allied economic penetration.

Behind this matter of language is a vital "selling point" in interviewing. A foreigner is always pleased and flattered when he is interviewed in his own tongue. He talks much more readily and he is also more at ease. Yet, and this is especially true of the French, when it comes to discussing money, they unconsciously slip back to their native tongue. I recall that on one occasion I had a talk with Ribot who was then French Minister of Finance. He spoke English well and our conversation began in English. The moment he got down to finance, however, he spoke French.

The war, and more especially our part in it, has widened the world use of English. The Anglo-Saxon tongue is becoming more and more the language of diplomacy. It used to be French.

The Peace Treaty—the new World Magna Charta—signed by the German delegates at Versailles on June 28th, 1919, was printed in both English and French, which, to quote the official summary of that fateful proceeding, "are recognised as having equal validity."

All this is by way of prelude to the meeting with Kerensky. His office was in the Ministry of Justice, an ugly yellow building, misnamed a palace, on a side street that intersected the *Nevski Prospect,* which is the Broadway of Petrograd. I climbed two flights of broad stairs and found myself in an immense high-ceiled chamber, packed with people. They represented every walk of life. Apparently the whole new Russian democracy had come to lay its troubles at the door of the man who voiced its aspirations and embodied its hope. I have never seen such social contrasts as I saw there that April morning in 1917.

I made my way to an officer who, I discovered, spoke English. When I told him my name he said: "You are expected and your name comes first." Nabokoff had done his work thoroughly.

My appointment was for ten o'clock. Just before the big clock on the shabby wall indicated the hour, I heard the slamming of a door. A curious movement stirred the crowd. Instinctively we knew that Kerensky had arrived. Although we did not see him we felt his presence.

My eyes were turned to a pair of folding doors. Suddenly a little window on one of them popped open and a pale face peered out. Having seen many pictures of Kerensky, I knew that it was the man of the hour. The act betrayed one of his strong characteristics,—the theatrical. He was doing precisely what David Belasco or Otis Skinner would do on a "first night" at the play. He was "sizing up" the audience. Belasco or Skinner would look through a hole in the curtain: Kerensky used this little window in the door.

For a moment he surveyed the crowd which constantly grew in numbers. Then the little door closed with a bang and he was gone. I sat waiting my turn. Five, ten, fifteen minutes passed. Then the officer whom I had accosted upon my entrance, came up and said: "The Minister will see you now."

I entered a small room, bare as a monk's cell. At a flat-topped desk in the centre sat a man whose physical appearance fitted that ascetic environment. Of average height, spare build, with pale smooth face and high cheek-bones, greyish-black hair and blazing eyes, he looked the zealot that he was. His whole being seemed charged with a restless energy. He wore, as I recall it, a curious jacket with high collar and buttoned up close to the throat. It gave the finishing touch to a weird and unforgetable presence.

His manner was a strange combination of shyness and impetuosity. This paradox seems absurd at first glance but anything was possible with Kerensky. He violated every tradition of statesmanship for he was Premier and Commander-in-Chief of the Army at the same time. He was a contradiction to himself and to everyone else. But he made things happen.

No strategic approach or diplomatic manœuvring was necessary to make Kerensky talk. He began the moment we entered the office. I saw at once that my feeble knowledge of French would be wrecked before this torrent of speech. I asked him to use Russian, which he did.

I have heard most of the champion conversationalists of this

world, but I must confess that their talk is a tiny rivulet compared with the Niagara of words that rushed from those torrid lips. For one solid hour Kerensky discoursed with an earnestness and passion almost enthralling. Although I scarcely knew a word of Russian, I *felt* what he was saying. It was like watching Duse or Bernhardt act. They only employ their native tongue, yet without the slightest knowledge of Italian or French you understand the story of the drama they interpret. Kerensky has the same histrionic ability.

He told the story of the revolution and his part in it: he painted his ideals of a government in which a Constituent Assembly elected by the people would be the voice of the people. What interested me most were his impressions of people. For one thing he spoke of Lincoln. He said:

"All my life I have admired Abraham Lincoln. I often wonder what he would have done in this Russian crisis." As he talked with fervour about our own Great Emancipator, I seemed to see in him for the moment a Russian Lincoln. He had the same homely externals, the same humble origin: he was also a lawyer. Although we did not know it then, he, too, was soon to face bloody civil strife.

Kerensky spoke with great admiration of President Wilson. In the light of recent events, he uttered a prophecy which has been much in my mind of late. At that time there was a strong "peace with annexation" sentiment in Russia. It was one of the rocks on which the first Provisional Government foundered. Kerensky referred to the President's "peace without victory" speech, and said:

"If President Wilson adheres to the principles of that speech, he will be the dominating factor in the Peace Conference."

This forecast came true, but not through Kerensky's idea of a peace without victory. Wilson's authority in the Peace Conference was largely due to our own great part in the war and Europe's need of us in peace as well as in war.

It was impossible to speak with any eminent European in those days without a reference to Roosevelt. Kerensky hoped he would come to Russia. He felt that his galvanic personality would stir the Slavic imagination. The selection of Mr. Elihu Root as head of the American Mission to Russia had just been

announced. My inference from what Kerensky and his colleagues said was that they were surprised that a lawyer who had been conspicuously identified with reaction all his life should be sent to a people who had just overthrown it. Here is one reason why the American Mission did not obtain all the results that it had hoped to secure.

Kerensky's face, with its ghastly sallow, drawn features, and unearthly eyes, gave him the look of a dying man. In the first talk I had with him, as in many of his speeches, he referred to his physical condition for he was not strong. He did this so often that more than one person suspected that he converted his poor health into what we would call a theatrical "prop." In this, however, he was doing a typical Slavic thing. If you know Russian literature at all you know that disease and physical deformity are part of its realism. The Russian loves to read about such things. The more vividly they are portrayed the more he enjoys it.

Kerensky loves to do spectacular things. He delighted in making what actors call "a good entrance." If he were scheduled to speak at a public meeting, he waited until the audience was assembled and clamoured for his appearance. When apparently all hope of his arrival had been abandoned he would dash out on the stage in dramatic fashion, stop suddenly, fix the crowd with those haunting eyes, and let loose an avalanche of oratory. I saw him do this once at a crowded session of the famous Council of Workmen's and Soldiers' Delegates and it made a tremendous hit. This looks like acting, yet Kerensky was perfectly sincere about it. It was simply his way of doing things.

To have met both Kerensky and Lloyd George is to recognise at once a striking parallel between them up to a certain point. Each is self-made; each is a one-time pacifist who became Minister of War: each is a lawyer whose advent into national leadership was inspired by national peril: each is a brilliant and convincing orator: each rose to the premiership. Here the kinship ends. Lloyd George mounted the heights and remained there while Kerensky tasted the bitterness of downfall and exile.

I cannot resist the impulse to tell a story on Lloyd George which bears directly on the Kerensky tragedy. When I re-

turned to England from Russia in 1917, I was among the first to get back. On the day after my arrival, and at Lord Northcliffe's request, I gave an interview to *The Daily Mail* on the whole Russian situation. Kerensky's name was on every tongue, and I spoke much of him as the "Lloyd George of Russia." A few days later I saw Lloyd George and he seemed much pleased at this phrase. A year later, however, when I came back to England, Kerensky was down and out. The phrase that I had coined for him stuck, much to the irritation of the Prime Minister of England.

Why did Kerensky fail? There are many reasons,—some personal, some national. All bear directly upon this present troubled hour when the Bolshevism that overwhelmed him and his cause has reared its hideous head in our own midst, aided and abetted by the I. W. W. Profiting by his costly mistake, or rather by the tragedy of his indecision, America can crush the reptile that destroyed that hard-won Russian freedom if she stamps it out at once. Kerensky delayed and it was fatal.

To understand Kerensky's downfall, let me briefly recapitulate the closing scenes of his régime. The Provisional Government, which followed the overthrow of the Czar and which was dominated by Kerensky, immediately faced two malignant enemies. One was the Germans and Austrians abroad—the other the Bolshevists at home. These two forces of evil were in league with each other. Lenine, as you will see later in this chapter, arrived in Petrograd while I was still there. Aided by Trotsky, who came soon afterward, he began to debauch the Russian democracy. With propaganda and otherwise, they undermined the army morale that Kerensky, by word and deed, (he led the last offensive in person), had restored.

Kerensky's last opportunity to save himself developed after the first serious Bolshevist demonstration in July, 1917. That uprising was suppressed by the Cossacks under General Korniloff, a fine upstanding figure of a man. Trotsky was arrested and put in prison, while Lenine hid. There is a strong impression that had Kerensky acted with vigour and decision at that time, and employed the machine gun and the firing squad instead of conciliation, he might have stamped out the poisonous growth that was to be his undoing.

Instead, he quarrelled with Korniloff who had urged stern

measures, and eventually caused his arrest. From that time on he led a forlorn hope. Trotsky was permitted to leave jail. Lenine came back unashamed. In November, 1917, came the Bolshevik *coup* that established the so-called "Dictatorship of the Proletariat" with Lenine and Trotsky as dictators. It standardised anarchy and made human slaughter a fine art. The members of the Provisional Government were arrested and imprisoned. Kerensky fled to Sweden. Red Russia was born in a reign of terror more awful than any horror that the Czar had ever decreed.

Kerensky failed first because for one thing he was a dangerous optimist. He held the Government together in the early days with sweeping oratory and rare powers of conciliation. He thought he could do the same thing with the assassins of popular government masquerading as Bolshevists. Then, too, Kerensky's swift and enormous success accentuated a vanity that contributed to his disaster. Unfortunately, as events proved, he wanted, as we say in America, to be the "whole show." Superman that he was, he could not swing it. Had he joined forces with Korniloff he might have saved Russia. But apparently he wanted to go it alone. He had the rare qualities of magnetic and popular leadership, but he lacked executive ability. He temporised when he should have struck. Whatever his frailties he lived a great hour and contributed a meteoric but pathetic figure to the human interest of the war.

Although Kerensky monopolised the spot-light of the revolution, he was merely one of a group of unusual men. Each brought a picturesque personality and experience to that momentous period. The exact opposite of the flaming zealot I have just described and whose oratory was always on tap, was Prince Lvoff, the first Premier in the Provisional Government. He embodied a curious contradiction in that he was an aristocrat of the aristocrats wedded to the democratic idea.

Physically Lvoff was also the antithesis of Kerensky. Smaller in stature, he had the face and look of a poet. He seemed to behold always the vision of the great things. Where Kerensky was explosive, he spoke in a gentle voice. There was more logic and reason in five minutes of Lvoff's talk than in a whole day of Kerensky's.

It was no easy matter to see Lvoff. The Government was

in such an incessant turmoil of talk and change that the officials themselves scarcely knew where they stood. Lvoff bore a heavy burden of responsibility. Besides, he disliked to be interviewed.

Once more Nabokoff came to the rescue. I told him that it was important for America to know something of the personalities of the new leaders. I used this "selling argument" successfully with most of the Members of the Russian Cabinet. There is no doubt that America then was a name and a power to conjure with. Both Kerensky and Lvoff hoped that we would send over an army to help them against the Germans and the Austrians. Anyhow, the moment Lvoff realised that he could get a message to America through me he acquiesced. Here is revealed another phase of the "grand approach" in interviewing. In other words you must hold out the lure of some advantage to be gained by the interviewee.

I first met Lvoff in his office in a huge yellow and white structure that had been for many years the nest of Russian reaction. Oddly enough he sat at the same desk which had been used by Sturmer, the notorious Premier whose pro-German sympathies during the war were well known and who had been "cheek by jowl" with the monk Rasputin. It was a Commentary on the new order that this real trustee of the people should be dispersing justice and humanity inside the walls that had witnessed such dark and deadly conspiracy against the masses.

Lvoff spoke Russian, German and French, but little English. Patriotic Russians would not speak German so the conversation was in French. Although he had been one of the organisers of the *Zemstvos,* a public-spirited organisation with branches in every community, he had seldom been interviewed. He was therefore shy, almost diffident, at the start. Conversation, however, is a favourite Russian sport. With the possible exception of the French, I do not think that any people talk quite so much. When the novelty of the experience wore off Lvoff let loose and his conversation was most diverting.

Among other things he told me that as a very young man he had made a walking trip through our western country. He

said: "The first thing that impressed me about America was its vastness: the second was the extraordinary freedom of speech and action. I decided then that if the opportunity ever came to me in Russia I should like to translate some of those American ideals into action. That hour has now come."

The hour came, but unfortunately was never fully realised. Lvoff went the way of most of his colleagues. It was characteristic of the unconquerable spirit that defied Russian autocracy for so many years that a few months before the signing of the armistice Lvoff turned up in Siberia where, with a handful of devoted followers, he was trying to organise a movement for a new Russia.

After Kerensky perhaps the most tragic figure of the Revolution was Paul Milyukoff. He incarnated the irony that pursued all of his associates. This veteran of the long wars for reform who had endured exile, imprisonment, indeed every penalty that attached to the fight for freedom, saw his dream fulfilled and then shattered. He was the only member of the Provisional Government who really knew America. He spoke English fluently and had lectured in Chicago and New York. Having been an editor and a teacher, he was easy of approach. He represented one type of the professor in politics, but he lacked the shrewdness and the statesmanship of that other professor who attained the American presidency.

Personally Milyukoff appears to be the mildest mannered individual in the world. He has white hair and moustache and his kindly eyes beamed behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

He had a magnificent courage. It was never better revealed than in November, 1916, when he made the famous speech in the Duma in which he denounced Sturmer's pro-German intrigue to debase Russia and deliver her to her enemies.

That speech was something like the famous Revolutionary shot at Lexington. It was heard throughout Russia.

I saw him many times, but the first meeting with him will always stand out in my memory. It was on Easter Sunday and Petrograd was flooded with sunshine. In Russia spring comes with amazing swiftness. One day the world is bleak and ice-bound; the next morning it is a sea of slush.

On Easter Saturday I had gone to the Kazan Cathedral, with its superb pillared façade, to watch the charming festival

ALEXANDER KERENSKY

PRINCE GEORGE LVOFF

of the children. On this day every Russian child is supposed to take a home-made cake surmounted by a candle to church and have the cake blessed and the candle lighted by a priest. The cake becomes the centre of the holiday feast. I thought of this ceremony the following morning when I stood in the stately Foreign Office salon with its yellow silk hangings and massive crystal chandeliers and talked with Milyukoff who seemed to express the spirit of that glad Easter time.

He spoke entertainingly about the whole Russian situation. He looked eagerly for a close brotherhood with America. I asked him to give me a message for my own people. He sat down at his desk and wrote out the following:

"The new Russian democracy greets the great Republic of the United States and hopes to concur with them in the foundation of a new world on an enlarged international basis of law and freedom and goodwill of nations."

I reproduce this message to show that this amiable professor-statesman sounded one of the first notes of that concord now known as The League of Nations. Perhaps he did not realise it at the time, but it was prophetic.

To run the roster of that first Russian Cabinet as I saw it in Petrograd, is to uncover an almost incredible range of achievement. I doubt if any Government ever mobilised a greater variety of careers. Hard-headed business, for instance, was represented by Michael Tereshtchenko, who was Minister of Finance. He is the son of the Sugar Beet King of South Russia and had inherited his father's title and fortune. While Lvoff represented aristocracy, Tereshtchenko expressed plutocracy. He had studied at Oxford and spoke English with a British accent. He looked like the clear cut, carefully groomed, well set up young man of affairs whom you meet in a Wall Street broker's office.

Before we began our nation-wide campaigns for funds Tereshtchenko launched a Liberty Loan in Petrograd. I believe he was the first to give a war loan this title. He called it, however, the Loan of Liberty. Incidentally he wrote every line of advertising that was put out. He was a pioneer in using war equipment for war loan purposes because on the day the loan started I was nearly run over on the *Nevsky Prospect* by a huge armoured car, plastered over with posters

and manned by excited Russian soldiers, distributing loan leaflets.

Tereshtchenko was a live wire when it came to interviewing. He was so full of speech that it almost overflowed. It was therefore only necessary to guide the currents. In one respect he resembled Sir Eric Geddes. He found Russian finance a terrible jumble of debt and misappropriation, so he said: "Our first task is to establish a system of adequate bookkeeping. We cannot work until we have statistics." It was the simple application of business methods. The Bolsheviki shot his system to pieces. According to their idea, money, as well as human beings, is a thing to be destroyed.

No Petrograd figure was more striking however than Michael Rodzanko, the President of the Duma. He was the first member of the Government that I met. In singling him out as the initial "victim" I was merely following an old rule of mine in interviewing.

When I got to Petrograd I found that Ambassador Francis and Rodzanko had become good friends. They lived on the same street and saw each other often. Rodzanko spoke English fluently, which helped in the relationship. The Ambassador informed me that I would not have the slightest difficulty in meeting the head of the Duma. He arranged the interview.

My first encounter with him was somewhat unconventional. He lived on the top floor of a large apartment house. Petrograd, like New York, has the apartment house habit. I had to use a French "operated by the passenger" elevator. When I got half way up it stuck between landings. I tried in every conceivable way to start it, but without success. I had seen a sleepy-looking porter down in the lobby, so I yelled down to him. He was Russian, and did not understand a word of English. His dumb brain could not comprehend that I wanted to continue my ascent. He probably took my yell for a good humoured greeting. He simply looked up and grinned.

Suddenly I heard the booming of a voice above. It sounded like the explosion of a forty-two centimetre shell. The porter galvanised into action and in a few minutes the elevator shot upward. At the landing I saw a mountain of a man. It was

Rodzanko who, having heard my sounds of distress, had come to the rescue himself.

Rodzanko is one of the most massive human beings I have ever seen. Nature must have intended that he should preside over the stormiest session in the history of the Duma. He personified big-boned authority. He looked—and when in the Duma he acted—like a four-ply edition of the late Thomas B. Reed. In parliamentary matters he too was a real czar.

Being a stout man, Rodzanko is naturally inclined to be amiable. However, I fortified myself for this meeting with an irresistible asset. It pays to be prepared. Various people had told me that Rodzanko had his presidential lightning rods out. Human nature is the same the world over even in reddest Russia. The moment that the Czar was overthrown a score of possible candidates for the presidency developed. As time passed nearly everybody wanted to be the first President of the Republic of Russia. Rodzanko was merely one of the many. At that time it looked as if he had the best chance.

I said to him:

"I feel that I am meeting the first President of the Republic of Russia."

His broad face broke into a luminous smile and he replied:

"I hope it may come true."

If Rodzanko had felt the slightest reserve about talking with me, this exchange of courtesies would have melted it. Even with men of sterner mould such a passage as I have described is an unfailing aid to speech. It proves that most people are susceptible human beings after all.

Rodzanko really precipitated the Revolution. During the prelude to the Seven Days and when Petrograd was a smouldering volcano, he sent the Czar a telegram, asking him to form a new Government. Without waiting to hear from their royal master, his representatives in Petrograd ordered the Duma dissolved. It was the custom of the reactionary government to have a supply of such documents on hand signed and sealed for any emergencies. Upon receipt of this order Rodzanko rose in his seat and towering like a mountain of wrath said:

"They have dissolved the Duma, but it will not be dissolved.

Stand with me, my colleagues. From this time on, the Duma is the constituted authority of Russia."

Rodzanko was no respecter of power. Around him rallied the forces that now broke loose against their ancient oppressors. Thus he will always have a permanent place in the annals of those days. I shall always remember him, however, as a kindly rescuer.

There is no need of making a further tour through that first Russian Cabinet. Kerensky, Milyukoff, Lvoff, and Tereshtchenko had their full mates in Gutchkoff, the soldier-banker who defied labour aggression in the same way that he fought the Japanese: in Konavoloff, the textile king who became Minister of Commerce and Industries: in Shingareff, the doctor who became Minister of Agriculture and who launched a system which would probably have solved that eternal Russian agrarian problem, and all the rest of that group. They made history once. Perhaps they will make it again.

When you analyse that first Russian Revolution and particularly the reasons for its failure, you find a striking analogy with grand opera. Late in that momentous April of 1917 the first strains of Bolshevism rose like a discordant note. At first it was drowned in the tumult and the shouting over a swift emancipation. Like a base *motif* the discord swelled until it drowned out that earlier chant of real liberation.

The evil spirit of that national opera was Nikolai Lenine who became the red-handed dictator of Russia. Although I saw him several times I did not meet him. Regarding this omission, and a lost opportunity to meet the German Kaiser That Was, I have the same feeling. I should have looked upon each adventure as an excursion into crime.

Lenine, always an agitator, was in exile in Switzerland when the Revolution broke. In the general amnesty which was at once declared in Russia all bars were let down. From foreign countries and more especially from Siberia, the exiles flocked home. It was a moving and dramatic spectacle—this return of the patriots who had endured the long martyrdom. No sight that Petrograd witnessed those days was more pathetic than the arrival of Catherine Breshkovsky, "The Little Grandmother of the Revolution," heroine of the crusade

for freedom. Kerensky met her in person at the station and escorted her to the Duma amid a frenzy of tears and cheers.

Lenine received no such ovation nor was his heart stirred by the same deep emotion and thanksgiving that shook most of his fellow-exiles. He travelled almost direct from Switzerland to the Russian frontier in a sealed car. The average traveller would have to come out through France and then across England, Norway and Sweden. The German Government, as is well known, gave him every possible facility. If the Germans had not realised then, as they did discover to their immense profit later on, that Lenine was their ally, they would not have showered him with courtesies. They knew their man.

Most Americans believe that Lenine is a "low brow." Far from it. He is an hereditary nobleman, educated in Kazan University and the University of Petrograd, where he specialised in law and economics. By an extraordinary coincidence—and I doubt if this fact has ever been stated before—both Lenine and Kerensky were born in the town of Simbirsk.

I first saw Lenine in circumstances that left no doubt about his attitude towards the United States. We were among the first of the great nations to recognise the new Provisional Government and to pledge our aid to her in the war. This, of course, irritated the Leninites who bitterly opposed the war and who desired an immediate and separate peace with Germany. Subsequently they achieved their desire at Brest-Litovsk.

I was standing in front of the American Embassy one day when I heard the noise of an approaching mob. Down the street came a gang of ruffians carrying red banners and making a demonstration against the Embassy. At the head marched a man of medium height, high shoulders, rather reddish face and with brown moustache and scraggy beard. His eyes flamed with fervour.

"Who is that person at the head of the procession?" I asked a Russian standing nearby.

"His name is Lenine," was the reply.

After that demonstration, and at the request of the Ambassador, an armed guard was placed at the Embassy.

At that time no one in Petrograd, certainly none of the

high Government officials, regarded Lenine as a real menace. It was a fatal and costly neglect. He was practically looked upon for a time as what we would call a "soap box orator." Had these optimists only read the future, they would have learned that this soap box was loaded with an explosive destined to destroy the fruits of freedom.

Lenine's mode of existence during the first few months after his return was not exactly in harmony with the much-vaunted idea of the simple life of the proletariat. I was returning to my hotel from a dinner at the house of an American long resident in Petrograd late in April. We passed a brilliantly illuminated palace out of which came sounds of revelry.

"Who is having the joy party?" I inquired of one of my companions. He replied:

"That palace was occupied before the revolution by the Czar's favourite actress, who lived in splendid style. When Lenine and his followers arrived they took possession and are still celebrating."

When Lenine, whose name is pronounced without the final "e," and Trotsky, who arrived after I left Petrograd, succeeded in deposing the Provisional Government, they instigated a carnival of crime which had not been equalled since the French Revolution. The consequences will affect all posterity.

Even the madness of Bolshevism cannot utterly destroy a nation with nearly two hundred millions of people. They remain and they must be salvaged in some way. How? That is the supreme question.

The Peace Conference was unable to shape a definite procedure toward Russia. Whatever happens one thing seems certain. When real European reconstruction crystallises at least one nation will have a clear-cut Russian policy. That nation will be Germany. To the average Russian in business, and despite all their frightfulness in war she spells law and order. He will turn to Germany for commercial rehabilitation. Propinquity is usually the mother of economic assimilation. Out of every mistake made by Allies, Bolshevists, and real reformers in Russia she will capitalise an advantage for herself. On it she will rear much of the structure of her material regeneration.

CHAPTER X

PERSHING AND WOOD

Although I saw much that was stirring and dramatic during the war, two particular events stand out vividly in the recollection of those crowded years. One was that April dawn on the Russian border when I learned that we had entered the great struggle. It was a fit prelude to the aftermath of the revolution that overthrew the Czar.

The other was an October afternoon in 1917 when I first saw the Stars and Stripes float over American fighting men up in the zone of the armies in France. That flag indicated the approach to an unforgetable adventure in interviewing. It heralded my introduction to General Pershing.

There was more than ordinary professional interest in this initial meeting with the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force. For nearly three years I had followed the trail of alien soldier and statesman. I had seen a million men in action under many standards. Now I had come to my own people, arrived at last on the frontiers of freedom.

Their advent was largely embodied then in General Pershing. No living American perhaps was ever hurled into the limelight more swiftly than this grave-eyed soldier. His exploits in the Philippines and his dash into Mexico after Villa had given him a considerable reputation but it was confined to his own countrymen. Over-night there flashed everywhere the news that he was to head the American Army in France. To our hard-pressed Allies it meant the breath of life and hope. To the average citizen in this country it aroused interest and curiosity in the personality of a man suddenly charged with immense responsibilities.

Since that time General Pershing has become, with the possible exception of President Wilson, the most famous American of his day. Yet little is known about his personal side. He has hidden his real self behind a reserve that is

one of his chief characteristics. So far as France is concerned there is no fund of anecdote or story. When human interest historians visited him in quest of biographical information, like Sir Douglas Haig, he said: "Write about the Army." This aloofness made the task of interviewing him, of even seeing him, most difficult.

Of all my war experiences the contacts with General Pershing meant the most to me for the reason that he represented distinct American achievement. Likewise, they spanned practically our whole overseas participation in the conflict in which we were the deciding factor. At the time of that first interview he was head of a mere vanguard of the coming millions. When next I saw him he led a khakied host that had already written its heroism at Cantigny and Château Thierry and was preparing for St. Mihiel.

To have seen General Pershing in that autumn of 1917 was to realise the handicaps under which our effort abroad was launched. The first real evidence that the American Army was an active partner in the business of war came on September first when the General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force were established at *Chaumont*, a charming little town up in the *Haute Marne* about four hours journey by rail from Paris.

Until the signing of the Armistice its name was jealously guarded. As was the case with *Montreuil,* the headquarters of Sir Douglas Haig, it was always referred to as "G. H. Q." For years to come it will be a shrine for American pilgrims, for here we really set up our military shop.

Chaumont has another and little-known historical value. Back in 1814 it was the scene of a notable gathering of the Allies who framed a treaty against Napoleon. America was then a child among the nations. A century later, and with that identical French setting, she unfurled a banner that now meant a world authority.

I planned my first trip to Chaumont so that I could see our little American Army before I met its Commander. At that time we had two divisions in the north of France. The First, composed of regulars, was at *Gondrecourt;* the Twenty-sixth (New England) Division was at *Neufchateau,* about fifteen miles away.

To Mr. D. J. Marcesson.
With Sincere Regards.
John J. Pershing.

At the railway station at Gondrecourt I got my first actual sight of America in France. It was a rangy military policeman lounging against the wall of the weatherbeaten ticket office. As I sped down the road in a military car I caught a gleam of red against the green and brown background of the Vosges. It was an American flag flying over a camp of regulars.

Afterwards I saw scores of other American flags waving in the midst of hundreds of thousands of Yankees in the field but they never evoked quite the same emotion as that solitary and lonely outpost of our vast endeavour in the war.

I spent the night at Neufchateau, at an alleged hotel, where the first group of American newspaper correspondents accredited to the Expeditionary Force had a mess. It was not until the following afternoon that I reached Chaumont.

The sleepy town had not grown accustomed to the unfamiliar presence of American soldiers. Only a headquarters troop had been assigned there. You saw an occasional Yankee stepping gingerly along the streets as if he were feeling his way. A year later, when I returned, our men owned the place. They outnumbered the inhabitants. Such was one aspect of America's Miracle in France.

In the mass of writing about the deeds of the doughboy there has been a curious neglect of the General Headquarters. There were two good reasons for this omission. One was the secrecy and censorship enjoined during the war; the other resulted from the quick diversion of popular interest to the Army of Occupation, as soon as the Germans collapsed.

Yet this establishment has a definite place in history. It was located in what the French call a *caserne,* which means a military barracks. You can see them in every large city in France. All have the same architecture. They are ordinarily four-story brick quadrangles with a parade ground in front. The lower floors are used for offices and the rest are quarters for the men. The entrance is an iron gateway flanked by sentry boxes.

The barracks at Chaumont differ in no way from a dozen others except they are larger than usual. The nearer you get to the German frontier the more elaborate become the French military arrangements.

It was late that October afternoon when I reached the American G. H. Q. At the gate flew French and American flags. Half a dozen American soldiers were on duty. The weather was grey, bleak and cold, and the damp chill seemed to have penetrated into everybody's bones. It took our men a long time to grow accustomed to the French climate. Some never did. Those pioneers of 1917 got a full dose of it.

Being prepared, as I have frequently pointed out in these chapters, is half of the interviewing game. It not only means knowledge of the man you want to interview and some degree of familiarity with his particular interests but, if possible, some strong credential. In the case of General Pershing I had a letter of introduction from Secretary of War Baker, whom I had known for years. I had talked with him at Washington before I departed on this particular trip and I had told him that I wanted to round out my experience with five Allied Armies by seeing something of the American. I did not know then that I would meet General Pershing but I got the letter as a piece of insurance. When the opportunity developed to see the General, I was prepared. Readiness for emergency is as important in interviewing as in war.

General Pershing's office was on the second floor of that battered old barracks building. It is a long room with many windows. As I entered, the General sat at a flat-topped desk with his back to the light. It gave him a sort of shadowy appearance, and showed the four silver stars on his shoulder-straps in vivid relief.

When he rose I got my first impression of the man. He is taller than Foch, Petain or Haig, with broad shoulders, deep chest and fine military bearing. Save only Haig, he is the most commanding figure among all the Allied Generals.

Still more impressive is his face. Foch has an unusual visage but it is not quite so human as Pershing's. Anxiety had already written deep lines in his cheeks, and the grave, almost wistful, look had come into his eyes. There is about him that indefinable thing which spells leadership and inspires confidence. In the last analysis it is what I would call "just Pershing."

The moment you meet Pershing you encounter the reserve which is his principal bulwark. At that meeting I contem-

plated no writing about the American Army or about him. I merely wanted to pay my respects. Hence he felt freer than usual to speak.

To make Pershing talk you must adopt the same tactics that you use with Sir Douglas Haig. Their general attitude toward the public, so far as communication with it is concerned, is much the same, although Pershing has had a much larger and more intimate contact with writing men then his British colleague. He knows their language.

Both Pershing and Haig have a deep-rooted diffidence about personal exploitation. They shy from it. This unaffected modesty tends to put a Maxim silencer on their general conversational powers. The only way to make them "open up" is to start to talk about a subject in which they are vitally interested.

In that first session with General Pershing I remember that I spoke at once about the Italian Army. I was fresh from the Carso; I had seen Cadorna's troops in action on several fronts. The Italians were keen to have a visit from the American Commander-in-Chief, and had asked me to speak a good word for them. I assured him that he would have a royal welcome.

I discoursed with enthusiasm about what I had seen in Italy,—(it was before the tragedy of Caporetto)—and Pershing seemed interested. He said: "I want to see the Italian Armies in the field as soon as possible." This conversation about Italy served to launch his flow of talk.

What happened merely emphasises one of the fundamental rules in interviewing taciturn people. With quiet, aloof men of the Pershing type, any kind of interviewing is doomed to failure if you leave the initiative to the interviewee. It means a perfunctory exchange of amenities about the weather or your journey and all is over. But if you can take up a live topic and set the talk waves in motion you are saved. In this case I felt that Pershing would be interested in a first-hand account of the Italian Army, and he was. It led to other subjects and the conversation became brisk.

I asked General Pershing to state what he considered the strongest appeal that could be made in America to hearten the advance guard of our Armies overseas and those about to

come. He replied: "The American Army in France must be made to feel that there is a united country behind it. It means everything."

. That first meeting with the "C. in C."—as he is called for short—in 1917 merely served as an introduction. When I returned to France in July, 1918, to write the story of the Services of Supply for *The Saturday Evening Post* I saw the real Pershing and likewise got my insight into his economic statesmanship.

The phrase "economic statesmanship" may have a foreign sound when applied to war but it is as essential to the successful conduct of a conflict these days as a knowledge of tactics or strategy. Although he never spent an hour in a business office in his life, Pershing personifies the application of the fundamental rules of trade to the thing called war. He is a better business man than any of his Allied colleagues. Foch and Haig, for instance, know how to deploy men but Pershing can not only do this but, like Kitchener, is a master organiser. Because this particular aspect of him has not been exploited it is well worth explaining.

It was a transformed Chaumont that I saw in the summer of 1918. The one-time sleepy town was all abustle. The hills about were alive with American troops; American police guarded the gates and were in control of the railroad station. Instead of a handful of shivering, homesick, pioneers we had a million men in France and three hundred thousand were arriving every thirty days.

Those General Headquarters, so bleak, deserted and forlorn the autumn before, were the nerve centre of a mighty effort well under way. Pershing was Commander-in-Chief of a fighting army that had proved its mettle and was growing more formidable each day.

But it was the Army behind that Army that interested me. The account of how I got the authority to be its first chronicler reveals perhaps a new phase of Pershing, the administrator.

I saw him in the same office where we had met the year before. Like France, it was changed. It seemed charged with a latent movement, yet all that you saw to indicate it was a big, broad-shouldered man sitting at a flat-topped desk.

Pershing looked older. Those intervening months had

etched new lines upon his serious face. His eyes were graver, his manner, always kindly, was a trifle more austere.

Soldiers, like big business men, know the value of time. The quicker you can swing into action the better they like it. Preliminaries to interviews, like introductions to books, are as useless as they are obsolete.

This time the General anticipated me, because he opened fire first. He said:

"What have you in mind?"

"I want to write the complete story of the Services of Supply but I cannot do it without your co-operation," I replied.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Give me complete authority to see everything and let me write about it without reservation," I responded.

Without hesitation he answered:

"You shall have it."

Having gained my first ground, I followed it up with this:

"I cannot do this job thoroughly without using men's names." Names had been tabooed in all army writing.

He thought a moment and then responded:

"You're right."

This brief exchange shows two Pershing characteristics, swiftness of action and directness of speech.

In putting the matter of a comprehensive interpretation of the Services of Supply up to him I had one convincing "selling point" in my favour. Prior to that time no one had dug deeply or authoritatively into this all-important domain of the American Expeditionary Force because, first, it had just struck its real stride, and second, the war was in full swing and the mantle of censorship was over everything. I knew that Pershing wanted the American people to know something of the sweat and sacrifice necessary to feed, equip and supply his combat troops. I told him that the psychological moment for it had arrived.

The net result of that interview was an order from the Chief of Staff of the Expeditionary Force which I carried on my

long and arduous investigation of the S. O. S. I believe it was the only document of the kind given by General Pershing during the war.

Now that the war is over, I can write something about the Services of Supply and more especially about the Commander-in-Chief's connection with its origin, that not only reveals his remarkable foresight, which is one of his greatest gifts, but also discloses some unwritten history. Once more you get an aspect of Pershing, the business man.

When our Army began to arrive in France the French wanted to merge our supply system with theirs. If Pershing had assented to this procedure we would have been unable to make the effort that we registered. Although the French service of supply was a marvel of co-ordination and efficiency, its *morale* suffered during some of the French reverses. If we had not built up our own machine, things would not have gone so well in more than one crisis.

In line with the French proposal to assimilate our supply system was another suggestion that our early armies abroad be employed as replacement troops with both the French and the British.

General Pershing vetoed both of these schemes so far as emergencies permitted. America had come to France *as America* and he wanted to maintain the national integrity of our participation. When our men were sandwiched in with troops of other nationalities there was usually friction. In addition, they did not feel the same lift and spirit as when they were "on their own." No one knew this better than Pershing himself.

At the start Pershing was something of a puzzle to the French. It resulted from his frank, open, Anglo-Saxon way of saying and doing things. Until the Great War the French Army was always hopelessly involved in politics. With 1914 it did not get entirely out of the habit as the downfall of Nivelle proved. When Pershing came along to do a soldier's job, without idea of political fear or favour, the French were astonished.

The British understood and liked him from the start. Shortly after his first visit to *Montreuil* I dined there with a high staff officer. He said: "That 'C. in C.' of yours is the

real thing. Unlike most of you Americans he doesn't talk much."

I have spoken of Pershing's foresight. It was backed up by hard-headed business sense. In that dark day when the headquarters of the American Expeditionary Force was housed in a modest little building in the *rue Constantine* in Paris and the whole staff could sit around a single table, Pershing had the vision of an all-American Army and an all-American offensive and supply. He persevered and his idea had rich and thrilling fulfillment at San Mihiel.

The whole Services of Supply, which was the backbone of the American Expeditionary Force, represented a dramatisation of Pershing's business acumen. There can be no economic statesmanship without vision, and Pershing has this asset. During the autumn of 1917 there were optimists at home and abroad who believed that five hundred thousand American troops were ample in France. If Pershing had based the "S. O. S." on this figure we could never have massed, fed and equipped those gallant millions who flocked overseas in the summer of 1918. Why? Simply because the "S. O. S." machine was made so elastic that it could meet any demands made upon it.

Pershing's business instinct fathered this plan. He did just what the head of a growing industrial concern would do. In the phraseology of commerce "orders were coming in fast" and he wanted to be ready for any extension of output that might be necessary. And he was ready.

While General Pershing held tenaciously to his idea of national unity in his fighting and supply agencies, he was the real father of the standardisation of Allied Supply. It was one of the many distinctively American contributions—dictated by business experience—to the final victory. He did this, however, only *after* he had reared a remarkable machine —American from the ground up—to feel, equip and transport his army.

General Pershing put this merging proposition through in the face of immense difficulties and obstacles. It was like a vast "selling campaign." Lloyd George, Clemenceau, Foch, Loucheur, the French Minister of Munitions, and Winston Spencer Churchill, who had the corresponding post in the Brit-

ish Cabinet, all had to be canvassed and convinced. Pershing's right hand man in these delicate and historic negotiations was his friend of many years, Brigadier General Charles G. Dawes, the General Purchasing Agent of the A. E. F. in France, and who expressed the highest type of American business man who entered the war-time service of his country.

This whole procedure shows Pershing, the business man, at his best. He had matched the Supreme Command at the fighting front with a kindred Supreme Command of the rear, under a Military Board of Allied Supply. Employing a parallel with finance this latter organisation was a sort of holding company for the group of subsidiary corporations represented by the supply organisations of the American, British and French Armies.

Another business trait in General Pershing is his uncanny power of analysis. When an enthusiastic and impulsive subordinate came to him with a "heaven-born idea" convinced that he had an epoch-making proposition, he soon discovered that the child of his mind was booked for a diagnosis that stripped it to its foolish hide. Often when Pershing got through with his probe there was very little to bury. His rule is: "Analyse first—and then analyse again."

In one important branch of the business of war Pershing held rigidly to business precedent. There is a common impression that favouritism is the chief aid to promotion in the service. No Commander ever held more firmly to efficiency as the first measure of advance than he. He saw old friends and comrades go into the discard because it was a war of youth and vitality.

Not only did General Pershing himself personify business as we know it in America, but he yielded to no man, in his appreciation of the work of business men. He never lost sight of the value and training of the regular soldier but he also welcomed the so-called Reserve Officer. Without these men, recruited from counting-room and factory, the Services of Supply could never have reached the scope that it developed.

To have touched the American Army organisation in France as I had the privilege of touching it, was to learn the full meaning of the word "function." It was the lubricant of that far-flung machine. All those variegated agencies had

to "function" day and night. A single break would have thrown a monkey wrench in a highly organised co-ordination. Pershing was the mainspring of all the functioning. It was —and is—his middle name.

The more you study Pershing, the business man, the more you realise the striking kinship between his Army scheme and business. Again I can reveal some unwritten history. Pershing insisted upon a complete authority vested in himself. He has the same attitude toward an army that Northcliffe has toward his newspapers and that Harriman had toward his railways. Some one must be in responsible control and that control must be undisputed. It is the only way. In war, as in peace, the beneficent despot accomplishes more than the temporising chief, afraid to decide.

In an army recruited from a democracy such as ours this procedure sometimes grated. There was a time when Pershing's inflexible stewardship was not received with unanimous favour at home. The moment, however, that the objectors saw the army that he had reared and maintained with a single-headed control, they were the first to acquiesce to a continuous flow of authority from him.

The instinct of organisation shown by General Pershing proves that genius, developed in one activity, is invariably applicable to another. If Pershing, for example, had entered finance or trade, he never would have been a lay figure. He would have led. In the same way, if the late J. P. Morgan or E. H. Harriman had gone in for soldiering they would have developed a Field Marshal's calibre.

General Pershing showed his appreciation of business tactics in another and little-known fashion. It grew out of the immense area covered by the American Expeditionary Force. The Combat and Supply wings of the British Army, for example, were confined to a comparatively small zone. We, on the other hand, practically ranged the whole country from Marseilles in the south up to the German border. Pershing made it a point to keep in personal touch with his forces at the front and behind the lines.

He had a characteristic way of showing up unexpectedly at Corps and Divisional Headquarters. In the same way I have seen him wandering through the "G. H. Q." buildings

at Chaumont. He was just like the General Manager of an industry with many branches, who "popped in" as the English say, without warning. This performance in the business of production as well as in the trade of killing, tends to keep establishments ready for inspection all the time.

He could not do all this darting about in an automobile, so he used a special train, which was a headquarters on wheels. In this he emulated Harriman and James J. Hill. Their railway systems covered thousands of miles. Both of these magnates believed in knowing what was going on up and down the lines. When they went out on tours of inspection they took their offices with them. Marshal Foch had a special train, but General Pershing was the pioneer.

The Headquarters Special or "the C. in C.'s train" as it is called, consisted of sleeping cars with accommodations for guests, a complete office establishment in what the British call a saloon carriage, a dining car, a car equipped with telegraph and telephone apparatus and for general electrical use. There was also a flat car to carry two automobiles. This enabled the Commander-in-Chief to side-track his train anywhere and go off to see a unit camped near-by.

The saloon carriage of this train was the scene of many a memorable session during the war. To it came Foch, Haig, Clemenceau, Petain, and many of the other outstanding actors in the great drama. General Pershing also used it for Staff conferences on the road.

There was one typical American feature about this train. The general telephone and telegraph system in France was never anything to brag about. The war only made it worse. Frequently Pershing stopped his train and had his portable telegraph or telephone instruments connected with the wires that parallel the tracks. It guaranteed good service.

General Pershing's special train was such a great success that when Major General James G. Harbord became Commanding General of the Services of Supply he also equipped one for his inspection trips. It was an exact replica of the Headquarters Special.

It only remains to speak of a phase of General Pershing's character which the war developed to richest maturity. Earlier in this book and in writing specifically about Sir Douglas Haig,

I said that contrary to popular belief, the great Allied captains were men of deep character and spiritual vision, whose real natures are keenly attuned to noble aspirations. General Pershing fitted readily into this high comradeship of the spirit. Before he went to France he was deeply religious. His contact with the war merely intensified it.

His experience, I might add, was not unusual. Soldiers who had almost flouted the idea of church-going at home came under the spell of the church in France. Nor was it due to any sickly sentimentality. Bang up against the grim things day and night, their whole inner beings underwent a change. The war became a giant crucible in which men were recast. They emerged with a whole new conception of life.

General Pershing did not need this stimulus. There is a wide impression that he was confirmed in the Episcopal Church after he went to France. This is not true. He entered the Anglican Church in the Philippines in 1912. The officiating clergyman was Bishop Brent, that eloquent and militant churchman, beloved of our whole Army, who was the Senior Chaplain of the American Expeditionary Force. He had the rare experience of seeing the soldier whom he confirmed in Holy Trinity Church at Zamboanga become the head of the greatest army ever assembled under the American flag.

In this world of contrasts, strong men are sometimes ashamed of their piety. They hide it in just the same way that they shrink from acknowledging a good deed. General Pershing has never flaunted his devoutness nor has he denied it. Whatever his desire, he has no alternative. It is written in his face.

More than one keen observer has caught something of the uplift of the Crusader in the character and ideal of the American Army in France. It is not surprising. The inspiration came from the top. The spectacle of General Washington praying at Valley Forge had a full companion picture more than once in the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force making his supreme appeal, far up in the Vosges. To his achievement as soldier, diplomat and business administrator he has brought the added distinction of being a spiritual cavalier.

This attempt at interpretation of General Pershing would

not be complete without a reference to a soldier who was perhaps his closest companion overseas. I doubt if any man, no matter what his mission, saw the "C. in C." without first running a gauntlet in the shape of Colonel Carl Boyd.

This fine and upstanding officer went to France with his Chief. He did everything but sleep outside his door. Boyd was the buffer between the interviewer and his goal. Likewise, he had a marvellous system of co-ordinating and codifying all the papers that passed across General Pershing's desk. His life seemed dedicated to saving the General from worry and unnecessary work. The invariable answer that Pershing made when most people pressed hard for an audience was:

"See Boyd."

One of the tragedies of those days of relief that followed the signing of the Armistice was the sudden death from pneumonia of Colonel Boyd. I doubt if the loss of any man in the war affected General Pershing quite as much as the passing of this Senior Aide who rendered a service to his Chief no less heroic than that of the men who battled at the front.

Just as General Pershing was the centre of American military interest abroad during the war so did Major General Leonard Wood occupy a somewhat similar position at home but with this difference: Pershing directed the whirlwind of actual conflict while Wood rode the storm of bitter controversy. To both of these men the European struggle meant much. It gave Pershing a spectacular opportunity to become a world citizen; it inflicted upon Wood the keenest disappointment of his life.

Pershing and Wood share more than a gallant comradeship in the American Army. What most people seem to forget is the fact that each of them owed his sensational rise in the Army to the same man—Theodore Roosevelt. Wood was Roosevelt's immediate superior officer in the Rough Riders; Pershing was intimately known to the President as a soldier of brains and efficiency. Although each promotion over the heads of hundreds of officers was roundly criticised it was merit, and merit alone, that dictated their swift advancement.

When America entered the European struggle it seemed a foregone conclusion that Wood would be Commander-in-

Anderson Photo Co., Kansas City, Mo.

MAJOR-GENERAL LEONARD WOOD

Chief of our Expeditionary Forces. In seniority and experience he was the logical choice. He had seen active service against the Indians, the Filipinos and the Spaniards. He had impressed his talents as administrator, for he had been Military Governor of Cuba and Chief of the General Staff at Washington. The glamour of the Rough Riders was still about him. When Lord Cromer was asked who should be his logical successor in Egypt he replied: "Major-General Leonard Wood of the American Army."

Hence there was considerable surprise when Pershing was chosen to lead our Armies overseas. Almost immediately Wood's friends began to assert that he was the victim of politics. A violent discussion arose and the net result was that Wood came to be regarded as a martyr. The whole incident has been most unfortunate for the reason that neither principal lent himself personally to the incident.

I think I am stating the facts when I say that the real reason why General Pershing was selected as Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Force was that he had been in command of the most recent American Army on active service. Having led the punitive expedition into Mexico after Villa he was eligible.

I first met General Wood late in 1916. I had seen something of the Great War and I was naturally interested in American preparedness. Like many others who had touched the bloody business in France I felt that we must inevitably array ourselves on the side of justice and humanity. Likewise I realised how utterly unready we were.

I wanted to write an article that would be my contribution to the propaganda of preparedness. I chose General Wood as the symbol of it and went to see him at Governor's Island, where he was then stationed as Commander of the Department of the East. He sat at a weather-beaten desk in the old wind-swept building on the "Island" to military memory dear, and where Hancock, Meade, MacDowell, Miles, and other luminaries had ruled the destinies of the Army of the East in years gone by.

Although I had seen many portraits of Wood none, save only the Sargent painting, does him justice. He looks the fighting type with his keen eyes, firm jaw, and splendid,

soldierly bearing. Indeed the two most commanding physical figures in the whole American military service to-day are Wood and Pershing. Although the former is not a West Pointer, which is one reason why a certain prejudice has always existed against him in the Army, he personifies the smartness which only the "Point" appears to develop.

In conversation as well as in writing and speaking, Pershing and Wood are absolutely unlike. Pershing is shy and reserved both in public appearance and private audience. Wood, on the other hand, is much more human and accessible. He makes a splendid speech and writes an extremely good article.

I saw Wood frequently during the preparation of the article about him which was afterwards published in book form. He was an admirable subject because his entire life from childhood up was a living example of preparation for emergency. He once told me a story which illustrated this trait in interesting fashion. When he was Governor of the Moro Province in the Philippines—it was the fiercest of all the Island bailiwicks—he had many clashes with savage cunning. More than once he blocked it with knowledge and foresight as this incident shows:

A delegation of Mohammedan polygamists came to see him to plead for their harems and justify slave-holding at the same time. The Sultan of Jolo, who sat cross legged on his rug, spoke up:

"The Prophet has said that a man may have many wives. It is so ordained in the Koran."

"That is quite true," replied General Wood. "I have read it there myself." All the Mohammedans looked up with pleasure and satisfaction.

"But," continued the General, "the Prophet also says that a wise man will be content with one."

There was nothing more to be said and the Moros left stunned into silence and obedience by what they believed to be the wizardry of the Big White Chief who was as wise as he was brave.

Leonard Wood has been pre-eminently a prophet of preparedness. If he had only fostered the celebrated Plattsburg Idea he would have achieved an innovation that makes the whole country his permanent debtor. Aside from his own

conviction in the matter, the value of compulsory training was strongly impressed upon Wood by Field Marshal Von der Goltz, for many years the military mentor of the German Crown Prince.

Wood and Von der Goltz met when they were sent on Missions to celebrate the Centenary of the Independence of the Argentine. They had many talks together about national service. Wood returned to America more than ever impressed with the need of a training that would embody all the virtues of the German plan without its stern and iron-handed militaristic features.

Colonel Roosevelt was much interested in my article about General Wood and was good enough to write a brief foreword to it in which he said, among other things:

"General Leonard Wood combines in a very high degree the qualities of entire manliness with entire uprightness and cleanliness of character. He is a man of high ideals who scorns everything mean and base and who possesses those robust and hardy qualities of body and mind for the lack of which no merely negative virtue can atone. He is by nature a soldier of the highest type."

I have seen General Wood many times since that first meeting in 1916. His hair is greyer but his energy, like his ideal of character and patriotism, only becomes more intense. Although he was denied the opportunity of seeing active service in France he sent a worthy understudy in the shape of the Eighty-Ninth Division which he trained at Camp Funston and which registered a high heroism in more than one hard-fought engagement.

Wood and Kitchener had much in common so far as soldiering is concerned. Each brought to his profession an almost uncanny executive genius. Each was called upon to administer to an alien and backward people. Each wrote the record of a constructive leadership into the history of his time.

CHAPTER XI

FOCH AND CLEMENCEAU

To turn from General Pershing to Marshal Ferdinand Foch seems a natural procedure. They are both cast in the same spiritual mould. The struggle to overthrow German militarism produced no finer character than this French Thor who wielded the Allied Hammer that pounded the Boche into final defeat.

Foch has rarely been interviewed. Whenever he had anything to say to writing men during the war it took the form of a neat little speech to the assembled correspondents, or a signed statement. Being a master strategist, the tactics of his remarks were always above reproach. The only way to see Foch was to attend one of these rare sessions or have an accidental glimpse of him, as I had, on the highway. It was near Provins where the Headquarters of Marshal Petain were located at the close of hostilities.

During the war it was practically impossible to interview any of the leading French Generals. They were accessible to be sure, and always polite and agreeable. They never developed the British or American habit of talking for publication. So far as armies were concerned, my intimate wartime experiences were mainly confined to the English-speaking forces although I had the unusual experience of seeing all six Allied Armies in the field.

To have seen Foch was to remember him always. His figure is almost slight, his hair and moustache grey, his manner nervous and restless. Like Joffre and Petain, he has seven silver stars on his sleeve and four rows of oak leaves on his cap. They are the insignia of a Field Marshal of France.

The remarkable thing about him is his eyes. With the possible exception of Kitchener's, they are perhaps the most striking that ever shone in a soldier's head. They bore straight through.

Those eyes throw out an unuttered challenge, as the episode with Mathias Erzberger, who headed the German Armistice Commission, showed. The conferences preliminary to the signing of the Armistice were held on Foch's special train, which was an almost exact model of General Pershing's Headquarters on wheels.

With usual Teutonic effrontery, Erzberger entered the Field Marshal's presence wearing the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which France had bestowed upon him in a previous and happier day. The Germans raised their hands in salute but Foch did not reply. Instead, he fixed those piercing eyes on the medal on Erzberger's breast. The German mind is not naturally nimble. Things soak in slowly. Erzberger stared stupidly ahead. Finally he realised his blunder, removed the Order and laid it on the table. Then, and only then, did Foch return his salute.

What Americans do not know—and now that the war is over it is no violation of faith to print it—is that for some years Marshal Foch has suffered from almost incessant physical pain. Whenever he goes on a journey he is accompanied by his personal physician. Yet, through all those harrowing months when the Supreme Command rested upon those none-too-robust shoulders he never flinched from the responsibility that carried with it the fate of the world.

Of all the Allied Commanders Foch is the most devout. He was graduated from a Jesuit College and one of his brothers is a Jesuit priest. The fact that Foch, the ardent Catholic, has risen to such eminence in a country where the anti-clerical feeling is so strong is just one more evidence of his outstanding qualities as man and soldier.

It is Foch's almost invariable habit to take a brief period alone every day. Haig does the same thing but not for the same purpose. With the Supreme Commander of the Allied Armies it is as much a time of prayer as of meditation. More than one Staff Officer coming in upon him suddenly, has found him at his devotions.

Although Marshal Foch represents the highest expression of military genius developed by the late war he does not believe that inspiration lies at the root of battle success. If you were to ask him the secret of victory in war, as it is now

projected in terms of millions of men and with the aid of every resource known to science, he would say: "Preparation and still more preparation."

Foch reversed every known tradition of French military leadership. Being emotional the average French General delights in spectacular show. He likes to appear on horseback before his troops to receive their plaudits. Not so with Foch. His army seldom saw him. He only appeared when a brigade was to be decorated or when some individual fighting man was to receive a decoration for conspicuous deed. Foch the soldier and Foch the man are one and the same thing. The bravest are not only the tenderest but are likewise the most unassuming.

I cannot leave this section which deals with the head of the French Armies, without relating an incident which happened at the French Front and which involves a well-known American actress. It was on the return trip from a visit to Verdun. The party of which I was a member was motoring to Bar-le-duc, where we were to take the train for Paris. The guns of Verdun were still booming in our ears when a courier on a motor cycle came up with an invitation to take tea with a French General at a Corps Headquarters not far from where the Crown Prince's army was halted.

I cannot remember the name of our host but his personal quarters were a large dug-out bored into the side of a hill. Like most quarters of this kind, the earthen walls were supported by heavy timbers. I noticed, as was frequently the case, that these timbers were covered with magazine covers and illustrations from periodicals. The first cover that I saw there that day was torn from a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post*. As a matter of fact, the favourite decorations in most dug-outs in France were magazine covers. This would not have been surprising in the American Army, but long before we were in the war Lyendecker and Fisher "cover girls" smiled down on the war-wearied officers and men far up on the fringe of the inferno.

What interested me particularly in this French officer's dug-out was a full-page picture of Ethel Barrymore, taken from an American theatrical publication. It faced the General as he sat at the head of the rough table, which consisted

Ethel Barrymore

of four wide boards nailed on posts. I remarked on it just as we were leaving.

"Do you know the lady?" he asked.

"I have met her several times," I replied. The Frenchman's interest at once kindled.

By this time we were outside and near our automobiles. The early twilight had set in; overhead you could hear the hum of the aëroplanes going out for their evening reconnaissance; less than twenty miles away Verdun seethed under an incessant bombardment.

I had an inspiration. Turning to our host, I said: "I am sure that Miss Barrymore would be delighted to know that her picture is in a French dug-out. Why don't you send her a little message?"

"Splendid," was his reply. On a page of my notebook, and using my back as a desk, he wrote the following note in French, to Miss Barrymore:

"To the charming and beautiful American actress whose lovely face has brightened and inspired the gloom and hardship of the war."

When I got to Paris I sent the note to Miss Barrymore and it hangs to-day in her drawing-room in New York.

I never think of Foch, as he stood in all the triumph of his complete success, without thinking of another gallant Supreme Commander who went into eclipse, and whose decline and fall was one of the tragedies of the war. I mean Count Luigi Cadorna, who led the Italian Armies on the Carson and the Isonzo. Never was there a sadder demonstration that war is the graveyard of reputation.

When I went to the Italian Armies in the autumn of 1917, Cadorna was the god of Italy. His name was on every tongue; his picture hung everywhere. He was looked upon as a deliverer. It is no exaggeration to say that he was part of the nation's prayers. To-day there is none to do him honour. Dismissed practically in disgrace after the disaster of Caporetto, he went the way of many Generals.

He has a winning and magnetic personality. He is lithe, energetic, forceful, and with a great sense of humour. His headquarters were in a white building that stood on a hill at the head of the main street in the charming little Friulian

town of Udine, which sheltered the Italian General Headquarters. They bore the imposing title of "Supremo Comando." Cadorna never gave interviews but he has the Lloyd George habit of interviewing the interviewer. He was intensely interested in America, first because of his admiration of our achievements and second, because, as he facetiously said: "It is the new Italy."

I can give no more scathing illustration of the swiftness with which the bubble of military fame is punctured than to tell something that happened in London about a year ago. At that time the Italians were anxious to launch a propaganda in the United States. I was invited to dine at the house of a high Italian officer who did me the honour to ask my advice on this subject. In reply to his question as to the most suitable person to head an Italian Mission to America, I suggested Cadorna, saying: "Everybody knows his name and although he is no longer in supreme command, I think he would be a success."

My host at once replied: "No one would pay any attention to Cadorna now."

The Italian battle-front was in some respects the most dramatic of the war. In France and Flanders, for example, the troops for the most part were hidden from each other in trenches. They lived in underground cities. In Italy, on the other hand, much of the fighting was in the open. Nature provided a vast stage for the enactment of an epic drama. In the vicinity of Gorizia you could stand on the hills and look down upon the battling armies. It was a thrilling and unforgetable spectacle.

The Italians gave the war some of its finest sentimental traditions. One of the most charming concerns the storming of Monte Santo. Chief among the Italian Army bandmasters was Toscanini, the famous conductor of grand operas under the spell of whose magic baton the audiences at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York had sat entranced. When the capture of the peak of Santo was assured he mobilised four bands and followed the assaulting troops up to the top.

Victory came just at sunset. As the Italian flag was broken out over the summit Toscanini gave the signal and his four bands crashed forth with the Garibaldi anthem. Its

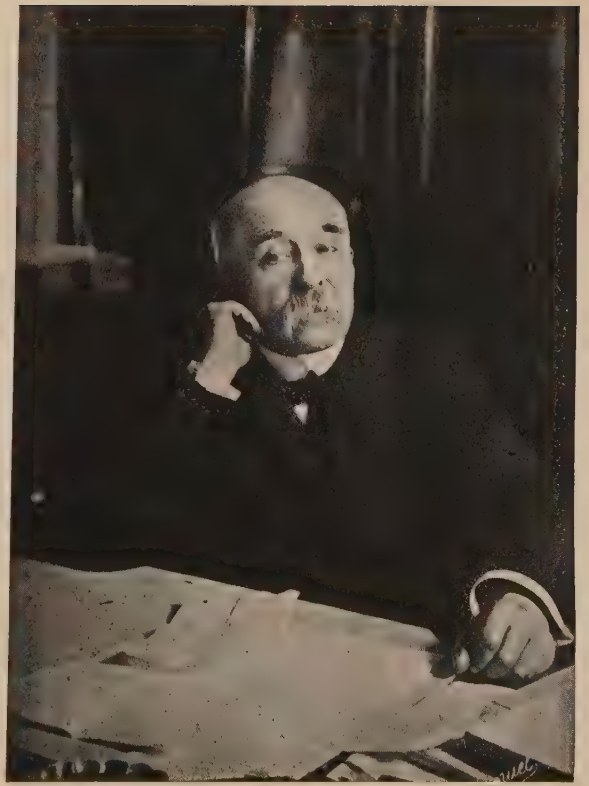
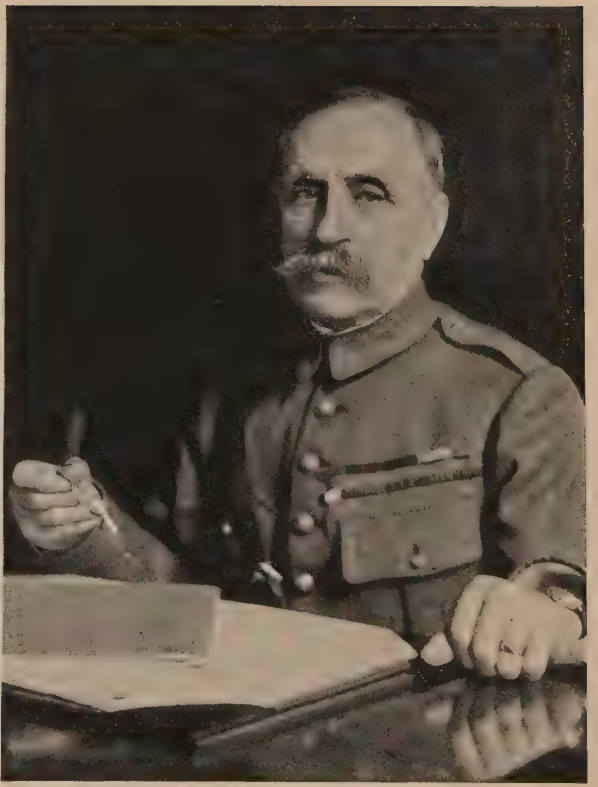


Photo by Paul Thompson.

PREMIER GEORGES CLEMENCEAU



Photo, Paul Thompson (Copyright by Harris & Ewing).

MARSHAL FERDINAND FOCH

stirring melody swept out across the shell-swept valleys. Far away in the twilight another Italian Army, fighting its way step by step along the slopes of Monte Gabriele, heard the music. Regardless of danger every man rose to his feet and stood at salute until the last note died away.

Writing of the Italian battlefield brings to mind one of the curious manifestations of the war. When I first beheld the Isonzo I felt that, like a much-lived-in house, it was invested with a sort of human quality. It had run red with blood; it was the limpid emblem of a mighty sacrifice. So too with the Marne, the Meuse, the Ancre, the Somme and the Piave. They will always be known as the Rivers of Valour.

Interviewing Premiers, especially in war-time, is no easy matter. Like American Secretaries of State, they are hedged about by many limitations that put a damper on free and unrestrained speech.

In a previous chapter I told of my experiences with Lloyd George. He has been the great exception to the rule. French and Italian Premiers and Foreign Secretaries, on the other hand, are great sticklers for form and regard journalistic communication with the public as a vulgar thing.

Ribot, who was Premier of France during one of the most critical periods of the war—the autumn of 1917—is a picturesque figure. I first met him when he was Minister of Finance in 1916. His office was in the Louvre Palace, where monarchs had held high revel back in the days when kings could do no wrong. Ribot then was nearly eighty. He is tall, slender, with white hair and beard. He always wore a black skull cap. As he sat in that stately salon with its priceless hangings and in a dim light, he looked precisely like a figure stepped out of a Rembrandt etching. He speaks English fairly well and is well known to many American financiers.

The war produced no more striking contrast than was presented in France when Ribot's Government fell and Clemenceau stepped into the breach. On the ruins he reared a whole new structure of fresh faith and eventual victory. Clemenceau's long life has been studded with conspicuous service, but he never did anything more extraordinary than

his achievement in that dark hour when a compromise peace with Germany was among the possibilities. At seventy-seven this war-horse of journalism and statesmanship really turned the tide.

History will prove that his iron will and uncompromising decision to "carry on" saved the whole Allied cause. France was never nearer disaster than when Ribot left what the French call the *"cabinet"* of the Premiership. If France had crumpled then—like that Rome of other days—the whole world might have cracked.

Physically, and in every other way, Clemenceau is the exact opposite of Ribot. I have always felt that there was a great deal of the Roosevelt virility in this pudgy man of medium height, with seamed face, scraggy white moustache, and patches of white hair. Unlike Lloyd George, Clemenceau is inclined to be careless about his clothes. He usually wears a low standing collar and a curious little bow tie. This most unclerical of men looks like a cleric.

Clemenceau speaks English better than any of his colleagues in the present Government. He learned it at first hand. Fifty years ago he came to the United States and practised medicine for a time in New York City. Later he taught French at a girls' school at Stamford, Conn. Incidentally he fell in love with one of his loveliest pupils. Despite unanimous parental objection to the marriage he won out. Clemenceau thrives on difficulties.

Although Clemenceau is himself a journalist—and a live one at that—he rarely gives out interviews. When he has a message to "get over" it takes the form of a speech. In this respect he follows the Lloyd George procedure.

When you have seen both Lloyd George and Clemenceau in action a comparison is inevitable. The little Welshman is an orator of the finished, polished type, who delights in golden imagery. Clemenceau does not believe in frills. He goes straight to the point with swift, terse, dynamic sentences. They hit the bull's-eye every time. Lloyd George seldom gesticulates. Clemenceau talks with his hands as much as with his lips. He is in motion all the time. No wonder they call him "The Tiger."

Clemenceau has Thomas A. Edison—the champion Ameri-

can non-sleeper—beaten to a frazzle in this matter. Edison says that five hours' sleep a night is enough for anybody. The first time I went to see him (it was during the afternoon), I found a sign on his laboratory door which read: "Silence. Mr. Edison is asleep." He was stealing a few extra winks.

Clemenceau only sleeps at night and is content with less than five hours. It has been his invariable custom for years to retire, when emergencies permit, not later than 10 o'clock. He is always up at three and frequently earlier. His experience goes to show, as he once put it himself, that "A great deal of valuable time is wasted in bed."

Many people have wondered how Clemenceau (he is now seventy-nine), having reached the age when most men are either dead or thinking about the hereafter, is able to do so much and keep so fit. Few old men could have withstood the shock of an assassin's bullet, as he did.

One reason is that he eats sparingly. To quote Benjamin Franklin, he will never "dig his grave with his teeth." Some years ago he suffered from stomach trouble and underwent an operation. He discovered then, what most wise people learn sooner or later, that much food is the root of all physical trouble. He not only eats sparingly, but often carries his own food with him when he goes out to lunch or dine.

A French officer told me the following story: Clemenceau once motored out from Paris to lunch with Foch, whose headquarters were then at *Compiegne*. As he entered the anteroom of the General's office he handed a small package to an orderly, saying:

"I am Clemenceau and I have come to lunch with General Foch. Here are my noodles. They are all I want to eat."

Being a really great man, Clemenceau has a sense of humour. It was never revealed more characteristically than in the following episode which he delighted to relate:

In July, 1918, the Italians made many requests of Marshal Foch for French troops to aid them against the Austrians. General Diaz, who succeeded General Cadorna as head of the Italian Armies, made several visits to the French General Headquarters to plead for reinforcements. Invariably he referred to the Austrians as "terrible lions."

The Germans employed several Austrian Divisions on the

Western Front during their last desperate effort to break through. One day in August Foch captured several regiments of Austrians. When Clemenceau heard of it he immediately sent the following telegram:

"General Diaz,
Italian General Headquarters, Padua.
Foch has captured five thousand of your terrible lions. What shall we do with them?
Sincerely yours,
Tiger."

Because of the flare-up about Fiume there is considerable interest in Baron Sidney Sonnino, the Italian Minister of Foreign Affairs, who, on a certain occasion, packed up his clothes and left the Peace Conference in a hurry. Sonnino is one of the most inaccessible men in Europe. In 1917 it was easier to see the King of Italy than to see him. I had a letter of introduction to him from Lloyd George, however. The British Premier then had great admiration for his Italian colleague. The Peace Conference, which disrupted more than one personal relationship, may have caused a rift here. I cannot say. In temperament Lloyd George and Sonnino are much alike, although Sonnino, being an Italian, is much more volatile and excitable.

Sonnino's office in Rome was in an immense rambling palace. Lloyd George gets along with only three secretaries; he seemed to have about forty. He is of average height, animated manner, with a hawk-like face. He represents a curious combination of races, for the reason that his father was an Italian Jew and his mother an Englishwoman.

The Italian who has most appealed to the American imagination, however, is Guglielmo Marconi. I did not meet him until after the outbreak of the war but I saw him many times and in varied circumstances, at sea, in London, in Paris, and in Rome. Marconi is slight, nervous, emotional. He speaks English fluently and his wife was an Englishwoman. He is one of the most accessible of men and from long experience knows the interviewing ropes.

In war, as in peace, his greatest invention has an immense value. Without wireless some of the most vital phases

of the great struggle would have been impossible. The historic "S.O.S." call of distress, flashed across the troubled seas, is the world's supreme life-saver.

Marconi made possible one of the most unique experiences that I had in the war.

In July, 1917, we were fellow passengers on the old American liner *St. Paul,* then bound from New York to Liverpool. Then, as throughout the war, the wireless room on a steamer was a sacred and inaccessible domain. Only ship's officers were allowed to enter it. One night when we were in the heart of the danger zone—and the submarines were at their worst then—Marconi came to my stateroom and said:

"Would you like to hear how some of the German lies sound in the air?" He referred to the German Admiralty wireless reports that were sent out nightly with the news of Teutonic "successes."

"Yes," I replied.

"All right," he replied. "Let's go up into the wireless room."

It was what sailors call "a dirty night." The wind blew hard and the rain came down in sheets. Following the usual war-time regulations, the *St. Paul* did not show a light. The whole world seemed enveloped in inky darkness.

We climbed up a slippery ladder and found ourselves in a tiny room where the operator sat at his instruments, with the receivers at his ears. Above the storm we could hear the sputter of the wireless. It was an unforgettable sensation to sit with the pale, slight, nervous man who had made this invention possible, and which, at that moment, was the one link between the ship with its hundreds of souls, and succour.

The moment Marconi heard the sound of words sparking through the air he was like a bird-dog on the scent. He became tense and eager. Instinctively he took the receiver from the operator's head and put it on his own. The master of wireless was on the job. Then, handing the receiver to me, he said: "You can now hear the whole world at war talking."

I listened. To me it was simply a jumble of dots and dashes. Yet that mélange of sound was Germany, England, France, America and Italy throwing the fateful news of the

day out into the unplumbed space. I could hear the stations at Nauen, Eiffel Tower, Arlington, Wales and Africa speaking. I have heard wireless many times before and since, but it never quite had the thrill conveyed that wet night on the *St. Paul,* when I listened to it with Marconi at my elbow.

Marconi and Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet soldier, are close friends. Each has a sense of humour strong even in misfortune. Marconi lost an eye in an automobile accident in France and d'Annunzio lost one in aërial combat.

During the trip to which I have just referred, Marconi showed me a telegram which he had recently received from the poet, which read, as I recall it:

"We are now two souls with but a single pair of eyes.

D'ANNUNZIO."

Photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

To Isaac F Marcosson
With sincere friendship.
London Zone.
U.S.F.S. St Paul. 25th July.
1917
G. Marconi

CHAPTER XII

THE WALL STREET SPHINXES

I NOW come to the most fiercely contested of all the battle-grounds of interviewing and the one which demanded more different kinds of "approach" than any other. It is the gilded area known as Wall Street. Here I had some of the stormiest of all my adventures in an atmosphere charged with hostility.

The financial duels of America involved empires of traffic and business controls with kingly stakes. The strategy of those captains of capital was as brilliant as that of any campaign that Foch ever mapped out. Out of the money wars, just as out of the war which crushed Germany, emerged a whole new freedom. Publicity now beats around the American corporation just as it shines full upon international relationship.

No group of men that I have ever interviewed were more dynamic than the coterie that Mr. Roosevelt once called the "malefactors of great wealth." Like those kings of other days they believed that they could do no wrong. It was my privilege to have induced some of them to talk and write for publication for the first time. Each experience meant a strenuous excursion into that most fascinating of all domains, human nature.

When I began to write about Wall Street a vast silence enveloped its dominating figures. Harriman was the overlord of American railways; Mr. Morgan reigned supreme as dictator of cash and credit; Henry H. Rogers stood at the height of his autocratic power; the Standard Oil Company, colossus of mystery and secrecy, still looked with contempt upon criticism; Thomas F. Ryan had never really spoken out in the public prints.

These men and their associates comprised an oligarchy that, so far as the exercise of authority was concerned, owned the United States. Thousands of citizens everywhere held stock

in the corporations they manipulated. The security holders were the real proprietors but they were merely part of a sterilised majority that had no voice in the matter. The money captains believed that America was bounded by the confines of New York City. They did not realise that west of the Hudson River stretched a great country that sooner or later would declare its economic independence of Wall Street, and it did.

The whole Wall Street attitude toward the public was wrong. Instead of allowing themselves to be interviewed, the stewards of our corporate life submitted, in many instances, to a costly blackmail from lawyers and publicity promoters who, under the pretence of "getting stuff into the newspapers and magazines," only worked further injury for their clients. The vision and foresight that the fortune-builders displayed in their business undertakings seemed strangely impotent when it came to the all-important matter of publicity.

What interested me about these king-makers was that most of them had never been interviewed. I felt that behind their bulwarks of aloofness lay striking points of view about many vital subjects and likewise the disclosure of picturesque personalities. One trouble with them was that they were so absorbed in dreams of conquest that they hid their real inner-selves. I had no altruistic motives but I believed that what they had to say would be of interest. Besides, the things worth doing are those that have not been done before.

No piece of pioneering in Wall Street in which I had part was more dramatic in some respects than the campaign that broke the thirty years' silence of the Standard Oil Company. Although it resulted in an article instead of an interview, the approach was just the same. Every "selling point" necessary to make the taciturn talk was brought into action.

Clearly to understand the difficulties that lay in the way of this task you must know that although the Standard Oil Company had been the target of every conceivable kind of attack for decades it had never officially made reply. At that time the head of the great corporation was John D. Archbold, one of the most inaccessible of all the corporate kings. I was writing a department in *The Saturday Evening Post* called "Wall Street Men" and my original idea was to get an inter-

view with Mr. Archbold. When I suggested it to one of his associates he answered: "Mr. Archbold never has been interviewed. The Standard Oil Company does not believe in such things."

"Then it's high time that a beginning was made," I answered.

During this conversation the idea came to me that instead of an interview the really big thing to get was a signed statement from the company. Now came a dramatisation, so to speak, of one of the most vital factors in interviewing. In the Standard Oil Company everything trickled through half a dozen layers of men. An idea or an innovation travelled successively from the head of a department to one of the upper floors of 26 Broadway, where the Board of Directors met every day. I asked my friend to put my suggestion up to the powers that be. To him the very idea sounded like heresy. When he faltered I said: "Everything is worth trying."

Luck was with me. One day I was summoned to a conference at the Standard Oil Company. I knew that the hour for decision had arrived. On the way downtown I prepared myself. This means that when I reached my destination I had the whole outline of my project in my mind.

In interviewing, as in any commercial business, abstractions are worthless. Many an interviewer, like many a salesman, has failed because he was unprepared when a public character suddenly turned to him and said icily: "Well, young man, what can I do for you?" The slightest hesitation means disaster to your ambition.

The fine art lies in not only having something definite in your mind but to slam it out swiftly and say: "*This* is what I want." It never fails to impress the interviewee with your readiness. I learned this lesson from Zack Phelps, a famous Kentucky lawyer, who, in his day, was the silver-tongued orator of Louisville. No matter how unexpectedly or how often he was called upon to make a speech he had something clever and apropos to say the moment he got on his feet. I was much impressed with this performance, so once I asked him how he did it, whereupon he replied:

"I never go to a public meeting or a banquet without having a definite idea or story in my mind in case I am called upon

to speak. If the lightning does not strike me I have the satisfaction of knowing that I was ready for the bolt."

I never forgot that advice. I have never gone to interview a man without rehearsing in my mind the principal questions I wanted to ask him. Hence when I faced that solemn group down at 26 Broadway, I had a concrete campaign blocked out.

John D. Archbold was an under-sized, smooth-faced, unassuming man who spoke in a low, gentle voice and who gave you the impression that he was an underling instead of head of a militant corporation that waged corporate war wherever the trade winds blew. Upon one occasion a man who had never seen him and who had come to discuss a matter involving millions, mistook him for his own secretary. When Mr. Archbold insisted that he was the man he was seeking, his visitor said: "Stop your joking."

Mr. Archbold asked me: "What have you to suggest?"

I at once replied: "The policy of silence is a mistaken policy. The time has come when the Standard Oil Company should tell its own story. The longer you wait the harder it will be to change the public's mind about you."

The result of this and subsequent meetings was an article published in *The Saturday Evening Post* in 1907. It embodied a "statement and a defence" of the Standard Oil Company and was signed by Mr. Archbold. It was, I believe, the first time that he or any of his associates had written for publication. The Curtis Publishing Company spent a small fortune in advertising it and it was widely copied.

In discussing this article I told Mr. Archbold that he would be paid for the article just like any other author. He at first refused but when I insisted that it was a definite business transaction he acquiesced. I relate this incident to show that a man who was one hundred per cent business forgot his business training the moment it came to a question of real and constructive publicity. It merely emphasises the wrong state of mind that all those big financiers had about a procedure that was as much a definite business as selling oil.

Now for the aftermath. Mr. Archbold and his colleagues were greatly pleased with the wide exploitation that the article received. To celebrate the end of the campaign he invited me

to lunch with all the directors of the company. Even in eating the Standard Oil Company is a close corporation. Its officers lunch together every day.

At this luncheon Archbold remarked: "You have been a revelation to us." I thought he was simply indulging in a pleasant platitude. Soon afterwards I discovered what he meant by "revelation." One of his letter files was stolen and the letters published in a sensational periodical. The most persistent refrain in these letters was: "Enclosed find our certificate of deposit for $5,000 for your service, etc." Many of these letters had gone to alleged "statesmen" and "accelerators of public opinion," for saying and printing "inspired" defences of the Standard Oil Company. When I came along, actuated solely by a professional desire to pull off a big and exclusive feature for *The Saturday Evening Post,* he could not understand it. When I offered him money for an article that justified his business methods it was almost beyond comprehension. The company had spent millions on publicity "gold bricks." Hence the "revelation" that I had furnished.

This whole Standard Oil incident not only reveals the reluctance with which the great organisation appeared on its own behalf in print but may serve to show that one section of Wall Street then was ignorant of the ethics and ideals of legitimate exploitation.

I cannot write of my experiences with Mr. Archbold without telling of my contacts with his colleague, Henry H. Rogers, who, with the possible exception of the late J. P. Morgan and Thomas F. Ryan, was the most virile and forceful of all the money masters. I met Mr. Rogers several years prior to the Archbold adventure. In the summer of 1905 I went to Kansas to write an article for *The World's Work* about the oil war raging there. The Commonwealth that had produced populism and the referendum was up in arms against the Standard Oil Company and had decided to build its own pipe line and refinery. It was a unique situation and I saw a good "story" in it.

Before leaving New York, however, I fortified myself as usual. I felt that there were two sides to the Kansas fight. There usually are two distinct sides to most public events. A reporter's job is to print facts, not his personal opinions. I

knew that it was comparatively easy to get the Kansas contention. The hard task would be to secure the Standard's version.

Through Mark Twain I got a letter from Henry H. Rogers to the Prairie Oil & Gas Company, which was the branch of the Standard Oil Company in Kansas. The author of "Tom Sawyer" and the then active head of the Standard Oil Company were inseparable friends. This letter, of course, gave me the *entrée* to the Standard representatives in Kansas and I was able to write a complete account of what was going on and the causes that had led to it.

When I returned to New York it occurred to me that an intimate character study of Mr. Rogers would supplement the Kansas story. Besides, Rogers was the centre of the storm stirred up by the publication of Thomas W. Lawson's "Frenzied Finance," which was coming out in monthly instalments. Mark Twain was anxious that the public get a real view of his friend so he arranged an interview for me. He was a "live" and timely personality.

Rogers' office was on the eleventh floor at 26 Broadway. Before you saw the man himself you got a vivid impression of his method from his environment. Most big financiers have a single anteroom. He had a succession of cubby-holes. Half a dozen persons could wait for him at the same time without knowing of each other's presence.

To have seen Rogers was to behold the physical embodiment of power. He was tall, broad-shouldered, alert, with white hair and moustache, and brilliant blue eyes. He somehow gave you the impression of an eagle poised for flight. In repose he had charm and suavity; aroused to action, he was a whirlwind let loose. Men quailed before him.

Rogers never permitted himself to be quoted. Like many of his colleagues "downtown," he had striking views on many subjects but he preferred, as he once said to me, to have them alluded to as "Mr. Rogers believes, etc." On more than one occasion he delivered himself to me of opinions that were typical of his whole business attitude.

If he was one thing above all others, Rogers was a monopolist. I asked him to define monopoly and he related this story: "A prospector once had a box of cigars on the outskirts of the Arizona desert. It was the only box within a radius of two

hundred miles. The cigars originally cost him two cents apiece. He sold them for two dollars each. He was a monopolist."

I was with Mr. Rogers on a certain occasion when his secretary handed him the latest instalment of "Frenzied Finance." I expected him to go up in the air. Instead he said very quietly: "I cannot understand this man Lawson. He praises me one month and damns me another." This was the only comment I ever heard him make on the articles that gave him more undesirable publicity than anything else.

Rogers had a striking theory about inherited fortunes. I once asked him about the business training of his son, Henry H. Rogers, Jr., whereupon he replied:

"I am not teaching him how to *make* money but how to take care of it."

Rogers was not very keen about vacations. A broker once said, "I hear that Mr. Rogers is going to take a vacation."

"Impossible," was the reply of a man nearby. "The only vacation 'H. H.' needs is a shave and a trip up the Sound."

In order to get the material for my character study of Rogers I made a trip to Fairhaven, Mass., where he was born. It is a dreamy little New England town on the Acushnet River, just across from New Bedford, one of the capitals of our vanished whaling industry. At Fairhaven I met an old lady who taught school when Rogers was a boy. She told me that one of his favourite recitations included the following verse:

> If ever they should turn me out
> When I have better grown—
> Now hang me but I mean to have
> A treadmill of my own.

I reproduce this bit of verse to show that the Rogers boyhood wish was realised. He did have a "treadmill of his own" and he made it one of the bulwarks of world commerce.

The Standard Oil article represented one kind of Wall Street path-finding; my first adventure with Thomas F. Ryan expressed another. Here was an experience not without its element of quiet drama.

I met Mr. Ryan when he was at the height of his power.

Like Rogers, he rode the storm. A professional life-saver of corporations, he ruled traction, railroad, industrial and banking interests. Over-night he had startled Wall Street by paying $2,500,000.00 for five hundred and two shares of Equitable Life Assurance Society stock. An event that marked a financial epoch was for him merely part of the day's work. No one knew when or where he would strike. His rule was: "Never tell what you are going to do until you have done it."

Through these years of money conflict he maintained an extraordinary silence. When men sought to interview him he gave a grudging "yes" or "no" to their inquiries. The *New York World* practically kept one editorial writer busy arraigning Mr. Ryan. It published at least one cartoon about him every week. With a grim sense of humour Mr. Ryan bought all the originals and papered the walls of his "den" with them. All this mystery and controversy naturally invested him with a peculiar interest. I made up my mind to get behind it and find out what the real Ryan was like.

Paul Morton was then President of the Equitable, where he had been put in command by Mr. Ryan. Morton was strong for publicity but he had never succeeded in converting the owner of the company to his creed. I asked Morton to introduce me to Mr. Ryan, saying: "All I want is an opportunity to talk to him."

Morton took me over to Mr. Ryan's office himself. The great man then made his headquarters in a big front office at the Morton Trust Company down on Nassau Street in New York. It was one of his many financial strongholds. On the way I said to Morton: "All I want you to do is to present me to Mr. Ryan. Leave immediately afterwards."

In saying this I had a definite interviewing tactic in mind. I knew that Mr. Ryan was shy and that in the event of his "opening up" at all he would not talk quite so freely in the presence of a third person. A "gallery" is fatal in such instances.

I found Mr. Ryan a tall, erect, handsome man, with grey hair, keen, twinkling eyes and who spoke in a low voice through which ran a delightful Southern accent. Like Rogers, he radiated authority.

Morton left according to schedule. The moment I found

myself alone with Mr. Ryan I began to talk about the South. There were two reasons. One was that I knew that Mr. Ryan was a Virginian and proud of it; the second was that I saw an autographed picture of General Robert E. Lee on the wall. My father had been a Confederate soldier, so I at once launched into a conversation about the Lost Cause. Mr. Ryan became interested and began to talk himself.

Once more I had employed a favourite rule in interviewing difficult men. It consists of establishing communication with a topic certain to interest. One thing leads to another and almost before you realise it the talk-waves are in motion.

It was then about one o'clock and Mr. Ryan suggested that we go to lunch. As we walked over to the Mid-Day Club in Broad Street I kept up a continuous conversation about every subject in the world except those specific ones that I really wanted him to discuss. I discovered that he was a human being and he got the impression that I had no designs on him.

All through the lunch I pursued this general line of talk. Mr. Ryan, for example, wanted to know something about the business side of publishing and fortunately I was able to tell him. When we reached the coffee he suddenly squared himself in his chair and said: "What do they think of me out in the world?"

I knew that the moment to "make good" had arrived. Without the slightest hesitation I replied:

"If you want to know the plain, blunt, brutal truth, I shall tell you."

"That is precisely what I want," came from the big man opposite me whose face had suddenly become cold and hard.

"First of all," I responded, "they think that you are the most expert stock manipulator in the world. Second, it is believed that you bought the Equitable for your own personal exploitation. Third——"

"It's an infamous falsehood," broke in my host as he pounded the table with his fist.

"Of course it is, and that is why I am here," was my answer.

"I don't care a rap for criticism," he continued.

"Quite right," I said, "but you owe it to yourself, to your family and to your friends to provide some antidote for all this misrepresentation."

The argument went home. A softer look came into his face. He pondered a moment and then said:

"What do you want me to do?"

"Simply this:—Talk to me frankly and openly as if I were your son. I know that you have striking views on many subjects and I am sure the public will be interested in them."

I have reproduced this conversation as I recall it, to prove one big fact in connection with interviewing strong men of the Ryan type. If I had told him, in response to his question, that the world regarded him as a philanthropist, I would never have seen him again. Afterwards he told me that he had deliberately asked that question to test me. Frankness is an asset no matter where you apply it.

Two days afterwards Mr. Ryan asked me to spend the day in the country with him. In his motor car we travelled through Westchester County and stopped for lunch at a country inn. Throughout this trip he talked with astonishing freedom about many subjects. Since most of the conversation occurred while we were in the automobile, I could not take notes. I had to remember everything.

Physical exigency, however, did not entirely dictate this lack of note-taking. I knew that the moment I produced a sheet of paper and made a mark on it Mr. Ryan would shut up like a clam. With men like him you must carry on in the most casual and apparently informal fashion.

The net result of that day's trip was an article entitled, "Thomas F. Ryan, His Personality and Point of View," which was published in *The Saturday Evening Post* and which was the first and only complete record of his impressions. As I had surmised, the financier had a statesman's vision and, once he got under way, he analysed men and events with brilliant insight. I have always believed that Mr. Ryan has the finest mind of any of the men who dominated the money markets in our day.

In my article about him I announced his retirement from active business. It was not an Adelina Patti farewell, for within a year he was practically out of Wall Street so far as active

control of affairs is concerned. He spends much time at his estate at Oak Ridge, in Virginia, down among the people he likes and who like him.

Thomas F. Ryan's full mate in secrecy and silence for years was the late E. H. Harriman. In masterfulness and autocratic bearing he greatly resembled Henry H. Rogers. He was an extraordinary personality. Like Ryan he maintained a supreme contempt for criticism and denied himself for years to interviewers. When he had something to say about his railroads—and his operation of them brought him incessantly into the limelight—he usually gave out a formal statement.

I was determined to make him talk. As was the case with Lloyd George I made my way to him finally over the débris of many broken engagements. He was spare, with a narrow chest and curious penetrating eyes that almost glared at you from behind gold-rimmed spectacles. He always wore a turned down collar and a black bow tie.

When I first met him he sat at a huge roll-top desk in his office in the old Equitable Building at 120 Broadway. It was a striking contrast to see this tiny man at this immense desk. That desk was the nerve-centre of a railway empire that stretched almost from sea to sea. At his side stood a ticker whose tape bound him to a far-flung authority.

Harriman had just finished a hard day and was tired. For once the little giant was in repose. As I sat down beside him he said, not without a smile:

"What does Philadelphia want of me?" He meant *The Saturday Evening Post.*

"It wants you to say something about the new railroad conscience," I answered.

"Has a railroad a conscience?" he asked facetiously.

"If it hasn't it ought to have one," I answered.

We sat there that day until the shadows fell and long after the great office buildings had disgorged their thousands. I found then, as I discovered later whenever I saw Mr. Harriman, that one sure way to make him talk was to reveal a knowledge of his railroads. What was true of him in this respect is equally true of other men wedded to their work. It is just another aspect of preparedness in interviewing. Harriman's railroads were his very life and he gave his life

to them. He literally wore himself out with fret and worry.

I doubt if any of the great Wall Street figures ruled quite so ruthlessly as Harriman. He was impatient of delay. I have seen him wither strong men with a harsh or sarcastic remark.

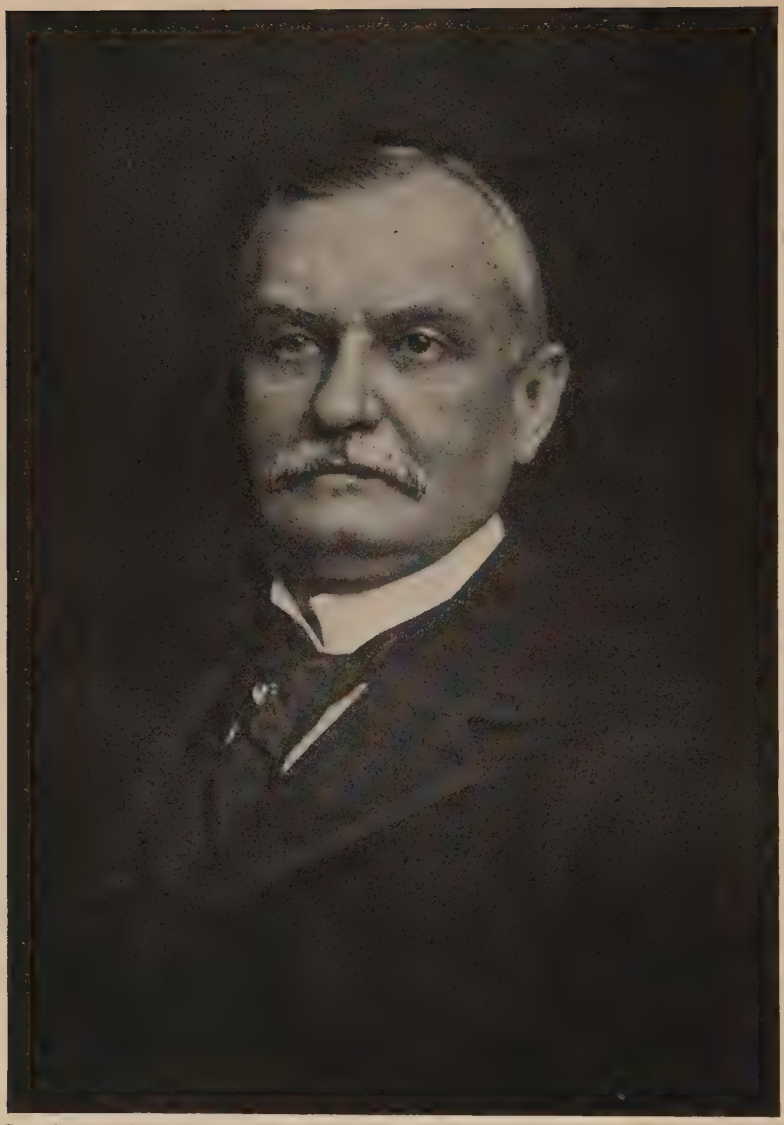
No human being was ever so continuously tied to the telephone. He had one in every chamber in his house, even in his bathroom. On one occasion he had just begun a hot tub bath when the telephone rang. The conversation lasted so long, that when it did end the little wizard was seated in cold water. He also had a cold.

To have written about Wall Street and not to have met the late J. Pierpont Morgan was to have witnessed a play without its leading character. Like Lloyd George he was not a man but an institution. I first met him under circumstances that illustrate one of the many phases of the psychology of interviewing.

In New York Mr. Morgan was one of the most inaccessible of men. In London he was an entirely different person. He loved England; he was the friend of everybody worth knowing from kings down; he became part of an atmosphere thoroughly congenial to him. Instead of barking at men who wanted to write about him, he was amiable and amenable. I therefore chose England as the setting for my first encounter and succeeded. I did not want to interview him, however. I merely wanted to get a personal impression.

As a matter of fact it was not necessary for Mr. Morgan to go abroad to undergo a change in his attitude toward people. In his office downtown he was gruff and aloof; in his magnificent library which adjoins his town house on Madison Avenue and Thirty-sixth Street in New York he was the charming, gracious patron of art, proud of his possessions and who knew how to talk about them. When all other subjects failed you could always arouse his interest with conversation about his enamels, manuscripts or pictures.

In this respect Morgan was like Charles Frohman. In America he hid behind every device that could circumvent and confuse the personal exploiter. Although he dominated a business that thrived on advertising, he himself shrank from it. He adored England. The moment he got there all bars were



Copyright by Alman & Co., N. Y.

With Kind Regards
Thomas F. Ryan

down. Nothing gave him more pleasure than to surround himself with writers and critics.

All this means that when you are called upon to interview a difficult personality, be sure to do it in the environment best adapted to the interviewee's temperament, eccentricity or state of mind. You cannot do this, however, without knowing something about your man. Thus preparedness, as I have often pointed out in these articles, is the first equipment.

Mr. Morgan's features are so familiar to Americans that there is no need to describe them. He had a massive, almost overwhelming personality. He thought and moved fast. Behind that crag of a face lurked humour and kindliness, just as beneath his brusque and sometimes brutal manner lay a high patriotism.

Instead of giving interviews he usually delivered himself of an "opinion" on the eve of his departure for Europe and on his return. When interviewers did reach him he almost invariably contented himself with a gruff affirmation or a denial of their questions.

He once figured in an episode which involved an interviewer and which he delighted to tell. It dealt with a reporter on an afternoon newspaper in New York. The young man stuttered frightfully. So long as nothing disturbed him he could talk. The moment he was confronted with a sudden emergency or became excited his jaws locked and he was speechless.

One day his city editor sent him down to get a statement from Mr. Morgan. It was long before the present stone Morgan structure had been built. The real Throne Room of American Finance was a simple room hung with portraits. On one side was a flat-topped desk where Mr. Morgan sat facing the door.

The reporter reached the building about lunch-time and the big Irishman who guarded the entrance to Mr. Morgan's sanctum was not on the job. Being enterprising, the newspaper man pushed on and suddenly found himself in Mr. Morgan's presence. He brooded like the great Egyptian Sphinx as it emerges forbiddingly out of the mist. With a roar like an angry lion the great financier said: "Who are you and what do you want?"

Mr. Morgan's visage under ordinary circumstances was in

itself sufficiently terrifying. Galvanised into anger it was well-nigh appalling. The young man's jaws locked and he stood sputtering. Once more Mr. Morgan growled:

"What are you?"

After violent struggles the reporter extracted this sentence: "I—I—I—am an el-lo-lo-cutionist." It was the only word he could say. Mr. Morgan had a great sense of humour. His massive face broke into a smile, whereupon speech came to his visitor's rescue. He felt sorry for the boy and not only gave him an interview but sent him off with one of those big black cigars he always smoked.

This mention of Mr. Morgan brings the late James J. Hill to mind. These two men had more than a leonine presence in common. Each in his own way was a master builder.

In the matter of interviewing Mr. Hill had a distinct peculiarity. He was one of the most difficult men in America to reach. Once having reached him he was one of the most difficult men in the world to leave. The first time I went to see him I expected to remain only a few moments. I had a definite question to ask him about a railroad article I was writing. I remained with him exactly two hours. I had practically the same experience every time I saw him afterwards.

There was a definite reason. Like his great antagonist, Mr. Hill lived for his railroads. They were as the breath of his life. Once he launched into conversation about them or about any big railroad problem in which he was interested, nothing could stop him. Secretaries would come and remind him of engagements but to no avail.

Mr. Hill was one of the most impressive-looking men I have ever met. His long hair hung over his collar and his bearded face looked like some old-time Viking. He spoke slowly and almost in a whisper. It required intense concentration to follow him. He had an unfortunate habit, however, of sometimes forgetting what he had said for publication. When it appeared in print his memory was strangely at fault. Men learned from experience to write down his remarks and let him see them before they were published.

Although he established a source of permanent publicity in the shape of an endless chain of libraries that bear his name, Andrew Carnegie was never a very accessible man save on his

birthday, when he received the New York reporters and gave them his views on many subjects. Inclined to be temperamental in the matter of interviewing, no man ever took greater delight in seeing his name in print than the canny Ironmaster.

I met Mr. Carnegie at various times and in varying conditions. He talked well and prided himself on his authorship. He once told me that he would rather have been a successful writer than anything else. Intimate contact with men of outstanding performance has almost invariably revealed a confession that their real ambition was to have done something else.

I once literally "cornered" Mr. Carnegie. It happened at the Amstel Hotel in Amsterdam in the autumn of 1913. The Peace Palace was about to be dedicated and the little Laird's name was on every lip. The hotel servants had already spent the enormous fees that they expected to get from him. They were destined to disappointment. Most rich men give smaller tips than the average traveller—besides Mr. Carnegie was Scotch. This, however, has nothing to do with the story.

I went into the writing room to look at some English magazines. In a corner I saw a tiny pair of feet emerging from beneath an unfolded newspaper held by a pair of equally tiny hands. I knew that these hands and feet must belong to Andrew Carnegie. I walked over toward them and found him reading a fulsome account of himself in the London *Times*. His bearded face was wreathed in one huge smile.

"I've caught you at it," I said.

"I'm guilty," responded the donor of the architectural monstrosity at The Hague which was soon to be one of the grim jests of the world.

This little incident serves to illustrate an almost universal trait among so-called big men. The more they denounce publicity about themselves the more eager they are to read what is written about them.

I cannot leave these recollections of strenuous days in Wall Street without a word about one of its most picturesque characters, James R. Keene. He looked like a character stepped out of a story. Long, thin, with a hawklike, bearded face, he was charged with ceaseless, restless movement. His whole life was attuned to the tick of the ticker,

I first met him when I went to get an interview on speculation at the time that Governor Hughes was waging his fight against the New York Stock Exchange. Keene's offices were a sort of rabbit-warren in Broad Street. In order to break into his presence you had to give a "high sign." The path to his lair was a succession of rooms, each one guarded by some minion.

There was a definite reason for this mystery. Keene was the great "Market Maker"—a speculative Hessian. Interests, corporations and individuals hired him to wage bitter and relentless warfare. Secrecy was the watchword. An unguarded word would play havoc with a "corner" involving millions. He had to surround himself with every precaution.

The average man regarded Keene as a reckless stock gambler. He was this, to be sure, but he could also be a polished gentleman. He knew good books and he also knew good food. When he was in the mood he talked with ease and grace.

When he gave me the interview about speculation for *The Saturday Evening Post* he stood alongside the ticker with the white tape curling between his fingers. It was no pose. From ten until three o'clock his being thrilled with speculation. The fever of it was in his very blood. He personified the spirit of the market-place.

I have shown how many of the Wall Street kings were wedded to silence. There were others, of course, not so aloof. Men like Judge E. H. Gary, Charles M. Schwab, Charles H. Sabin, Otto H. Kahn, Jacob H. Schiff, Frank A. Vanderlip, George W. Perkins and Henry P. Davison have always realised the value of publicity and made themselves accessible. One reason why the United States Steel Corporation has fared so well in the public press has been due entirely to Judge Gary's policy of frank dealing with the public.

The attitude of Wall Street toward the public has undergone a complete evolution. Secrecy has been succeeded by publicity. The process of our corporate life is pitched on a different plane. Both the Government and the People know what is going on.

There is still another important change down among the skyscraper canyons where secret prices are made and unmade. The type of leadership represented by Morgan, Harriman, Rogers and Ryan is gone. These men dominated their fellows because they had forceful personalities and brooked no inter-

ference. They are all dead or retired. The conduct of Big Finance, like the conduct of newspapers, has become a machine-like operation. The personal element is lacking. I saw the moneyed giants at the high tide of their power. I watched them combat what they regarded as an intrusion upon their vested rights. I saw them bow to the Supreme Court which is Public Opinion.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME LITERARY FRIENDSHIPS

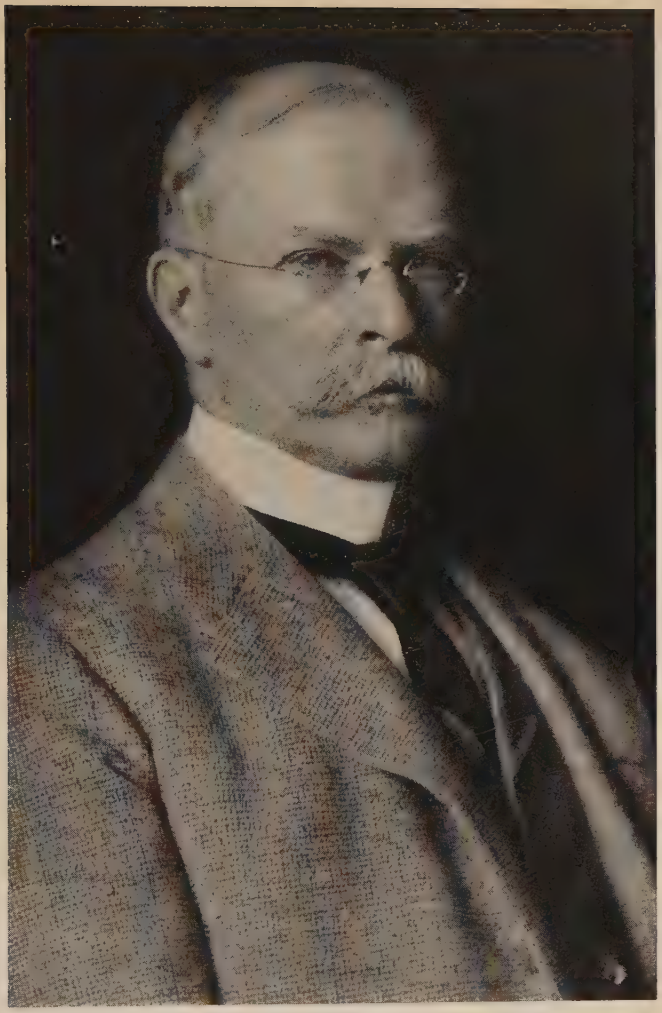
Many who dwell outside the precincts of the writing domain have an idea that because a man happens to earn his living with his pen he is moody and irresponsible and therefore an undesirable acquaintance. This impression has grown partly out of the mass of misinformation printed about the so-called "artistic temperament." With operatic stars this temperamental defect, for such it is, develops into a distinct asset because it inspires publicity and provokes salary increases. In the case of an author it is purely an affectation and is soon discounted.

Walter H. Page used to say that writers make the best friends in the world. Unlike the lawyer and the doctor they work alone. This seclusion begets a certain discrimination with regard to human beings. An author with ideals and character (they always show in his work), has the rare genius which finds expression in capacity for real comradeship.

Some of my closest personal associations have developed from meetings with writing men. The first was with James Lane Allen. I have already told how I first met him in my early reportorial days in Louisville. To him I really owe my advent in the magazine profession, for I was his guest in New York when Mr. Page made me the offer to go on *The World's Work*.

Of all well-known American novelists Mr. Allen is the least known. Abnormally shy and sensitive, he has hidden a beautiful nature behind the bulwarks of reserve. Less has been written concerning his personal side than about any of his contemporaries. Yet he has lived a romance, so far as his literary career is affected, that is not without the elements that entered into the tragedies of Grub Street.

One night some years ago I went to the play with Mr. Allen



Photograph by Hollinger.

Sincerely Yours,
James Lane Allen.

in New York. His greatest success, "The Choir Invisible," was at the height of its vogue. Editions almost tumbled upon one another as they rushed from the presses both here and in England. Everybody was reading and discussing it.

As we walked down Fifth Avenue I spoke of the tremendous earning power of the present-day novelist and added: "It is impossible for a writing man to starve to death these 'best selling' days."

"You are much mistaken," replied Mr. Allen. "I was as near want in New York as I ever care to be."

Mr. Allen's whole early life was a continuous struggle. Born on a Kentucky farm, he was a school teacher until he was well in the thirties. He came to New York determined to make his literary fortune unaided. This means that he refused to accept letters of introduction or use his friends. His proud and sensitive nature had many bitter rebuffs. Instead of hardening him against his fellows they only intensified his innate kindness and nobility. Remembering his own hard fight he has aided more than one young and aspiring writer to get a foothold.

With the exception of "John Gray" (which was the nucleus of "The Choir Invisible"), and "Summer in Arcady," which were written in Cincinnati, practically all of Mr. Allen's work has been produced in New York hotels. This will surprise many of his readers who, charmed by the exquisite quality of his nature descriptions, have long had an idea that he laboured amid a sylvan setting.

In writing of his boyhood experiences he has explained this near-paradox in a delightful bit of autobiography which was used as an introduction to a special edition of "A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath." In it he said:

"In so far as literature is concerned, these same experiences taught me, and have always compelled me, to see human life as set in Nature: finding its explanation in soil and sky and season: merely one of the wild growths that spring up on the surface of the earth amid ten thousand others. I hold this to be the only true way in which to write of Man in fiction, as it is in science. I further hold it to be true that if a writer is ever to have that knowledge of a country which reappears in his work as local colour, he must have gotten it in his childhood: that no one ever knows Nature anywhere unless he has known Nature somewhere in his youth; and that he who has thus

known her in one place can, at any time, easily know her in any other. There may be new terms, phrases, groupings, and arrangements; but it is the same Mother-Speech learned at the knee.

"Behind all that I have written lie the landscapes of a single neighbourhood. They are in 'The Blue Grass Region of Kentucky,' in 'Flute and Violin;' still more in 'A Summer in Arcady,' in 'A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath'; and in 'The Reign of Law.' The question is often asked, how can a man in a city write of a country far away that he has not seen for years. But that country is never far away and the man looks over into it unceasingly. He has but to lift his eyes to see it—as clearly as he sees the people in the street."

James Lane Allen annexed Kentucky to the Statehood of Letters. Before he began to write the Blue Grass Commonwealth had no literature. As I pointed out earlier in this book her gifted sons were orators and their ideals were of statesmanship. While they lived they moved people with impassioned fervour of their eloquence. But it was perishable stuff. One man alone of her silver-tongued group had his speeches printed and that man was Henry Clay. Besides, the bench and the bar beckoned to all the youth of the South for the reason that the law was an honoured profession with many generations of social prestige.

To the average newspaper reader Kentucky existed as a land of feud and fighting. Mr. Allen revealed it as a domain of beauty and charm, peopled with men and women of character and understanding. Under the magic of his illuminating art the Blue Grass Region became a fixed "locale" in our fiction, as definite and permanent as the New England of Mary Wilkins, the Middle West of Hamlin Garland, and the Virginia of Thomas Nelson Page.

In this sectionalism Mr. Allen beheld a real national literature. He once expressed his idea during a long walk that we took in Bronx Park, New York. He had just outlined the story of "The Doctor's Christmas Eve." I remarked that its theme was more universal than local, whereupon he said, as I recall it:

"Yes, that is true. The serial of the nation must be told in terms of its States. Each one of these States is a little entity all its own. Together the story of their lives and individualities comprises the larger narrative of the country."

Mr. Allen did more than confer Statehood upon what had

been a raw literary territory. Prior to the appearance of his stories there were only two measures of the American short story. One was made possible by the fantastic fancy of Edgar Allan Poe; the other by the more finished imagination of Nathaniel Hawthorne. To both of these standards Mr. Allen brought a fresh grace, atmosphere and distinction.

Being a precise person Mr. Allen works with great care. He only writes during the forenoon and at a desk which must have a sloping top as a relief to eye-strain. All his later books have been written at a desk scarcely three feet wide. His first drafts are written with a stub pen. He has always been particularly fussy about his writing materials. I have known a scratchy pen-point to throw his whole mental focus temporarily out of gear. After he has made three or four hand-written drafts of a chapter he dictates it to a stenographer. The typed version is then revised again and again. The results have always justified his painstaking methods. His books are models of style.

I doubt if any successful novelist has held to his artistic purpose more steadfastly than James Lane Allen. Between 1903 and 1909 no written word, with the exception of two magazine articles that he wrote for me, came from him. During that time he worked on half a dozen different books. None pleased him, however. His art and fame were at their fullest. Magazine editors clamoured for serials. A book by him would have enjoyed a large sale. During this period I repeatedly said to him: "You ought to come out with a book. The world is fickle and will forget you." His invariable answer was: "There will be no book until it is ready." He preferred to remain silent rather than submit what he considered an inadequate performance.

The real James Lane Allen is not the dignified, even austere creator of the beloved Georgiana of "A Kentucky Cardinal," of the haunting Jessica of "The Choir Invisible." He is a big, human, companionable man with a delicious sense of humour, who likes to prowl among the highways and byways of New York watching the life about him unfold as a fascinating panorama. His two principal recreations for years have been

walking and music. His fine, erect, commanding figure is familiar to the Wednesday-nighters at the Metropolitan Opera House in New York.

Few know that James Lane Allen is almost as distinguished a poet as he is a novelist. The fragments of verse that occasionally appear in his books are all his own. One of the most striking of his poems is entitled "Song of the Hemp." It was originally written for "The Reign of Law," in which his remarkable essay on hemp appears. For some reason it was not included in the book. It is a little classic.

High-mindedness has always been the pre-eminent Allen characteristic. In a letter to a young friend who had just begun to make his way in New York, he said: "Work hard, be humble to your art and *to nothing else,* and only the years themselves will let you understand what you will attain."

On the fly-leaf of a copy of "The Reign of Law" that he sent me in July, 1900, he wrote this inscription: "Nature does nothing for Man except what she enables him to do for himself." In this sentence you have the enunciation of the whole Allen creed. Alone he made his way to the heights; alone he has solved his problems of life and work.

James Lane Allen represents what might be called the old and serene school of literature. It is a more or less placid reflection of the emotions, with a vivid background of Nature. Frank Norris was just the reverse. He incarnated the realistic expression of timely, red-blooded, throbbing life. One of the most individual of the younger American novelists, he flashed like a meteor across the literary skies. For a brief day he dazzled and then the long darkness enveloped him.

My relationship with Norris was like a chapter out of a story. The beginning was unique. On Thanksgiving Day, 1899, and while I was Literary Editor of the Louisville *Times,* I received for review an unpretentious book entitled "Moran of the Lady Letty," by Frank Norris. I had never heard of him and I assumed that he was one of the many unknown strugglers. My book reviewing had to be done at odd times. Every week I read "at" not less than forty or fifty new publications.

The Norris book came at a time when I was almost overwhelmed with work. I had made up my mind to dismiss it

with a paragraph under "Books Received" but by some chance I opened the volume. One of the sentences almost flew up and struck me in the face. It was vital, original, and had a tang. I started the story and read it through at a sitting. It was a breathless yarn of adventure on the high seas that held you spellbound to the very end. I said to myself: "Here is a new man who will bear watching."

I not only wrote a long and appreciative review of "Moran of the Lady Letty," but asked Doubleday, McClure & Company, the publishers, to send me a portrait of the author and some personal information about him. A week later I received a letter from Norris. It is such a simple and frank revelation of the man and his ambition that I reproduce it in full. Here it is:

"My dear Mr. Marcosson:

Thank you very much indeed for your encouraging review of 'Moran of the Lady Letty.' It is very flattering for an absolutely new and unknown story-writer to be treated so generously. However, I hope to be less new and more known before many years. I do not think, though, that I shall ever write another story of adventures. When I wrote 'Moran' I was, as one might say, flying kites, trying to see how high I could go without breaking the string. However, I have taken myself and my work much more seriously since then and in my next novel—I think it will go out in the Spring—I have tried to do something really worth while. It is in the Doubleday and McClure presses now and I shall see that a copy is forwarded you at the earliest opportunity.

I have received a note from Mr. Doubleday to the effect that you had asked for some personal information and also a picture. I would be glad to send you a picture but as it is I have none with me at present. In the matter of personal information I find it difficult to write about myself. I was 'bawn 'n raise' ' in California, was graduated from Harvard with the class of '95, and almost immediately afterward was sent down to the Transvaal in South Africa for the S. F. *Chronicle.* Got mixed up in the Uitlander insurrection and with 3 other journalists was ejected from the country by the Boer Gov't, after the failure of Jamieson's raid. I went back to San Francisco in '96 and until last February was the associate Editor for the S. F. *Wave,* an illustrated weekly. I wrote 'Moran' as a serial for this paper and after its completion submitted it to the McClure Company. It seemed to be what they wanted and Mr. McClure asked me to come on and join their staff. In April of this year the magazine (*McClure's*) sent me to Cuba with the Shafter Expedition as special correspondent.

I have great faith in the possibilities of San Francisco and the Pacific Coast as offering a field for fiction. Not the fiction of Bret Harte, however, for the country has long since outgrown the 'red shirt' period. The novel of California must be now a novel of city life, and it is that novel I hope some day to write successfully.

Thanking you again for your interest and encouragement, I am,

Very truly,

FRANK NORRIS."

When you read this letter in the light of the later Norris achievement you realise that it is charged with quiet but dauntless determination. It was the first step in our friendship. We began to exchange views on many subjects. Norris was full of his work and he wrote about it in striking and picturesque fashion.

Strange as it may seem, I had an instinct from the start that Frank Norris would "arrive." I rarely keep letters, yet for some reason I saved nearly every communication that I got from Norris. Each was an impulsive chapter in an intimate serial of self-revelation. They are like the author himself—virile, vital and buoyant.

Meanwhile Norris worked unceasingly. The first evidence of his astonishing versatility came in 1899 with "McTeague." This sordid but unforgetable piece of realism alone would have assured his reputation. It was merely a hint of his larger powers.

I was much impressed with "McTeague," and wrote about it accordingly. When Norris got my review he sent me the following characteristic letter:

"61 Washington Sq. S.,
New York, March 14, 1899.

MY DEAR MR. MARCOSSON:

Thanks indeed for the 'McTeague exhibit' received to-day. It is very encouraging, appreciation of this kind. I was very much afraid you would not approve of the dentist, and am rather uncertain as to his reception by the G.P. But so far the critics have been unusually good to me.

My next novel is 'Blix.' The ms. is just finished and Doubleday has already put it in hand for the coming season. It is as different from 'McTeague' as 'McTeague' was different from 'Moran.' It is essentially a love story. But what I have tried to do was to turn out a love story that should not slop over. No sentimentality—everything healthy and clean and natural. 'Blix' does not belong to any 'school'

so far as I can see. It's not naturalism and it's not romanticism; it's just a story. Nothing very violent happens. There are no disagreeable people in it and it finishes—to my notion—happily.

I'm not so sure but what 'McTeague' could have happened in any big city anywhere. But it would be absolutely impossible for 'Blix' to have occurred anywhere else but San Francisco. It is more intimately *Californian* than anything I have ever done. There is no dirt in it, none of the grime and grubble of the Polk Street business, unavoidable as they were. Whatever the drawbacks of 'Blix' may be, I think you will find it clean and fresh. I hope so, at any rate.

What pleased me most in your review of 'McTeague' was the 'disdaining all pretensions to style.' It is precisely what I try most to avoid. I detest 'fine writing,' 'rhetoric,' 'elegant English,'—tommyrot. Who cares for fine style! Tell your yarn and let your style go to the devil. We don't want literature, we want life.

You saw every point I tried to make in 'McTeague' and didn't misunderstand where many other critics have been thick-witted enough.

Thanking you again, I am

Very sincerely yours,

FRANK NORRIS."

"Blix" justified everything that Norris had said about it. It proved to be a joyous romance, full of zest and light. That it disclosed the author's own love story is shown in a letter he sent me the day he got my article about it. It follows:

"New York, Nov'r. 15, 1899.

MY DEAR MARCOSSON:

God send me humbleness and a hat band no larger than 7¾. Naturally enough I should like to believe every one of the good words of your review, this minute come to hand, and I do most earnestly and sincerely hope that it was not altogether your generosity and kindness that found a little merit in 'Blix.' Not that I would not appreciate it, but I should be so pleased if I had really struck the right note in the story. It was one of those things that you can't *make* come,—no digging it out—must be entirely a matter of instinct and if a man can be sure of his instinct, I think he has little to fear,—the rest he can work out of his own bowels and brains.

Naturally I have not forgotten that you were one of the very first to speak well of my stuff and I always watch for your reviews with every degree of interest and honestly hope I shall always succeed in pleasing you and justifying your good hopes of me.

I shall send your review and letter to 'Blix' herself. But if I have let the cat out of the bag please don't quote me as admitting that there *is* a real 'Blix,' not in any case till after next summer, when, if

you should happen to be in New York, I should be more than pleased to have you meet her.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK NORRIS.

P. S.—I re-open this letter to thank you for a new phrase. I want that expression 'majestic din,' and you must give it to me. Have been working for just the idea the words suggest and now, Eureka! N."

A year had passed since the beginning of our long-distance acquaintanceship. Norris was employed as reader of manuscripts by Doubleday, Page & Company. Although S. S. McClure brought him to New York after the Spanish-American War, he followed Mr. F. N. Doubleday when he organised Doubleday, Page & Company. Norris was just getting started as a writer of fiction; his books were slow to catch on, and he had to have a regular income. He called it a "stake." Hence his connection with the publishing house. Within three years I joined the staff of that same firm and inherited a part of his daily task.

Norris was now able to begin the work on which his heart was set. The moment he cut loose from journalism he conceived the idea of "The Epic of the Wheat." It was a tremendous and sweeping vision. He saw the whole vast drama of life in the story of the grain that produces the staff of life. It held all human frailty and desire. To him Wheat (he always capitalised the word) was a thing "untouched, unassailable, undefiled, that mighty world-force, that nourisher of nations, wrapped in Nirvanic calm, indifferent to the human swarm, gigantic, restless, moved onward to its appointed grooves."

Norris planned a trilogy of books which would encompass the evolution of wheat from the time it was planted in the ground through the drama of the market-place until it went forth to feed a hungry world. The first was "The Octopus," which showed the production phase; the second was "The Pit," the narrative of speculation, while the third was to be called "The Wolf," which would deal with a European famine. Only the first and second were written.

I had many letters from Norris during the writing of "The Octopus." When he was stumped on a technicality he would

Frank Norris

sometimes pay me the compliment of seeking my counsel. The political chapters, for example, gave him considerable trouble. In November, 1899, when he was up against such an emergency he wrote me as follows:

"My dear Marcosson:

Yours of the 18th to hand and am glad to get it. If you have been involved in politics recently, perhaps you can give me a pointer or two. I am in a beautiful 'political muddle' myself in 'The Octopus,' the first of my set of three novels on the wheat question, which I have just started. You know this involves, in California, the fight between the farmers of the San Joaquin and the Southern Pacific Railroad. I was out there this summer getting what stuff I needed but I did not think I should need political notes. *Now,* I find that I do, and should have got 'em long ago. I have gone to work on this and have found out a good deal about politics and political 'deals' but I want to find out more.

The situation in my story is this: There is a certain group of farmers who, despairing of ever getting fair freight rates from the Railroad or of electing a board of Railroad Commissioners by fair means themselves, set about gaining their ends by any means available. What they want to do is to cause the nomination and election of railroad commissioners of their own choosing, with the idea that these commissioners will make proper reductions in freight rates. They are prepared to spend a very large amount of money to accomplish this. They want to put the deal through just among themselves, because they have tried to organise the rest of the farmers in the State and have failed. I think they form a kind of a ring of six or eight men. They are all fairly rich men, but are in a pretty desperate situation, the railroad having pushed them to just about the limit.

Can you tell me just about how they would go about to get their men in? Do you think it *could* be done at all? What I am anxious to get hold of are the *details* of this kind of game, the lingo, and the technique, etc., but at the same time, want to understand it very clearly.

Can you give me any idea of how this sort of deal would be put through. If you can help me along I should be no end obliged.

The next book of mine to appear is the 'Man's Woman.' It is scheduled for about the last week in February. It's a kind of theatrical sort with a lot of niggling analysis to try to justify the violent action of the first few chapters. It is very slovenly put together and there are only two real people in all its 100,000 words. It's different from my other books, but it's the last one that will be, if you understand what I mean. I am going back *definitely* now to the style of MacT. and stay with it right along. I've been sort of feeling my way ever since the 'Moran' days and getting a twist of myself.

Now I think I know where I am at and what game I play the best. The Wheat series will be straight naturalism with all the guts I can get into it.

Yours very sincerely,

FRANK NORRIS."

In this letter Norris used the word "guts," which he employed frequently both in conversation and in epistolary writing. It expressed his idea of punch and vigour and it always seemed a natural part of his vocabulary.

He always referred to "The Octopus" as "The Squid." It became his passion and he lived the drama as he unfolded it. When he neared the end he wrote me this letter, which shows his method of preparation:

"Sept. 13, 1900.

MY DEAR I. F. M.:

Your breathless note—written while you ran, I verily believe—is before me. I caught it on the fly.

The Squid is nearing conclusion. Hooray! I can see the end. It is the hardest work I ever have done in my life, a solid year of writing and 4 months preparation—bar two months—and *I* think the best thing far and away I ever did. You've no idea of the outside work on it. I've been in correspondence with all kinds of people during its composition, from the Traffic Manager of a Western railroad to the sub-deputy-assistant of the Secretary of Agriculture at Washington. Also in connection with it all I've helped run and work a harvester in the San Joaquin—that is I helped on the sacking-platform—but of course you don't know where that is. Well, the thing is mostly done now and I know when it slumps and I know when it strikes and I think the strikes are the most numerous and important. I know that in the masses I've made no mistake. You will find some things in it that for me—are new departures. It is the most romantic thing I've yet done. One of the secondary sub-plots is pure romance—oh, even mysticism, if you like, a sort of allegory—I call it the allegorical side of the wheat subject,—and the fire in it is the Allegory of the Wheat. The movement of the whole business is very slow at first—don't really get under weigh till after the first 15,000 words (it's about 200,000 words long), then, with the first pivotal incident it quickens a bit, and from there on I've tried to accelerate it steadily till at the last you are—I hope—just whirling and galloping and tearing along till you come *bang!* all of a sudden to a great big crushing END, something that will slam you right between your eyes and knock you off your feet—all this I *hope* for. Sabe? There will be about 20 characters in the book, 10 really important,

The Judson
53 Washington Square,
NEW YORK.
JAMES KNOTT, PROPRIETOR

June 9
1901

My dear J. F. M.

That the Squid is on the bill of "Best Sellers" in your town is due, I know to you, which I wish To declare my sentiments and opinions in this here place over this here Signature. to wit: [Yours-whoo]

Mr F. N. says that J. F. M. is a blame good critic, and don't care who knows it, and is deserving of free drinks at the hand and expense of any well meaning citizen, wishful of rewarding merit wherever it is met up with, which it said W. M. C. disagrees with said opinions and sentiments he is invited to step head thrown

from
the
nickel-plated
teaser
of
Mr.
F. N.
{The Ray-Zola.}

His MARK.

Mrs N. wishes to be kindly remembered.

A Characteristic Letter from Frank Norris to Mr. Marcosson

10 (about) secondary and five or six more supers. In the front matter I am going—maybe—to insert a list of dramatis personæ and—this *surely*—a map of the locality.

Such a long letter. Yours did not deserve it.

FRANK NORRIS."

"The Octopus" put Norris at once into the ranks of the "arrived." It was an enormous canvas that reeked with realism. I was only one of many who proclaimed its merit. I felt a keen pride in its success because I had believed in Norris from the start. I had written about him so persistently that the book was on the list of "best sellers" in Louisville. When Norris heard about it he wrote thus:

"MY DEAR I. F. M.:

That the Squid is on the list of 'best sellers' in your town is due, I know, to you, which I wish to declare my sentiments and opinions in this here place and over this here signature, to wit: (too whoo):—Me, F. N. says that I. F. M. is a blame good critic, and don't care who knows it, and is deserving of free drinks at the hand and expense of any Well Meaning Citizen, wishful of rewarding merit wherever it is met up with, which if said W. M. C. disagrees with said opinions and sentiments he is invited to stop lead thrown

from
the
nickel-plated
teaser
of
Me,
F. N.
(The Boy-Zola.)

His Mark."

This letter reveals the boyishness that was one of the most fascinating traits in Norris. Frequently he signed himself "The Boy Zola." From his childhood he had been an ardent worshipper of the great French realist. Unconsciously he became his American disciple and was perhaps more Zolaesque in his craftsmanship than any of his contemporaries.

The "His Mark" in the above letter was a pen sketch of a revolver. His first ambition was to be an artist and he studied for a time at the Atelier Julien in Paris. He had a delightful way of illustrating his personal communications with queer

and sometimes wiggly drawings. Like Peter Pan, Frank Norris was a wonder-child who never grew up.

All the while I had never met Norris. He somehow got the impression that I was a man of mature years. When we did meet in New York in the summer of 1901 his first exclamation was: "I thought you were an old man with whiskers and now I find that you are a mere youth. But I will forgive you."

No photograph did justice to Norris. His youthful and beautiful face was crowned with prematurely grey hair which gave him a look of distinction. He was of slight stature but restless with movement. I have never seen finer or more appealing eyes in a man.

At that time Mr. and Mrs. Norris (he had married Blix) lived at The Anglesea in Washington Square South. It was an old building much frequented by writers and painters and had what uplifters call "atmosphere." As a matter of fact it got its only real tradition through the circumstance of the Norris residence there.

I went down to dine with Norris and his wife on a soft summer evening. They had the front flat on the third floor overlooking the Square. The little table was placed at one of the large windows where we could see the stately bulk of the Washington Arch gleaming through the trees and hear the children playing amid the flowers.

Norris was as excited about this dinner as if it were a formal banquet at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. When we sat down he said:

"We could have taken you to a fashionable restaurant but we wanted you to dine with us as the boy and girl used to dine in 'Blix'."

It was just like him to have this romantic and sentimental feeling about our first meal together.

I did not see Norris after the July which marked our only meetings. In South Africa he had suffered an attack of enteric fever and he never recovered from the effects. In the autumn of 1902 he returned to San Francisco which was really his home, with the idea of chartering a schooner and sailing across the Pacific as Jack London did. He made another and longer journey. He was stricken with appendicitis and died at the age of thirty-two, having accomplished in that

brief span more than most men could have done in several lifetimes.

Norris left two unfinished works. He had prepared all the notes for "The Wolf," and had written some of the earlier chapters. His brother, Charles G. Norris, who has developed considerable talent as a novelist, expects to write it and thus complete the wheat trilogy.

"The Epic of the Wheat" only represented one big Norris vision. The really great work that he yearned to do was a Civil War series. He regarded the Battle of Gettysburg as the supreme event in American history. He hoped to make it the theme of a tremendous undertaking but not in the sense that Victor Hugo employed Waterloo in "Les Miserables." His idea was to divide his novel into three books, each dealing with one day of the struggle that marked the turning point of the war. Norris felt that the clash between the States represented the conflict of American ideals and prerogatives. Out of it came the welding of the nation through blood and sacrifice.

It is a supreme pity that Norris did not live to see the Great War. In the mighty world endeavour which swept Prussianism to its ruin he would have had a *motif* greater even than Gettysburg. It would have enabled him to make the fullest measure of his Americanism.

When Frank Norris died you caught the real meaning of those lines in "Omar Khayyam" which read:

> "Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
> That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close."

He was strong and gentle and brave. His aim was lofty and his aspiration boundless. His death was a definite and serious blow to literature. To those who knew him, however, the sense of personal loss was infinitely keener than the cutting short of a brilliant literary career.

There is a tragic parallel between Frank Norris and David Graham Phillips. Untimely death found each a shining target. The spectacle of Norris stricken at the gateway of the thirties, was no less lamentable than the abrupt taking off of Phillips in the early forties. Norris went out just as

his splendid promise began to flower. With Phillips the world was more fortunate, for it was able to pluck some of the rich bloom of his rare genius.

I did not meet Phillips until a few years before his death. I then realised how much I had lost in not knowing him earlier. Our first encounter was on the yacht *Lyndonia,* owned by Cyrus H. K. Curtis. This particular cruise had been organised by George Horace Lorimer, who invited a number of men then writing for *The Saturday Evening Post.* Phillips was in the party.

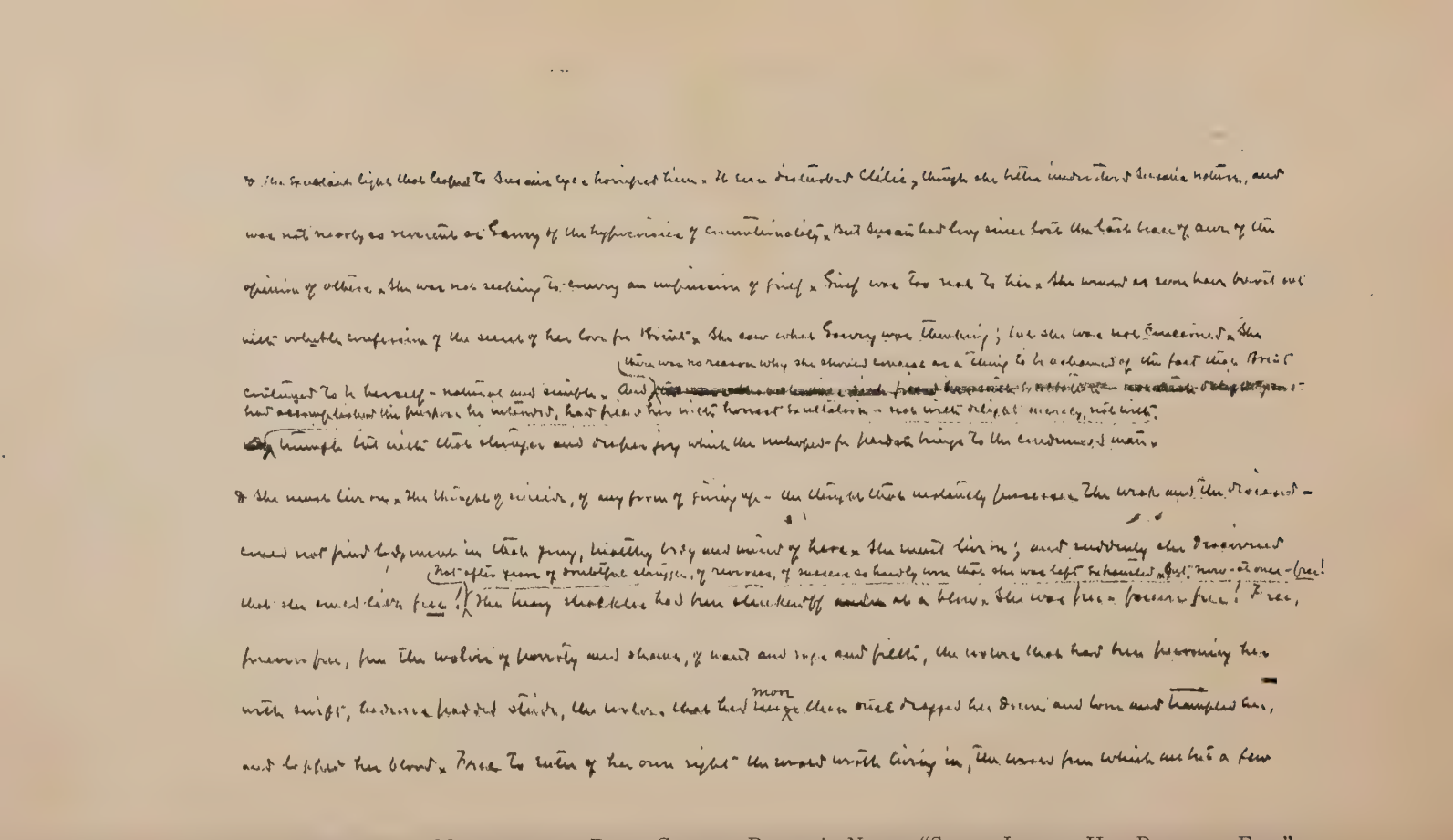
I shall never forget my first sight of him. He was tall, graceful, with a face that combined character and beauty. To his distinguished personal appearance he brought a simple graciousness of manner that drew men and women irresistibly to him.

Phillips stamped himself indelibly upon the memory. The more you saw of him the more you wanted to see. His mind was an unplumbed field; his knowledge of life almost uncanny. I once asked a celebrated American editor who has no illusions about men, because he has dealt with celebrities for twenty years, to name the most interesting personality he had ever met. Without hesitation he replied: "David Graham Phillips."

If American literature of the past twenty-five years had produced no other book than "Susan Lenox—Her Fall and Rise," it would have vindicated the tremendous debt that our fiction owes to the observant journalist. Phillips did his first writing for a daily newspaper and he never forgot his training. He found life frank, realistic, unafraid, and he pictured it with courage. He had a passion for justice, a kindling sense of sympathy. Whether it was Society or Wall Street, it mattered little. He was always the faithful historian of actual conditions. He vivified what he knew to be true with the flame of his reason.

"Susan Lenox" marked an epoch in his writing. I happen to know something about the making of this much-discussed novel. Many stories have been advanced as to its origin. The facts are these: It is based on an actual happening. When David Graham Phillips was a young man back in Indiana where he was born, he saw a beautiful young girl being carried

David Graham Phillips



A Page of the Manuscript of David Graham Phillip's Novel, "Susan Lenox: Her Rise and Fall"

off by the country lout she was forced to wed. She had been born out of wedlock and she paid the price of her mother's mistake. The man who married her—a butcher—received fifteen hundred dollars to give her "a good name." She presented such a picture of wistful and forlorn loveliness that the future novelist who looked on never forgot it. It haunted him wherever he went. That girl was the original of "Susan Lenox."

James Lane Allen used to contend that the only real gentleman in American fiction was Uncle Tom, a lowly slave. Yet his black skin hid the heart of a prince. I maintain that contemporary writing has produced no finer type than Susan Lenox. Dragged through the dregs and dust of the underworld she remained an exquisite thing. She was a lily that persisted amid the human wreckage that hemmed her in. As such she ranks with Hester Prynne and all the rest of that immortal sisterhood crucified on the altar of sacrifice and circumstance.

David Graham Phillips had a method all his own. Long experience on a morning newspaper begot in him the habit of night work. No matter how often he tried he could never write successfully during the day. He usually began about midnight and laboured steadily until dawn. He always wrote with a soft lead pencil on small sheets of yellow paper. His chirography was fine and small and frequently difficult to decipher. The yellow sheets were copied with wide spacing by a typist, after which the incessant revision was resumed. Daniel Frohman once said: "Plays are not written but rewritten." This applies to all the Phillips books.

The author of "The Grain of Dust" was the literal embodiment of the genius which is infinite capacity for taking pains. Every one of his many novels was written again and again. He had the genuine artist's standard of what his work should be and he relentlessly gauged himself by that standard. The original draft of "Susan Lenox" was considerably over five hundred thousand words. He wrote this book by hand at least three times.

Most novelists, like playwrights, select a title and then build a story around it. Phillips invariably wrote his story first and then named it. His titles were inspirations. They resulted

from his newspaper experience, coupled with his faculty for concise and effective expression.

Phillips was at the threshold of his real career when a maniac's bullet struck him down. His art had matured; his technique had ripened; his grasp of affairs was firm and comprehensive. The universe of fiction was his to command. Among other things he had in mind a novel of Jewish life. The poetry and spirituality of the Hebrew appealed to him. Had he lived I am sure he would have produced a Semitic story to rank with "Susan Lenox."

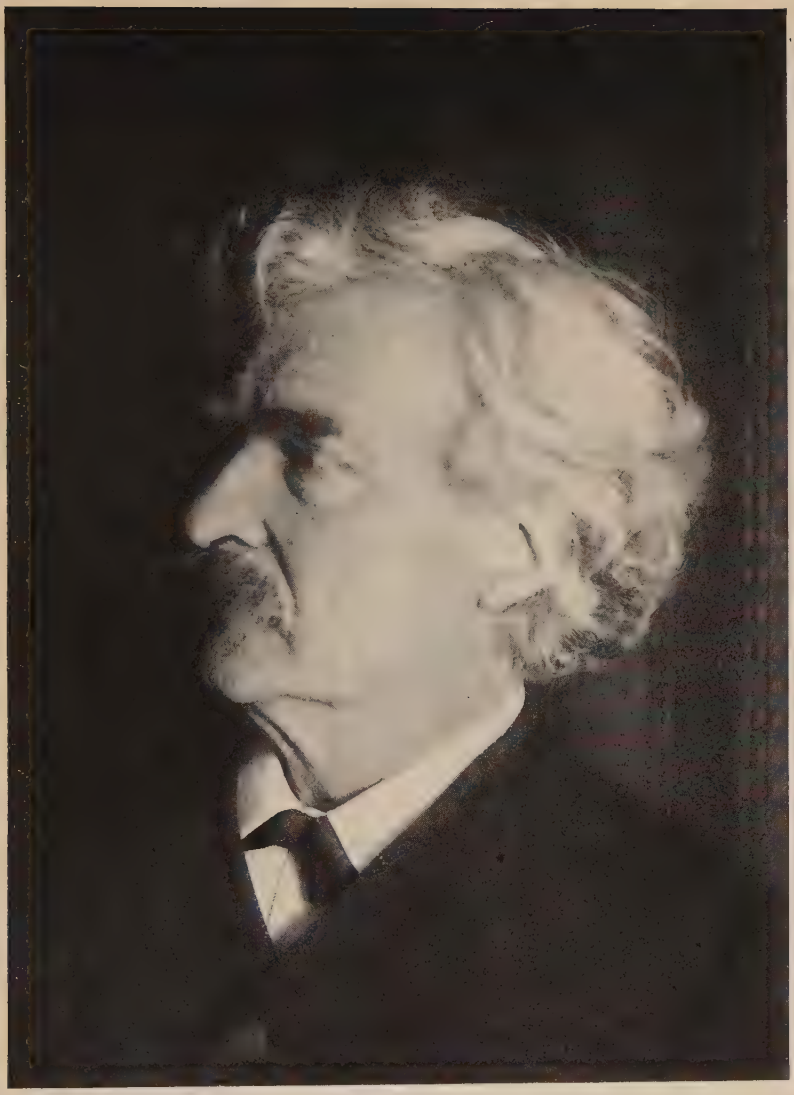
I have said that Phillips was an unforgetable personality. This did not alone result from his distinction of presence. There were other reasons. One was his unaffected modesty. Increasing success always gave him a feeling of pleasant surprise and left him more humble toward his ideal of work. In this he revealed just one phase of his many-sided greatness.

Somewhere in America there stands a monument by Daniel Chester French that visualises the most poignant of human tragedies. It is entitled "Death and the Young Sculptor." Whenever I think of David Graham Phillips it comes to my mind, for it is the silent and unchanging symbol of all that his passing means.

Phillips did not live to realise his immense possibilities. Mark Twain did. The literary father of "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn" was a rare and diverting soul. I first met him in 1905 when I wrote a character study of Henry H. Rogers. I have already recounted the circumstances which led to this piece of work. I was indebted to it because it enabled me to form an acquaintance with the lovable old gentleman whose books are an enduring institution.

That article about Henry H. Rogers did more than provide the introduction to Mark Twain. It gave me the unexpected privilege of being a collaborator of the great humourist. It came about in this fashion:

One day Mr. Clemens called me up and asked me to come around to see him. He was then living at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Ninth Street in New York City. I found him smoking a stogie in bed, where he spent most of the day. In his mussy night-shirt and with his long white hair tousled up,



Sincerely Yours
Mark Twain

now.' ~~[illegible]~~ "Hanged if you won't do!" says Mrs. Anthony, admiring him again. And he stood the raise, like a man.

"Well, Mrs. Anthony was telling these things around, about the boy's intellectuality + learning, + there was a Doubting neighbor, who thought them pretty unsteady, over + went to Henry + says, 'Look here, how did you know how to spell Isaiah?'

"But Henry was always honest, + he answered up + says, ~~'I cannot tell a lie'~~ 'I'm long-sighted, + I told him write it!'"

Truly Yours
Mark Twain

he was a strange sight. On the writing board propped up before him were four or five sheets of manuscript.

With his customary drawl he said: "I'm going to read you something." He then read an incident of Henry H. Rogers' boyhood life at Fairhaven, Mass. When he finished he said:

"How would you like to incorporate this into your article about Henry?" Mark Twain always called his friend by his first name.

While I listened to his reading I had framed up another plan, for I said:

"Why can't I print your story as a signed article by you?"

The old man smiled,—my enthusiasm had appealed to him, I think—but he answered:

"It is impossible. I am owned body and soul by a publishing house and everything that I write over my name must go to them." It was fitted into my article. One of the pages of that manuscript hangs on the wall before me as I write this chapter.

I once asked Henry H. Rogers why he undertook the rehabilitation of Mr. Clemens' fortunes and he said:

"Many years ago I read 'Roughing It.' I liked it so much that I read it aloud to my sweetheart. I read it again to her when she became my wife and I have often read it to my children. I made up my mind that if I ever had an opportunity to help Mark Twain I would."

The chance came, for it was Rogers who put Mark Twain on his financial feet after the disastrous failure of Webster & Company, the publishers, in which the author was a partner. Both Rogers and Twain told me the story of how this was done. It showed that the Wizard of Wall Street did not lose his business cunning when it came to helping a friend.

When he looked into the firm's affairs, Rogers found that Webster & Company owed Mrs. Clemens personally $65,000 cash, which she loaned out of her own pocket, upon the firm's notes. Rogers made her a preferred creditor, and to secure the claim, gave her the copyrights of her husband's books. It was a master-stroke, for the books were saved for Mr. Clemens and they became his most valuable assets.

When Mark Twain made the contract for the complete edition of his books in 1902 his business adviser was the

eagle-eyed Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company. I am not disclosing any secrets when I say that no author ever made a better contract.

Mark Twain often discussed Rogers with me. He had an affectionate loyalty for the man who led him out of his business troubles. They became cronies. Rogers frequently stopped in at the author's house, where they had a quiet game of hearts.

When "Frenzied Finance" was at its fiercest Mr. Clemens referred to it in a talk I had with him as "a scathing injustice." He followed it up by remarking:

"When Lawson began to publish these articles I went to Henry and said: 'I am going to take off my shirt and answer those articles, no matter what my publishers say.' Henry said: 'Mark, don't you dare to write anything in my defence. I appreciate your offer but I am strong enough to take care of myself.' "

In those days I lived just around the corner from Mark Twain in New York. Frequently I stopped in to see him. The only hardship attached to my visit was being asked to smoke one of the author's celebrated stogies. He could have afforded perfectos but like the late Chief Justice Harlan of the U. S. Supreme Court, he seemed to prefer these plebeian weeds to the most expensive cigar.

Mark Twain and Charles Frohman were alike in that they had a profound dislike for physical exercise. Close associates like Charles B. Dillingham, the manager, and Haddon Chambers, the playwright, constantly remonstrated with Frohman against his inertia. Whenever he read in the newspapers that a man had died of over-exertion, he would cut out the item and send it gleefully to his friendly critics with some amusing comment. He once cabled a two-hundred-word news article about an athlete, who expired while playing tennis, to Chambers, then in England, to emphasise his contention that exercise was a mistake.

Mark Twain held to this view strongly. He once said to me: "Nearly everybody dies in bed. Why shouldn't nearly everybody live in bed?" He practised what he preached, for he not only spent the greater part of the day in bed, but did nearly all of his writing there.

An acquaintance of mine in Louisville once asked me to get her an autograph of Mark Twain, to paste in her copy of "Innocents Abroad." He was always most obliging in such matters. After I made the request, he pulled away at his stogie and then wrote:

"Always remember that the *lack* of money is the root of all evil. Yours by experience, Mark Twain." He brought an old maxim strictly up to date.

Mr. Clemens, like Henry Watterson, never acquired the dictation habit. He wrote out everything with a pen. He did not think that genius is necessarily expressed by illegible writing. To the last he wrote a clear, strong hand.

I saw Mark Twain not so very long before his death. His body was beginning to bend under the burden of years but the buoyancy of spirit was still there. He was about to depart for that eternal domain where he got the answer to the query: "What is Man?" that he once propounded in a little book of that title that he wrote and circulated privately. I have a copy. For him the riddle of the universe is solved. Whatever the solution, one hope haunts the heart of the world that reads. It is that Mark Twain has found an unending content.

To no adventure in interviewing do I owe a deeper debt of gratitude than to the one that led me to Sir James M. Barrie. From my boyhood I wanted to meet the author of "Sentimental Tommy." To me he seemed always to dwell in a world apart. There was more truth than imagination in this surmise. I usually had a letter of introduction to him when I went to England before the war but he invariably proved to be as elusive as one of the fairies in "Peter Pan."

In 1915, however, the circumstance of my work made it necessary for me to see him. I was writing the Life of Charles Frohman and I went to England to get the English material. Barrie was the centre of the British end of the story. I was not long in discovering that he and Lloyd George have two things in common. They are both short on stature and long on inaccessibility.

When I reached London Barrie was up at Kirriemuir, which is the scene of all his Thrums stories. He knew that I was on the Frohman job, for I had written him from New

York. Much as he wanted to help me—as he later admitted—he shied at being interviewed. He had never undergone the ordeal before. He developed into as admirable a side-stepper as Lloyd George. I went to France; returned to England; rounded up all the Frohman material except Barrie. Yet he was the Hamlet of the play. He had written me several times promising to show up. Suddenly he went off on a motor trip in Wales, thinking that he would escape.

I had only a week left, so I decided to force the issue. I sent him the following telegram:

> "Cannot leave England without seeing you. No matter if you are in England, France, Ireland, Scotland or Wales I will come to you if only for an hour."

The next day I received a telegram from him saying that he would return to London and asking me to lunch with him at half past one on Monday at the Reform Club in Pall Mall. I was to sail on the Wednesday following.

At one-thirty o'clock on the day he indicated I descended from a taxi in front of the old grey building in which Gladstone had so often eaten and where Thackeray had worked. Pacing up and down in front was a little man wearing a derby hat and with his hands clasped behind him. His back was turned but I knew it was Barrie. I waited until he faced me and we met in this informal fashion. His first words were:

"Well, here I am."

I saw that he was embarrassed. He acted like a school-girl facing her first suitor. One reason for this perturbation was the fact that on his arrival a few minutes earlier he learned that the Reform Club had been closed that day for its summer cleaning. He suggested that we go next door to the Royal Automobile Club, a huge hotel-like institution that is a sort of Waldorf-Astoria of London clubs.

In its immense dining room that rang with the clatter of a thousand hungry people I had my first interview with the shyest man in the world. With Barrie, as with other men of the same temperament, the approach is through a congenial topic. In this particular case I had one in Charles Frohman,

for whom the author had a deep affection. Their relationship had been so intimate, however, that I knew he was averse to an immediate discussion of it. I followed the line of least resistance, which was an impersonal theme.

I felt instinctively that Barrie was absorbed in the war. He thought, ate and drank war. It had entered his soul. I was fresh from the Front. Into his ears I poured the story of what I had seen and heard—the tragic panorama of those early days. Whether he opened up in self-defence or not I cannot say. But before long this fascinating Scot began to talk with a frankness and a fluency that surprised me.

It seemed to me that only a moment had passed before the crowd streamed in for tea and the early twilight began to settle down over London. Barrie invited me to come to his flat the next evening. I spent the following day with Lloyd George. At ten o'clock that night I entered the book-lined study of his apartment at No. 3 Adelphi Terrace House, overlooking the gardens of Victoria Embankment, out of which The Little White Bird of Kensington Gardens had flown. We talked until three o'clock in the morning and I barely had time to pack and catch the boat train for Liverpool.

That war-time meeting with Barrie inaugurated a friendship that has grown during the succeeding years. I have met many men of varied temperaments but I have yet to touch a personality more beguiling or illuminating than that of the Boswell of Thrums. One reason why we have apparently gotten on so well is because we represent two extremes. When we are together I usually do all the talking.

Barrie is without doubt the most silent human being I have ever known. But it is an eloquent silence. Know his books and this taciturnity becomes an unuttered revelation of all the wonderful people that you have found in them. You see Margaret Ogilvy, you watch David of Kensington Gardens, you smile at The Little Minister; best of all, you hear the flutter of Peter's wings. You are in the midst of an ineffable company.

Barrie's flat in London is on the third floor of a most unromantic-looking five-story building. On the ground floor are the offices of the Booth Steamship Company. Despite the prosaic handicap that vulgar commerce has thrust upon it, the

structure is rich with literary tradition. Underneath the Barrie apartment lives John Galsworthy; Granville Barker formerly resided on the floor above, while George Bernard Shaw is quartered just across the street.

To reach Barrie's rooms you use a rather rickety electric elevator. If the novelist is expecting you it is quite likely that you will find him at the lift gate on his floor. He is one of the most punctual persons anywhere and he expects others to be likewise.

If ever an apartment expressed a man's character it is Barrie's study. The walls are lined with books and the flat-topped desk where he writes at the window is littered with papers and magazines. Pipes and tobacco jars are scattered about everywhere. On one side is a fireplace with a large fender on which the feet of the famous have rested.

There are only four portraits in the room. Each has an intimate association for the creator of Maggie Wylie in "What Every Woman Knows." Photographs of Charles Frohman and little Peter Scott, the only son of Captain Scott, the Arctic explorer, stand on the mantel-piece and drawings of William Ernest Henley and George Meredith hang on the wall.

Of the Barrie-Frohman friendship it is unnecessary to speak. These two men who represented entirely remote heredities had two traits in common—shyness and humour. Barrie once said to me:

"One reason why Frohman and I were so congenial and understood each other so perfectly was because we were the two shyest men that ever lived."

One day at luncheon I spoke admiringly of the picture of little Peter Scott, who is a sturdy lad with fair hair and blue eyes. Barrie suddenly spoke up and said:

"That little chap has given me a hard task. I must send him a new poem or a freshly-conceived fairy tale every week."

Nothing could reveal the real Barrie more charmingly than this confession of a loving service to a bereft child.

Barrie and Scott were intimates. The author believed in the sailor and helped to finance his last tragic dash for the South Pole. When his effects were examined amid the frigid

and ghastly Antarctic stillness, the relief party that arrived too late found a letter for Barrie among the dead man's effects. Only Barrie knows what it unfolded. Since that time he has been a second father to his friend's orphaned boy.

I always wanted to know where Barrie got the name of Wendy, the eldest of the Darling children in "Peter Pan." He did not tell me until a winter night in 1917 when we sat in front of the fire in his study and talked about intimate things. The disclosure grew out of a comment I made on his Henley portrait, which shows a massive, shaggy visage full of strength and power. Barrie began to speak of the poet, whom he admired intensely. During this burst of talk he said:

"Henley had a beautiful little daughter, with whom I became great friends. She could not pronounce my name but she once heard her father call me 'friend,' so she began to call me 'Wendy,' which was the nearest she could get to the word friend. Soon afterwards she died. She is the original of Wendy."

In his study Barrie is revealed like a character out of one of his stories. He usually sits cross-legged like a Turk, smoking a pipe. There are few waking hours in which he does not pull away at a briar. He has a bewildering assortment. Unlike Mark Twain, he does not smoke in bed.

Although of diminutive stature there is something singularly arresting in Barrie's appearance. He has a finely shaped head; his eyes, which have looked so deeply and knowingly into the heart of youth and age, are grave and sad. Deep lines furrow his face and something wistful and appealing seems to brood about him. He talks slowly and with a Scotch accent that is like an echo out of the misty Highlands.

Only in rare moments has he spoken to me of his early days. One of the most interesting reminiscences related to his first sight of George Meredith, who has always been his literary god. When he came to London from Nottingham, the scene of his journalistic apprenticeship, determined to make a career as a literary man, he decided to get a glimpse of the author of "Diana of the Crossways." At considerable sacrifice, for he scarcely had five dollars to his name, he went out to Dorking, where the great man lived. He walked most of the way. He

hid behind a hedge until he saw the white-bearded figure leave the little Swiss chalet where he worked. Barrie thought his hero had seen him, whereupon he turned and fled precipitately. Afterwards Barrie and Meredith became devoted friends. When Meredith became too feeble to walk, Barrie often went down and pushed him around in his wheel chair.

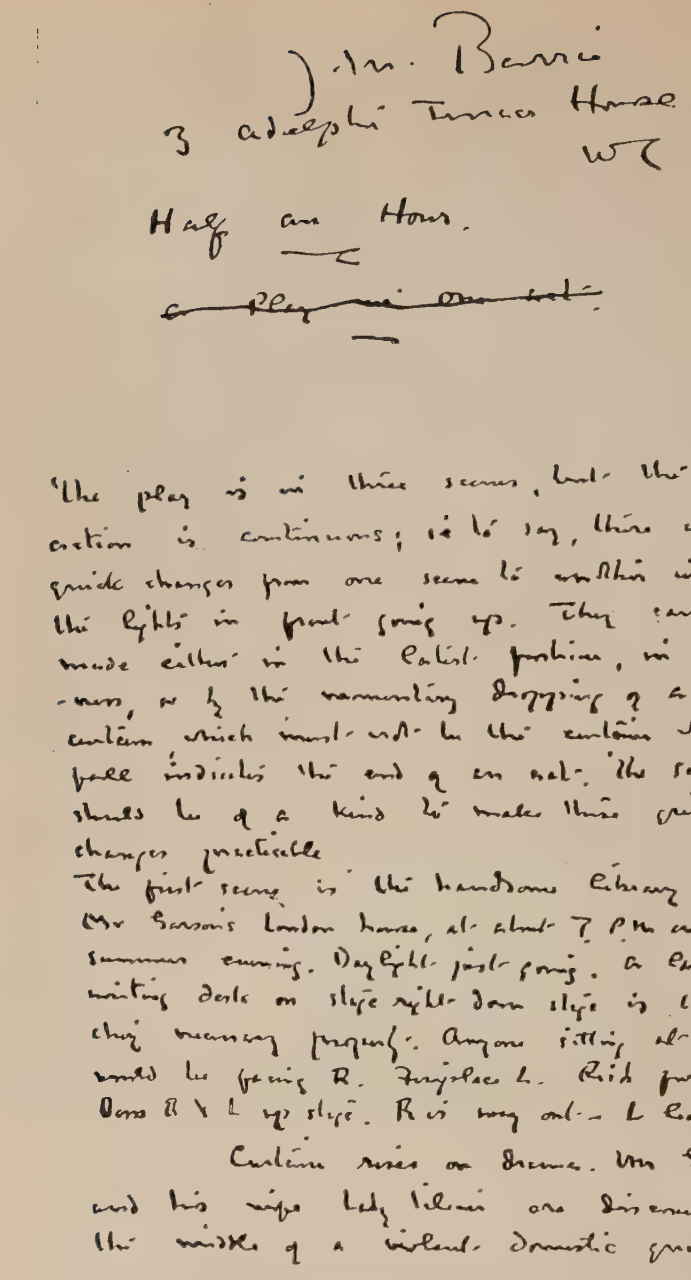
It is not generally known in America, I think, that for some squeamish reason Meredith's ashes were refused a final sanctuary in Westminster Abbey. Barrie felt that this was a monstrous indignity, so he wrote a letter of protest to the *Westminster Gazette*. But it was a whimsical protest, done in Barrie's best vein. It took the form of a beautiful allegory, which showed Meredith's triumphal homecoming to Dorking, greeted by all the characters of his books, headed by Diana and Richard Feverel. Then the fancy changes and you see the master, young again,—climbing the Hill of the Great. On the way up he is welcomed by Robert Louis Stevenson, who shouts back to his colleagues who have reached the Ever-Ever Land: "Here is the fellow I have been telling you about."

This leads me to the statement that the one certain key to unlock Barrie's silence is the magic name of Stevenson. I have never known it to fail. Between these two souls there was a fine communion. Stevenson repeatedly invited his fellow Scot to visit him at Vailima. His direction to Barrie, as readers of the Vailima letters are aware, were: "Take the boat at San Francisco and then my place is the second on the left." Barrie never got there. Concerning his failure to make that pilgrimage of affectionate admiration, he once said to me: "I regret it above all other things. It was the only spot in all the world that I had any craving to visit."

You can only know the real Barrie in the quiet and aloofness of that book-lined study in Adelphi Terrace. One summer night there, just after the Zeppelins began their midnight marauding over London, we talked of fairy plays, a subject which always interested him. Barrie delivered himself of a striking theory concerning them as follows:

"The difference between a fairy play and a realistic one is that in the former all the characters are really children with a child's outlook of life. This applies to the so-called adults of the story as well as to the young people. Pull the beard off the

To J. T. Marcosson
from his friend
J. M. Barrie


J. M. Barrie
3 Adelphi Terrace House
W C

Half an Hour.

~~a play in one act~~

The play is in three scenes, but the action is continuous; i.e. to say, there are quick changes from one scene to another without the lights in front going up. They can be made either in the ordinary fashion, in darkness, or by the rapid dropping of a curtain which must not be the curtain whose fall indicates the end of an act. The scenes should be of a kind to make these quick changes practicable

The first scene is the handsome library of Mr Barrie's London house, at about 7 P.M. on a summer evening. Daylight just going. A large writing desk on stage right down stage is the chief masculine property. Anyone sitting at it would be facing R. Fireplace L. Rich furniture Doors R & L up stage. R is very ord— L Book cupboards

Curtain rises on Drama. Mrs Barrie and his wife Lady Sibyl are discovered in the middle of a violent domestic quarrel. He

THE FIRST PAGE OF THE MANUSCRIPT OF SIR JAMES M. BARRIE'S PLAY, "HALF AN HOUR"

Fairy King, and you would find the face of a child. The actors in a fairy tale should feel that it is written by a child in earnestness, and that they are children playing it in the same spirit. The scenic artist is another child in league with them."

Barrie loves America and believes in the strongest possible Anglo-Saxon union. When I asked him what he enjoyed most on his last trip to the United States in 1913 he surprised me by saying:

"The mechanical baseball score-board in front of the *Times* Building in New York City. I used to sit in my room at the Knickerbocker Hotel and watch the progress of the game as shown by the moving figures and got as much excitement out of it as if I were sitting in the grandstand."

Barrie has never forgotten his humble origin. His feeling about so-called Society manifests itself in various sharp eccentricities. For one thing he loathes a silk hat. He also dislikes to wear evening clothes. Often when I asked him to dine with me at the Savoy or elsewhere, he would say: "I'll come if I do not have to dress."

Five minutes of Barrie in a pair of pyjamas were always worth more than a year with the average human being in smartest raiment!

I had some slight part in introducing Barrie to the delights of O. Henry. Before I went to Russia in 1917 I spoke to him admiringly about the work of our greatest short story writer. As usual, Barrie said nothing. When I returned from Petrograd nearly two months later I went to dine with him at the flat. He seemed to have something on his mind but I held my peace. When we settled ourselves for a long smoke over the coffee in the study, he sitting cross-legged, as usual, on the couch and I folded up in his big brown easy chair, he said:

"While you were gone I read all of O. Henry's books that I could find. I thank you for telling me about them."

Then he proceeded to tell me his version of at least a dozen of the best O. Henry yarns, ranging from "The Trimmed Lamp," which was one of his favourites, to "The Rose of Dixie." It was an unforgetable experience to hear his impressions of the types that Sydney Porter portrayed so inimitably.

"What can I do to show my appreciation of O. Henry's stories?" he asked me. I replied:

"I think it would be a charming and graceful act if you would write to his daughter who is married and who lives in New York." I gave him her name and address and he wrote her a gem of an appreciation.

Barrie became such an O. Henry enthusiast that he gave a complete set of the American author's books to Mr. Asquith. Knowing Mr. Asquith, it seemed to me like playing a ragtime prelude to a grand opera. The former Prime Minister of England is an austere and academic person who looks with contemptuous scorn upon the so-called "popular" novelist. Real art, to paraphrase a line in a witty play, like indigestion, levels all ranks and prejudices. It is tribute to the rare quality in O. Henry's books that even Mr. Asquith became his admirer.

I have seen various examples of illegible chirography but Barrie's holds the record. It looks like the proverbial scrawl. The little Scotchman writes all his books and plays with a pen on narrow sheets of paper. An old Scotch spinster in London is one of the few typists who can decipher his hieroglyphics. I suppose it is the Scotch in her that gives her a "second sight." She copies all his works.

I was anxious to obtain the manuscript of "Peter Pan." Barrie told me, however, that he had given it to Maude Adams. When I asked him if he had any other left, he said: "I never keep such things." I pressed him to make a search. He dug around in the drawers of his desk and discovered the manuscript of his tragic one-act play "Half an Hour," which I now possess.

Some men write plays to make money. Barrie has been known to write them to enable him to forget his troubles. His absorbing drama, "The Twelve Pound Look," owes its origin to an attack of malaria. Barrie told me this tale with many quiet chuckles. As soon as he was taken ill, he locked himself up. He did not feel like reading so he turned to writing. To while away the weary hours he wrote a play.

The manuscript was fated for an unconventional experience. Upon its completion Barrie chucked it into a drawer of his

desk and forgot all about it. One day Granville Barker came to him eager for a one-act play for his Repertory Theatre in London. Barrie said he had nothing on hand or in hand.

"Suppose I take a look around," said Barker who was an intimate friend. The playwright offered no protest while his visitor ransacked the desk. Suddenly Barker fished out a bundle of closely written sheets, saying:

"What's this?"

Barrie scanned them for a few moments with a puzzled expression. He sometimes finds it difficult to read his own handwriting. Then he said:

"It's a little one-act play I wrote when I had malaria."

In this way "The Twelve Pound Look" was discovered and produced.

The war ravaged Barrie unutterably. It saddened him to contemplate what he considered his "helplessness." During the dark days of 1917 he wrote me most despondently saying: "Those of us who cannot fight or do something really worthwhile, are mere cumberers of the earth."

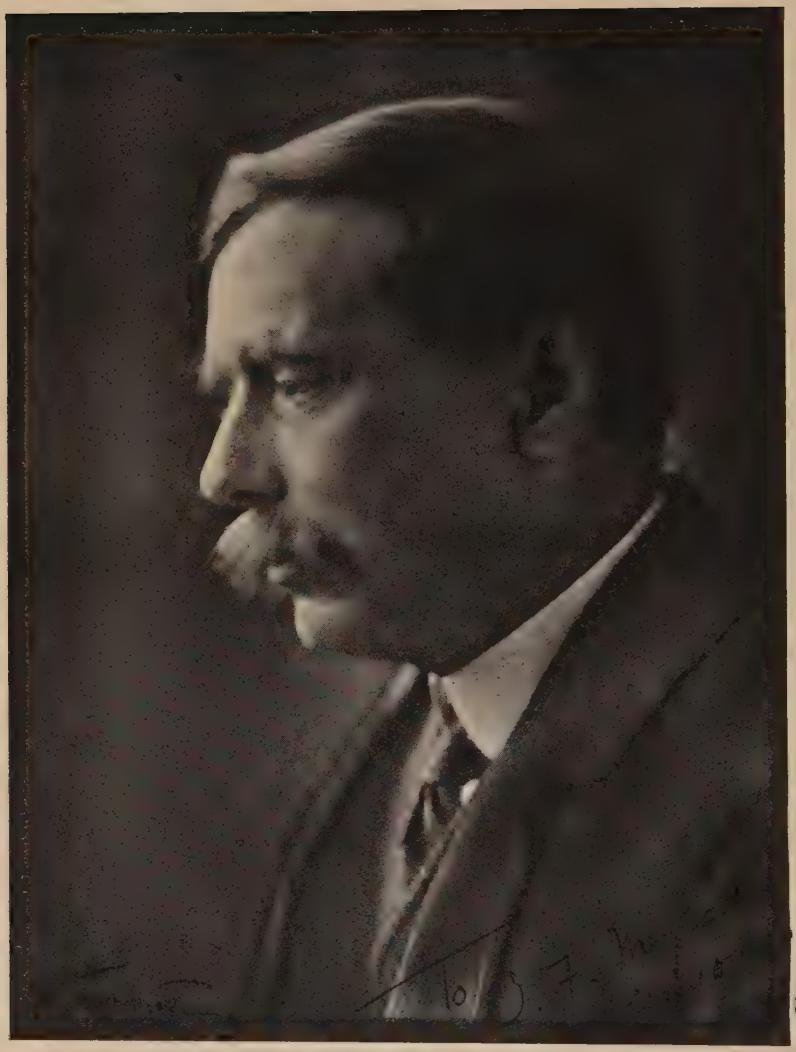
One of his favourite adopted sons, the original of David in "The Little White Bird," was killed in action near Ypres. As a memorial to him Barrie established and supported a hospital in France until the end of the war. His name was never associated with it and I doubt if a dozen people in England knew of this benefaction. His many philanthropies are like the man himself—quiet and unobtrusive.

Barrie has made good on every promise to me but one. Several years ago I expressed a desire to see Thrums. With an impulsiveness rare in him he said: "Some day you shall go with me."

To this event I look forward with eager interest. With the son who wrote her life, I want to see the little thatched cottage where Margaret Ogilvy lived; I long to hear the purl of the brook that ripples through T'nowhead Farm; I yearn to look out of the famous "Window" which opened upon the little world of homely humour and searching pathos that is one of Barrie's imperishable gifts to mankind.

What names and what careers have been unfolded in this chapter! Allen, the aristocrat of letters; Norris, the "pard-like spirit beautiful and swift"; Phillips, like a young Greek

god aglow with the divine fire; Mark Twain, whose work was a benediction; Barrie, the dear link with wit and whimsicality. They enriched friendship just as they adorned literature. To know them has been a precious privilege.



CHAPTER XIV

OTHER LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS

No living writer in English has displayed such astounding versatility and productivity as H. G. Wells. To the average reader he seems to be a perpetual machine that can produce anything from a fantastically imaginative romance to a dissertation on religion, thinly veiled by fiction. All this output naturally conjures up the picture of a person immense and impressive—an infinitely powered literary dynamo.

Such, however, is not the case. If you passed H. G. Wells casually on the street and were asked to indicate his occupation, the chances are that you would say that he was a successful banker or a prosperous merchant. Despite the imminence of rotundity, which gives him a definite middle-aged appearance, he is energetic and is characterised by swift, alert gesture. His eyes are grey, shrewd and humorous and his voice pleasant and almost musical.

I did not meet Wells until early in 1917. Like many of my first contacts with celebrities, it was quite accidental. He was among the invited guests at the luncheon that the American Luncheon Club in London gave Lord Northcliffe and me in 1917 just before I went to Russia. After the speaking I was presented to him and he invited me to lunch with him at the Reform Club a few days later.

That luncheon began a certain epoch in my life in England. I never count a visit there complete without a talk with the author of "Mr. Britling Sees It Through." Although he is human and beguiling he shines best without a crowd. After a brilliant streak of conversation I have known him to shut up like a clam with the arrival of a third person.

People wonder how Wells happens to know so much about so many things. This knowledge does not "happen." Like everything else worth while in this world it is the result of hard work. Before he wrote "The War in the Air," which

uncannily forecast one of the most significant of all modern scientific developments, he made a careful study of aeronautics. When Lord Northcliffe organised the first Air Board in London shortly after the outbreak of the war, he appointed Wells a member. He afterwards told me that the best speech made at the first meeting of the Board was by Wells, who displayed a knowledge of aircraft that astounded the experts.

One of the charms in Wells' books is that he almost invariably writes about himself. Most of his novels are the autobiographies of his emotions. He once told me that the whole mental experience of Mr. Britling was the story of his own ordeal during the initial period of the war. Of course, he did not lose his son, as is the case with the father in the book, but he did undergo all the agony of mind and the doubting that the hero of this outstanding story suffered.

No man in England felt the war more keenly than Wells or wrote about it more courageously. When he was being indicted as a pacifist—which he was not—he said to me rather plaintively:

"I cannot understand the British mind. Everybody wants the war to end, yet when a man writes constructively about peace he is labelled a pro-German and abused as a pacifist."

Wells has organised his work with the same precision that the head of a corporation outlines his task. He works throughout the forenoon and does his revision after luncheon. He writes a delicate, almost feminine hand. It is like copperplate. Everything about him is common-sense and practical. If chirography is an indication of a man's character Wells would be revealed as a prim and prudent person. His views are quite the reverse.

In conversation he is a continuous entertainment. He leaps from theme to theme with charming ease and finished grace. I know of no living author with whom I would rather talk. He illumines the most commonplace subject with a flashing humour. Once when we had lingered long at luncheon he suddenly pulled out his watch and exclaimed:

"By Jove, I must go and rock the cradle."

"What do you mean?" I asked him.

"My boys are coming by for me in a moment and I must take them for a walk in Kensington Gardens," he replied.

On a portrait of himself that he gave me when I returned from Russia he wrote this inscription: "May the submarines sink all differences between the civilised nations of the Atlantic forevermore."

I never think of Wells without immediately thinking of his friend Arnold Bennett. Each of these men is a sort of high-class literary syndicate. They exceed all other living writers in bulk of output. Hence it is a joyous experience to hear them joke with each other about their respective activities.

I was lunching with Wells one day at the Reform Club in London when Bennett came up and joined us. Wells immediately said to him:

"Well, my young rival, how many books have you written this morning?"

"One more than you've produced," was Bennett's reply.

Arnold Bennett is tall, rather slender, with merry eyes and a fuzzy little patch of hair under his lower lip. The first and last thing you see about him is this patch. He talks and works fast and suggests a highly organised productive plant. He is as much a business institution as Wells.

There is one fundamental artistic difference between the work of Wells and Bennett. Wells writes about himself while Bennett interprets the lives of others. Bennett is really a journalist operating in fiction and the drama. His grasp of detail and his power of reproducing environment down to the minutest details are among his chief gifts. It is another example of glorified reporting.

In the purely commercial sense the exact opposite of the two men that I have just described is John Galsworthy. His attitude toward art reflects the same high ideals that are incarnated in America in James Lane Allen. He has unconsciously invested all that he has written with his delicate sense of what is fine and noble.

I owe my first meeting with Galsworthy to Barrie. In September, 1916, I casually mentioned to the little Scotchman that I admired Galsworthy and would like to meet him before I sailed for home. Barrie and Galsworthy are close friends and, as I told in the previous chapter, have apartments in the same building.

The following afternoon I received a charming note from

Galsworthy, asking me to lunch with Mrs. Galsworthy and him at Romano's, a famous restaurant in the Strand. I found him just as I imagined he would be—shy, gentle, unassuming. Here, too, he continues the parallel with James Lane Allen. With his bald head, white hair and solemn eyes he looks more like a jurist with long experience on the bench than the writer of books and plays with a message.

In his quiet way Galsworthy accomplishes as much as the spectacular writing man who beats the big drum. In the last analysis art counts. Appreciation came to Galsworthy without the slightest attempt at exploitation on his part. I can give you no better evidence of the character of the man than to say that, unable to fight in France during the war, he served for nearly a year as a volunteer masseur at a British hospital in Boulogne.

When I was a boy I read "The Children of the Ghetto" with deep interest and appreciation. I wondered what type of man I. Zangwill was. Afterwards when I met him he proved to be different from the personality I had imagined. This meeting, by the way, came about in rather interesting fashion.

I was visiting James Lane Allen in New York in the August of 1898. Zangwill had just come to America for the first time to give a series of lectures under the auspices of Major J. B. Pond. The Major, who was a genial and lovable person, gave me a letter of introduction to his new star. Zangwill was staying at the house of a prominent New York Israelite at Long Branch.

On one of the hottest days of a scorching summer I journeyed down to see him. I found Zangwill a medium-sized man with curly black hair, brilliant eyes and strongly-marked Jewish features. His whole physical appearance was not particularly prepossessing. I forgot this, however, in the dazzling brilliancy of his conversation. He talks like a character in an Oscar Wilde play. Epigram follows epigram in almost breathless succession. In Zangwill you get a curious mixture of the dreamer and the practical business man. He combines the enthralling vision and the shrewd commercial sense of his great race.

A friend of mine in Louisville who knew that I was to meet the distinguished Jewish author asked me to get an autograph for him. He readily assented and wrote the following:

"Yours warmly,
I. Zangwill,
August 15, 1898—in the shade!"

With characteristic cleverness he capitalised the temperature.

Zangwill once made one of the most effective retorts of which I have heard. He was sitting alongside a rather fluffy and frivolous woman at a dinner in London. The author was visibly bored with the inane and innocuous conversation which she valiantly struggled to maintain. Finally, thinking of nothing better to say, she asked:

"What is your Christian name, Mr. Zangwill?"

"I have none," was the reply.

On another occasion when an equally imbecilic female put the same question to the author of "The Master," he retorted: "Madam, my Christian name is Israel."

I have ranged the British writing field pretty thoroughly these past few years. The old order is changing. Conan Doyle, Gilbert Parker, Hall Caine and the rest of that circle are beginning to reach the outposts of "another day." They will soon belong to the past. Who will be the inheritors of tomorrow?

Of all the younger English writers that I have met Hugh Walpole stands out with the most vivid distinction. If I should indulge in the dangerous dissipation of prophecy I would say that unless unforeseen accident befalls him within the next ten years, he will stand at the head of the list.

My initial contact with him was in dramatic circumstances. When I reached Petrograd in that fateful April of 1917 I found Walpole in charge of the British propaganda there. He had served nearly a year with an ambulance unit at the Russian Front. This explains the source of the material for "The Dark Forest."

I saw him often during those momentous Petrograd days. We walked and talked much together. He never failed to dis-

close some evidence of a strong and unusually well-poised mentality. He was enormously interested in Russia. He ate, drank, dreamed and lived the absorbing life about him. Within six months he had acquired an astonishing mastery of the language. More than once he acted as my interpreter in a ticklish negotiation.

After seeing Walpole at close range in Russia I was not surprised at "The Secret City," which is the finest novel of Russian life yet written by an alien. No living writer has penetrated so deeply or so understandingly into the soul of the Slav.

Walpole is of youthful appearance, with a spacious forehead and smooth-shaven face. He gives the impression of being an active disciple of sports rather than the most promising English-writing novelist of his day. If anything, his whole personal appearance is most matter-of-fact. Although he has an abundance of temperament he is likewise a precise and methodical worker. He kept a complete diary of the first Revolution, of which he was an eye-witness, and it was a bulwark of help for me when I was suddenly called upon to assimilate the facts and get the atmosphere of that dramatic episode in a short time. The British Government made a great mistake when it failed to carry out a plan to publish this diary as a "White Book." It would have been a document of permanent worth.

Walpole, who is still on the sunny side of the thirties, was born at Auckland, New Zealand; educated at Cambridge; taught for a year in an English boys' school; had four years of daily journalism in London, and then settled down when he was twenty-three to write novels. He set himself to a high task and has made no compromises with his art. Like Frank Norris he aimed at the big thing. The financial failure of his earlier books only made him work all the harder. His success is a convincing proof that real literary purpose is not without its substantial reward.

Walpole has a rather unique procedure with relation to his labours. He does all his writing in a fisherman's cottage on the Cornish coast. Here he isolates himself for three or four months at a time. The only human beings with whom he has contact are the humble folk about him. Once a novel is completed he goes up to London where he goes in for the heavy

JOHN BUCHAN

HUGH WALPOLE

social routine. He is one of the most persistent of "diners out." Wherever you go during the season you are likely to find Walpole. His table talk is like his writing—witty, striking, and sparkling.

There is a little-known link between Hugh Walpole and America. When he was a lad his father, who is now Bishop of Edinburgh, was a member of the faculty of the General Theological Seminary in New York City, where the family resided for three years. I might add that Walpole's first substantial recognition came from the United States and curiously enough from the Pacific Coast, which hailed him as a "comer," long before New York discovered that he was a genius.

Hugh Walpole and John Buchan are inseparably associated in my memory, for it was Buchan, as Director of British Propaganda in the Foreign Office, who gave me a letter of introduction to his novel-writing representative in Petrograd.

Buchan has done more different things well than almost any man I ever met. At forty-three he has been novelist, barrister, historian, sportsman, soldier, statesman and publisher. His career has been as varied and adventurous as that of any of the heroes of his "shockers."

With Buchan I had the usual unconventional introduction. In 1916 I returned to England convinced that the whole British propaganda programme in America was wrong. I told Lord Northcliffe that unless a change were made in its direction, the Germans would succeed in their determined attempt to poison the American mind against Britain. He agreed with me thoroughly and added:

"The problem is to get the right man. Let me think it over."

Two days later he called me up early in the morning and said:

"Come to lunch at my house to-day and meet the man I shall propose for Director of Propaganda."

In this way I met Buchan. He was the man Northcliffe suggested for the propaganda work and he was soon at the head of the Bureau at the "F. O.," as they call the Foreign Office.

I made my second trip to the British Front under his sponsorship—(it resulted in my book, "The Business of War")—

and together we fought many battles in behalf of the Anglo-Saxon understanding—a cause dear to both our hearts.

Buchan is as completely Scotch in dialect and manner as Barrie. He was writing when his contemporaries included Robert Louis Stevenson, S. R. Crockett and Ian MacLaren. This means that he "took his pen in hand" almost before he was out of short trousers. At sixteen he had published an annotated edition of Bacon's Essays; he was still in Oxford when he had produced several novels. After a brilliant career at Brasenose College, which is the Alma Mater, by the way, of Sir Douglas Haig, he was called to the English Bar. This was too slow for him, so he went to South Africa as private secretary to Lord Milner, then High Commissioner.

Being Scotch, Buchan has a canny business sense. In 1907 he allied himself with the famous publishing house of Nelson's. The average untravelled American does not realise perhaps the great service to humanity that this staid old concern has rendered. No matter where you happen to find yourself in the civilised world, be it Paris, Petrograd or Pekin, if you need reading diversion all you have to do is to go to the nearest book store and you will find one of the Nelson "shilling shockers." The world is littered with these useful books. I once told Buchan that the real Order of Merit for conspicuous service to the tired tourist should be bestowed on his house.

When the war broke out Buchan offered himself for active service but was rejected on account of over-age. A little thing like this did not deter him. He was one of Kitchener's most active aids in the first British recruiting campaign. After serving as one of *The Times* correspondents at the Front he joined Haig's staff as Intelligence Officer. He was present at every stage of the Battle of the Somme and it enabled him to write his well-known narrative of that stupendous engagement. It is a part of his now-famous "History of the War," whose seventeen volumes comprise what will probably stand for some time as the authoritative account of the great conflict. This monumental work was prepared under every conceivable kind of handicap. It was partly written at Haig's headquarters; a portion was turned out while he was Director of Propaganda. It was like a vast serial written hot on the heels of happening. The amazing thing about the performance is that it is a con-

secutive and finished contribution to the literature of the war.

If you were to analyse the whole Buchan achievement, you would find that the outstanding quality disclosed was versatility. He has ranged from a tragedy in blank verse to an ideal adventure yarn like "Green Mantle." No living man approaches him in the formula for a ripping "shocker." He fairly reels them off. I once asked Buchan how he felt about his writing and he replied with the following epigram:

"I regard business as my profession; writing as my amusement and it looks as if some kind of politics is going to be my duty."

He once confessed to me that his really great literary ambition is to write a Life of General Robert E. Lee. The Commander-in-Chief of the Armies of the South has always been one of his ideals. When I told him that my father had not only been a Confederate soldier but had served under Lee, he almost fell on my neck. For a Scotchman it was a memorable outburst of feeling.

Buchan had never seen a Confederate flag, so I sent him one. Upon receiving it he wrote me: "No gift that I have ever received has touched me in just the same way as the Confederate flag you sent me. It is the symbol of a high and dauntless heroism." That flag hangs to-day in the library of his house in Portland Place in London.

With still another British author I have had a close and delightful association. Shortly before I left England in the autumn of 1916 a friend of mine in the Foreign Office said to me: "A fine fellow is going out with you on the *Baltic* to lecture in America. Look him up."

The "fine fellow" was Ian Hay, who in private life is John Hay Beith. We met on the boat and it was the beginning of a comradeship that I count as a most valued asset. Beith had been in America some years before, just after he had graduated from school teacher into novelist. It was a new America that he now beheld but no peaceful invader was more welcome.

It is no deprecation of any of the other British war-time lecturers who came to us to say that Beith was easily the most popular of them all. Nor am I overstating the case when I add that he did more than any of his contemporaries to

cement the bonds between the two great English-speaking nations. His charm of manner, unfailing humour and unaffected modesty won for him everywhere.

It was my happy fate to cross the ocean with Beith several times after that first journey on the *Baltic*. On one occasion we were fellow passengers on the *Lapland* when she carried four thousand American troops—part of "The Last Million" —and when we were in the largest convoy sent across the Atlantic during the war.

I doubt if any Britisher ever adapted himself so swiftly to American slang as Beith. He has an uncanny affinity for our ways and speech. Hence he was the ideal man to head the American Section of the British Ministry of Information during that momentous period when our soldiers were pouring into England by the hundred thousands.

The end of the war brought Beith one keen regret in that he was unable to rejoin his battalion of Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders at the front. He won the Military Cross at Loos for conspicuous gallantry and had he gone back to the firing line he would have distinguished himself further. Yet he served his country and the Great Cause as faithfully on the platform as in the trenches. The City of Louisville expressed the state of mind of practically every other community where he spoke when it offered him honorary citizenship whenever he sees fit to settle in America.

To the countless people who have read "The First Hundred Thousand," it may be interesting to know that much of this book is an actual record of real people and events. Beith himself was in the first Kitchener army and he wrote of his own experiences. Of the men who figure in the story he is the only survivor.

No less varied have been my adventures with American authors. None was quite so individual as O. Henry. In connection with him I can lay claim to one distinction. I am not among the legion of editors who "discovered" him. So far as our relations were concerned I was like a ship that hailed him amid the vast currents of life. We exchanged signals and went our several ways, he to his untimely death while I have managed to remain afloat.

I met O. Henry in the kind of environment that he loved.

Between 1904 and 1906 he wrote some of his most famous stories for the *New York World*. The contract stipulated that he must produce one story a week. This arrangement imposed a hardship because the author's life and method of work were thoroughly disorganised. To William Johnston, then Associate Editor of the *Sunday Magazine* of the *World*, fell the arduous task of securing the copy from O. Henry. Johnston asked me to meet his star contributor at lunch.

We foregathered at a Syrian restaurant down in Washington Street, a dirty, dingy hole that needed disinfection much more than business. It was one of the few places in New York, however, where you could get real Syrian food. O. Henry delighted in quaint eating places and this den met with his hearty approval. A little thing like an unpleasant odour did not disconcert him. What he wanted most was so-called "atmosphere" and he certainly got it in that café.

Henry was waiting for us when we arrived. For a Southerner he was most undemonstrative. He was of average height, with rather pallid face, dreamy eyes and he spoke with a soft drawl. He had an instinct for self-effacement and he detested people who sought him out because of his work. The human element was the thing that he sought most in his fellow creatures and he demanded that he be measured by the same rule. You felt instinctively that he was kind and understanding. Without being familiar in the slightest degree O. Henry immediately established a bond with people. If he liked you he would call you "Colonel" before much time had elapsed.

We had a sticky, pasty luncheon and consumed considerable quantities of such delicacies as stuffed fig leaves and other indigestible food. At the conclusion Henry regaled himself with a hookah. We sat for hours and discussed many things. Once you got O. Henry started your best and most instructive occupation was as concentrated listener.

That Syrian restaurant became one of O. Henry's favourite haunts. After his first experience with stuffed fig leaves he added a new phrase to his vocabulary. He was all the time talking of turning over a new "rolled green leaf."

The author of "The Four Million" was a born insurgent. He detested conventions and embodied the true Bohemian to a fascinating degree. He did not do it as a pose,—that is, affect

flowing neckties and soiled linen. It was a perfectly natural procedure. He earned large sums of money and yet was always stony broke.

Johnston's experience in extracting his weekly story from O. Henry will illustrate how the famous writer worked. He was under contract to produce an original story weekly for the munificent sum of $100, which was later increased to $130. When he died the average price for a short story ranged from $2,000 to $2,500. The last call for "copy" each week was Saturday noon. The first thing that Johnston did on Monday morning was to send a note to O. Henry's bachelor quarters asking, "Where is this week's story?" Invariably there would come back a note saying: "I am just sitting down to write it. Can you send me $50 by this messenger?"

After a few experiments Johnston made it a condition that at least part of the story should be in his hands before any money was advanced. This perhaps accounts for the fact that many of the beautifully written introductions to these stories have no direct connection with the stories themselves. In other words, O. Henry was merely playing for time and money when he wrote them and did not himself know when he wrote these introductions just what the story was to be about.

Throughout the week there would be a daily exchange of notes between Johnston and O. Henry, the editor pleading for manuscript and the author begging for money. Invariably the story arrived just before the flag fell.

Many of the apologetic notes written under these circumstances sparkle almost as much as the O. Henry stories. Once just after Johnston had received the copy of the celebrated story, "The Guilty Party," he wrote in a sarcastic note:

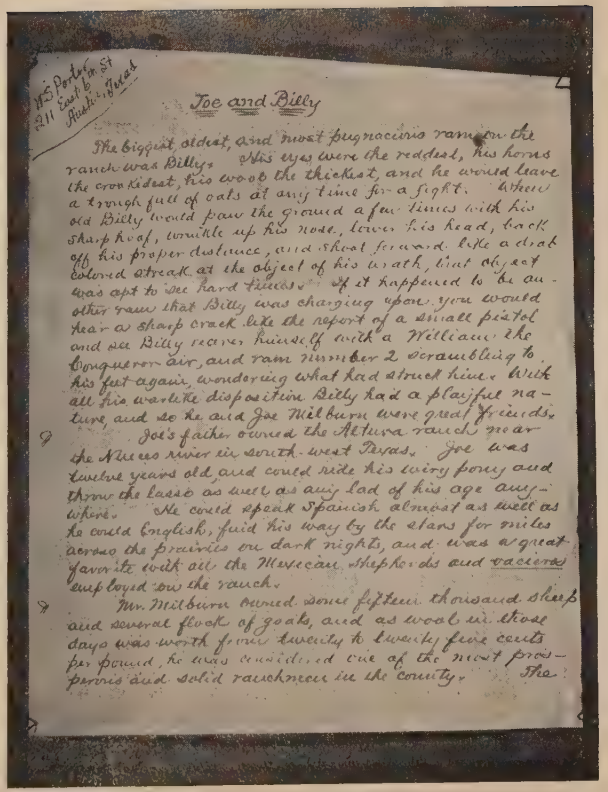
"There was once a celebrated author at the judgment seat and everybody was commending him, when up spoke a weary editor and said: 'He never kept a promise in his life.'"

To this letter O. Henry responded as follows:

"Guilty, m'lud.

"And yet——

"Some time ago a magazine editor to whom I had promised a story at a certain minute (and strangely enough didn't get



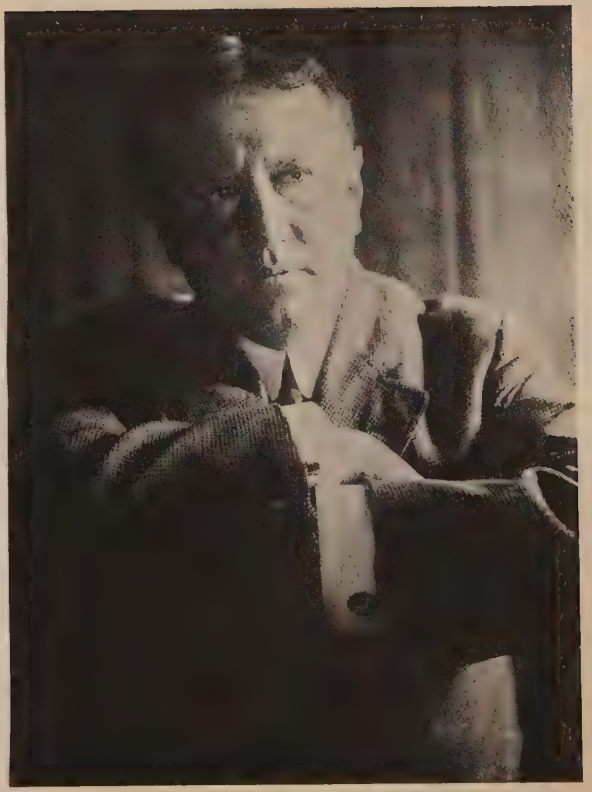
Joe and Billy

The biggest oldest, and most pugnacious ram on the ranch was Billy. His eyes were the reddest, his horns the crookedest, his wool the thickest, and he would leave a trough full of oats at any time for a fight. When old Billy would paw the ground a few times with his sharp hoof, wrinkle up his nose, lower his head, back off his proper distance, and shoot forward like a dark colored streak at the object of his wrath, that object was apt to see hard times. If it happened to be another ram that Billy was charging upon you would hear a sharp crack like the report of a small pistol and see Billy receive himself with a William the Conqueror air, and ram number 2 scrambling to his feet again, wondering what had struck him. With all his warlike disposition Billy had a playful nature, and so he and Joe Milburn were great friends.

Joe's father owned the Alturas ranch, near the Nueces river in south-west Texas. Joe was twelve years old, and could ride his wiry pony and throw the lasso as well as any lad of his age anywhere. He could speak Spanish almost as well as he could English, find his way by the stars for miles across the prairies on dark nights, and was a great favorite with all the Mexican shepherds and vaqueros employed on the ranch.

Mr. Milburn owned some fifteen thousand sheep and several flocks of goats, and as wool in those days was worth from twenty to twenty-five cents per pound, he was considered one of the most prosperous and solid ranchmen in the county. The

A Page of an O. Henry Manuscript



Photograph by Van Der Weyde.

there with it), wrote to me: 'I am coming down to-morrow to kick you thoroughly with a pair of heavy-soled shoes. I *never* go back on *my* promises.'

"And I lifted up my voice and said unto him: 'It's easy to keep promises that can be pulled off with your feet.'

"Yours anyhow,

"O. H.

"Mr. William Johnston, Asst. Prosecuting Atty. at the bar of judgment."

O. Henry delighted to eat at the old Café Francis in West 36th Street in New York, which was the rendezvous of many writing men. He once invited Johnston to dine with him there in the following characteristic note:

"What you say—let's take an evening off and strike the Café Francis for a light refection. I like to be waked up suddenly there by the music and look across at the red-haired woman eating smelts under an original by Glackens."

It is only fair to the *New York World* to say that when the big New York magazines began to pay O. Henry large sums for his stories Johnston voluntarily released him from his contract on the condition that he would write a Christmas story at the old figure, a condition which O. Henry faithfully kept.

Up to the time he last touched pencil to paper O. Henry was never known to get a piece of work into the hands of an editor except at the last possible moment. Upon some occasions he completely failed to meet the schedule, as this story will show:

He had received a large advance, as usual, for a story scheduled to appear in a well-known monthly magazine. The head and tail pieces had been drawn and the space allotted in the number. Ten days before the date when the copy was due the editor began to telegraph the author for the manuscript. From long experience he knew what an ordeal was in store for him. He received no answer from the author. On the night before the last day that the manuscript could be used, he wired the following couplet to O. Henry:

"O. Henry, in your hour of ease
Send us that story, please."

O. Henry was taking a rest in the mountains of North Caro-

lina. The final poetic appeal stirred him to action for he wired back this reply:

"When care and sorrow rend the brow
I cannot send that story now."

O. Henry lived for several years in an old-fashioned apartment in Irving Place, in New York, "a few doors from old Wash. Irving's house," as he once expressed it. Here I saw him at various times. In these rooms he wrote some of his best stories. He worked like the genius of tradition. He would sit for hours at his window idly watching the people pass by. Likewise he became almost a confirmed park "bencher," for he spent whole nights watching the dregs of humanity about him in Union Square.

No one loved New York with a more passionate devotion than O. Henry. To him "The Voice of the City" always called. Once when he was at Asheville he said to his wife, "I could look at these mountains a hundred years and never get an idea, but just one block downtown in New York and I can catch a sentence, see something in a face—and I've got my story."

To a friend he expressed his feeling about the city whose charm held him like a spell in this way: "I would like to live a lifetime on each street in New York. Each house has a drama in it."

O. Henry was not only lacking in organisation but he did things in what seemed to be the most haphazard way. He was indolent and proud of it. The idea of writing on a typewriter or dictating to a stenographer filled him with terror. He wrote all his stories on pads of rough yellow paper and in lead pencil. He produced his masterpieces almost at a single sitting and was never known to revise them.

He belonged to no school; he created his own types; his own life was a romance as dramatic as any fiction he devised. After years of tragedy and struggle he came into his own, only to be snuffed out in the hour of triumph. He has been called "The American Kipling," "The Bret Harte of the City," "The Homer of the Tenderloin." He was more than all these, for he was first and last, O. Henry, as elusive as Barrie, as whimsical as Locke, and as lovable as Mark Twain.

Although no geographical section could ever bound the genius of O. Henry—he belongs to the whole world—his birthplace was in the South and the reference to him brings to mind the group of Southern writers that I have known.

Once James Lane Allen had annexed Kentucky to the sisterhood of literary States, a considerable "local" fiction sprang up. His first and best disciple was John Fox, Jr. I met him when he was beginning to fulfil the rich promise that "A Cumberland Vendetta" held out. He often came to Louisville and we spent much time together. Just about the time of our first meeting he was planning "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and he read me the first outline of that admirable story.

Fox was then in the prime of his life. Young, stalwart, with a strong, eagle-like face, he represented a stout prop of the literary hope of the South. He had one of the most eloquent speaking voices I ever heard. He read his Kentucky mountain dialect stories so well that Major Pond, who let no platform possibility escape, engaged him for a series of public appearances. Fox was a great success. He had a charming presence, a magnetic personality, and it was a genuine delight to hear him read "Hell-fer-Sartin" and his earlier stories of the Cumberlands.

I once told Fox how much I enjoyed his reading, whereupon he said:

"I am appearing on the lecture platform for the exclusive benefit of my creditors."

Fox and his two elder brothers engaged in a considerable real estate promotion at Big Stone Gap, Virginia, where the Fox family lived and where John died. It was heralded as the centre of a whole new industrial empire. Unfortunately, it did not turn out successfully and left the author saddled with debts which he honourably discharged. Knowing these facts you understand his remark to me.

In one way or another Kentucky has made a considerable contribution to our fiction. Indeed, I know of no State that offered such a varied assortment. In her own particular vein Alice Hegan Rice performed a real service in introducing "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." I knew her as Alice Hegan and before she married Cale Young Rice, a poet of fine

insight and temperament. No one was more surprised at the success of "Mrs. Wiggs" than Mrs. Rice herself.

When I was on the *Louisville Times* it was part of my work to devise so-called "feature articles" for the Saturday afternoon issue, which was the most important of the whole week. Mrs. Rice had founded her story upon a real character and laid it in what was known as "Tin Town" in Louisville. She first met the original Mrs. Wiggs while she was doing settlement work in that section.

I knew of the existence of this character, so I sent Thompson Buchanan, then one of our reporters, and who has since become a successful playwright, out to write an article about the woman in question. He returned several hours later and reported failure.

"What happened?" I asked him.

"The original Mrs. Wiggs not only refused to be interviewed but poured a bucket of garbage over me," was his reply.

Even the most informal record of my literary associations in Louisville would be incomplete without a reference to Madison Cawein. With the possible exception of George D. Prentice who belonged to another and far-away day, he was perhaps the most distinguished poet that Kentucky has produced. He represented a curious contradiction. After his graduation from the Louisville High School he became a clerk in the largest pool-room in Louisville. He used to say that his most extensive writing consisted of marking down the bets as they were registered day after day by the venturesome. Cawein had a rare sense of Nature; an exquisite imagery, and a really beautiful ideal of his art. His first appreciation came from England, where his work was widely known and much admired.

In many respects the most interesting of my adventures with Southern writers was with Ellen Glasgow. It embraced some of the features that marked my relationship with Frank Norris. As was the case with the author of "The Octopus," it began with a book review.

Miss Glasgow published "The Descendant," and "Some Phases of an Inferior Planet," anonymously, and it was not until the appearance of "The Voice of the People," in 1900, that her name appeared on the title page of one of her books. I was tremendously impressed with this story. It not only had

vigour, drama, and action, but it proclaimed a real masculine touch. I wrote a long review of it and received a gracious letter of appreciation from Miss Glasgow.

Out of this correspondence developed a friendship which was soon to be marked by my active participation in the publication of her works. Her works have nearly all been published by Doubleday, Page & Company. When I joined their staff in 1903 I became interested in their exploitation. I had the great pleasure of planning the campaign of "The Deliverance," which is, in many respects, her finest story.

The parallel with the Frank Norris kinship was continued with my first meeting with Miss Glasgow in New York. Like Norris, she thought I was an old man with whiskers and was very much surprised to find that we were both about the same age.

Miss Glasgow is an artist who takes her work seriously and who has never been dazzled by the "best selling" lure. Like Galsworthy, she has progressed steadily and consistently to a high and permanent place. Personally she refutes the moss-grown idea that a woman of genius is never prepossessing, for she combines force and charm.

Earlier in this book I said that Lloyd George was not a man but an institution. The same thing applied to F. Hopkinson Smith, who gave to American life one of its most lovable traditions. Painter, engineer, author, and raconteur, he was, best of all, a human being. The years only ripened and mellowed his humour and his comradeship. Whatever he did, he did well and this means in turn that his capacity for friendship was as unbounded as it was rare.

Like every other human being I admired "Colonel Carter of Cartersville." When Mr. Smith came to Louisville to lecture in the early nineties I met him through an interview. He was always gracious and kindly with newspaper men, and, for that matter, with all young writers. I always saw him when he came to Kentucky and afterwards the acquaintanceship was resumed when I went to New York to live.

Another man, of different temperament, but of the same large and kindling friendship, was Richard Watson Gilder. In my early boyhood he seemed to brood over the whole mountain-top of American editorship. His very name was synony-

mous with the glory and the dignity of the *Century Magazine*. Nor was my boyhood idealism of his part in the making of American literature a sentimental exaggeration. No man did more to advance his art and the art of others than Mr. Gilder. Stevenson knew his beneficent encouragement as did hundreds of others.

When I first became a member of The Players Club Mr. Gilder was Dean of a so-called Round Table. I doubt if any similar American institution ever drew together such a notable group of men. At it sat Mark Twain, Frederick Remington, Augustus Saint Gaudens, Grover Cleveland, Edmund Clarence Stedman, Hamlin Garland, Bronson Howard, Lawrence Hutton, Francis D. Millet, Thomas Nast, Robert Underwood Johnson and Stanford White. It was indeed a miniature Hall of Fame.

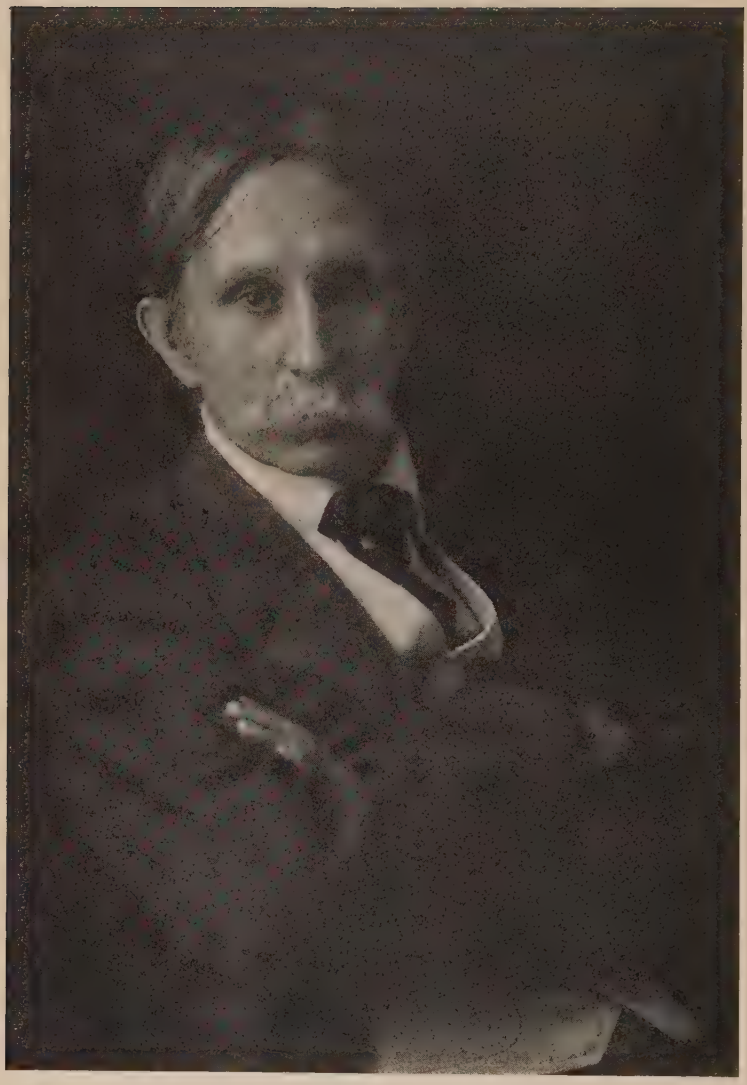
At the Club I first met Mr. Gilder. For some reason he was kind enough to be interested in my work. When the Round Table did not meet in august session I frequently lunched with him. He talked with a quiet effectiveness that touched all phases of life and work. I never left his presence but that I was richer for my contact with him. He was a gentle and unobtrusive soul, who took infinite pains to efface himself. Yet there was about him that indefinable something which holds and inspires men.

Nothing could have been more characteristic of the real bigness of the man than the modest inscription he wrote on a photograph of himself that he gave me in 1909:—

"To I. F. Marcosson:
From his lunch-neighbour and fellow journalist,
R. W. Gilder."

The Gilder family afforded many contrasts. The exact opposite in temperament of Richard Watson was his sister, Jeannette L. Gilder, in many ways, a remarkable woman.

I had something to do with the publication of her book, "The Autobiography of a Tomboy," which was an original idea admirably developed. It was so successful that she wrote a sequel called "The Tomboy at Work." In these books Miss Gilder gave her whole creed of life and it was sane and wholesome,



To D. J. Meissner; from his friend Lynch - neighbor & fellow journalist

She never received the recognition that her long and strenuous efforts in behalf of good writing deserved. Her magazine, *The Critic,* is forgotten, but in its day it exerted a tremendous influence and had much to do with shaping more than one important literary career.

Perhaps the most unliterary-looking literary man that I ever met was Winston Churchill. He graduated from the Naval Academy at Annapolis and has never lost the service look. An adventure in interviewing literally led me to his door. In 1912 Robert P. Bass was elected Governor of New Hampshire under rather dramatic circumstances and suddenly loomed up as a possibility in national politics. He represented the highest type of the young man in elective office; had smashed the old "machine" in a State that was a hotbed of reaction and I singled him out as the subject of a magazine character study.

I went to Peterboro, N. H., to spend a week-end with him and get the material for the article. At that time the amiable boss of reform politics in the State was Winston Churchill. He had served a term in the State Legislature and was the unsuccessful reform candidate for Governor at the preceding election. Bass rolled in on the tidal wave of insurgency that he had instigated. A character study of Bass, therefore, was incomplete without the point of view of the man who made him politically.

Churchill was then occupying his house at Cornish, New Hampshire, an imposing Georgian structure that stood on a hill overlooking the winding Connecticut River. He lived there in a sort of manorial splendour. The whole New England countryside was snowbound when I reached his house. He gave me a warm welcome in more ways than one and talked most entertainingly of politics. After the first meeting I realised why and how he had created such a perfect political type as "Jethro Bass," who figures in several of his books. Whatever Winston Churchill does he does well. He has been as much at ease in a Revolutionary romance as in a modern narrative of politico-corporate intrigue.

On account of the conflict of races in our melting pot of a nation it has been difficult to attain an unalloyed American literature. The "great American novel" remains unwritten. Had David Graham Phillips lived I think the laurel would

have been his because he intimately knew Politics and Finance, two elements that must enter into its composition. Likewise Frank Norris might have produced a piece of work vitally and permanently American.

We have not lacked a fiction of the soil, so to speak. Hamlin Garland will illustrate. He was one of the first well-known writers whom I interviewed for he often came to Louisville to read from his works. In those days he was in the prime of his power and the glamour of "Prairie Folk," "Main-Travelled Roads" and "Rose of Dutchers Coolly" was about him.

Garland wisely chose the Middle West where he was born as the background of his books. In this environment he did his best writing. They had a homely but intensely human flavour. The author himself has something of this quality. Like Richard Watson Gilder he has had a sincere appreciation of literary responsibility, both in his own work and the work of others.

Garland, in some respects, has one kind of successor in Booth Tarkington. I know of no contemporary writer more thoroughly American in vision and temperament. If he can combine the humour and naturalness of "Penrod" with the big business quality of "The Turmoil," and add a dash of politics, he will come near realising the "American novel" that we have been dreaming about. Big, frank and friendly, he is a real being. He shares one rare gift with his fellow Indianian, David Graham Phillips, in that increasing success has only made him more modest.

Speaking of Americanism brings to mind another hundred per cent. incarnation of it. I mean Rex Beach, who is two hundred and fifty pounds of bone, sinew and real writing talent. Long before he broke loose in print he was a daring, bull's-eye-hitting, adventure-seeking Nomad. He is a reformed lawyer who later discovered little gold and much dishonesty up the Yukon. He spent the gold but capitalised his experiences with crookedness in his first writing. He was a real literary "prospector" for he opened up a whole new field in which he still stands supreme.

If ever a man physically expressed the thing he wrote about it is Rex Beach. He has the physique of a gladiator and the endurance of an old-time scout of the Western plains. He once said to me: "I am not a real author. I ought to be carrying

something. Therefore, whenever I can't stand it any longer, I go up to Alaska and hunt bear." Nothing could more fittingly express the Beach state of mind and body than this remark.

Many people seem to think that Rex Beach will owe his fame to the virile Alaskan stories that bear his name. They will help, of course, but after his dynamic vigour, the finest thing about him is his humour, which is as distinctively fresh and buoyant as that of Mark Twain or O. Henry.

This reference to Beach recalls another distinctive American both in humour and in personality. To have known Eugene Field was to behold the comic papers' caricature of the "funny man" because he looked like an undertaker. He frequently came to Louisville to visit an old friend named George H. Yenowine. He made Yenowine famous in a couplet which ran like this:

> "Under his fig-tree and his vine
> Lives my friend George Yenowine."

I was with Eugene Field when he had a narrow escape from death. An insatiate collector of old books and weapons, he came one day to the Central Police Station to look at a lot of old pistols taken from prisoners. I had met him before and accompanied him to the property room. Mr. Field picked up what seemed to be a useless army revolver and while examining it, accidentally pulled the trigger. There was a terrific explosion and everybody thought that every one else present had been killed. When the smoke cleared Field stood absolutely imperturbable. It was impossible for his pale face to become any paler. His only comment was:

"These old pistols sometimes kick as hard as an old mule."

Any summary of my literary connections would be incomplete without a reference to Frank A. Munsey, with whom I was associated for nearly two years as special writer for the magazine that bears his name. In his own way he has been something of a pioneer. Courage and vision have invariably marked his many, and sometimes picturesque, ventures in publishing. His own story is as dramatic, in some respects, as any he ever wrote or printed.

Born in a small town in Maine, Munsey served his business

apprenticeship in a country store, that favourite school of budding millionaires. While acting as manager of the Western Union Telegraph office at Augusta, Maine, he conceived the idea of starting a magazine with an appeal for young and old. With less than $3,000, most of which was borrowed, he launched the *Argosy* in 1882.

On a cheap deal table in a tiny office down in Warren Street in New York he laid out the first numbers. By candle-light and after the regular day's work was done, he wrote the first three serials himself. The whole birth and development of this magazine, which made millions of dollars for its owner, abounded in incidents that, when related, sound more like fiction than actual fact. Munsey persevered in the face of innumerable hardships and complications. He had to combat prejudice and overcome handicaps.

The *Argosy* represented a sort of epoch in American periodical publishing just as *Munsey's Magazine* (originally *Munsey's Weekly*) expressed still another kind of innovation. Munsey was among the first to demonstrate the practicality of a ten cent magazine. Up to that time the average price of a monthly publication was not less than twenty-five cents.

Among Munsey's early associates were two men who have clung to him through the vicissitudes and the triumphs of all the years that followed. One is Richard H. Titherington, one of the finest and kindliest figures in the American magazine world, and Matthew White, Jr., who is editor of the *Argosy*. Subsequently Munsey annexed Robert H. Davis, who exercises a general editorial supervision over the Munsey publications.

Frank A. Munsey brought to periodical publication and later to newspaper ownership—at one time he owned five dailies—a "down east" shrewdness combined with a keen sense of business value. Being from Maine, he is a born trader and his ability in this direction tided him over many precarious places in the early days.

In one respect he resembles Lord Northcliffe. The moment he gets an idea for a new publication he puts it into effect. If he finds that the public does not share his enthusiasm he promptly "scraps" the magazine. In this way he launched,

Photograph by B. Frank Puffer, N. Y.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

and then discontinued, *The Scrap Book, The Railroad Man's Magazine, The Ocean, The Puritan, The Cavalier* and *The Live Wire.*

This procedure reminds me of Northcliffe's adventure with the *Daily Mirror.* He started it as a publication by, and for women. There was no response. In an article entitled "How I Lost Five Hundred Thousand Dollars" he made a clean breast of his failure. He said: "I had for many years a theory that a daily newspaper for women was in urgent request, and I started one. This belief cost me five hundred thousand dollars. I found out that I was beaten. Women do not want a daily paper of their own. It is another instance of failures made by mere man in diagnosing women's needs. Some people say that a woman never really knows what she wants. She did not want the *Daily Mirror.*"

Perhaps no American publisher is interested in so many different enterprises as Frank A. Munsey. They range from a chain of successful grocery stores in half a dozen States to a hotel in New London, Connecticut. He is tall, rangy, and animated by an almost tireless energy. When people ask him to designate his favourite recreation, his invariable reply is: "Hard Work."

CHAPTER XV

THE STORY OF "THE JUNGLE"

We have basked in the humour of Twain and Henry; we have been touched by the tragedy that dimmed the brilliant stars of Phillips and Norris; we have communed with Barrie and conversed with Wells. All these experiences were as a gentle zephyr alongside the storm that I rode with Upton Sinclair upon the publication of "The Jungle." Of all my adventures with authors it was the most thrilling. Likewise, it marked a distinct epoch in American publishing.

Much misinformation has been disseminated about this memorable campaign. I was responsible for its organisation and execution and am therefore enabled now, and for the first time, to reveal the facts as they were.

Clearly to understand what happened you must first know the approach to the historic afternoon late in 1905 when Upton Sinclair placed in my hands the manuscript of the book which probably created more turmoil than any volume of fiction since "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

I had not been long on *The World's Work* before I realised that the process of book exploitation was somewhat archaic. Most publishers announced books with amiable and sterilised "Literary Notes." These notes were all right as far as they went but they did not go very far. A few concerns plunged heavily on advertising, once they got a "best seller" started. This, however, was a costly piece of business. To succeed a book had to depend mainly upon word-of-mouth promotion. I believed that the most effective publicity lay in the human interest side of the author or the theme of the story.

I had been trained on a newspaper and I could never quite dissociate myself from what might be called the quality of timeliness. I felt that if a newspaper would publish a column criticism of a new play, which might only last a week or two and be forgotten, it could be induced to devote a similar amount

of space to an important and permanent book, certainly one with a message. In other words, my idea was to treat books as news.

When I communicated my theory to Mr. Page he fell in with it heartily and gave me a free hand. I proved its efficacy by writing a syndicate article about a Syrian whose translation of a group of Oriental poems had just been published by Doubleday, Page & Company. There were two definite reasons why this article was widely used by the newspapers who received it. One was that the translator himself was a refugee from Turkish atrocities with a life-story packed with adventure. The other lay in the fact that the poems were supposed to form the basis of the structure and philosophy of the celebrated quatrains of Omar Khayyam. This pioneer excursion into what might be called popular publicity netted us exactly one hundred columns of free print. It proved my contention that books could be exploited as news if you had the right book to work with.

Fortunately I did not lack for material. Among the modest violets flowering in our garden of authors was Thomas Dixon, Jr. With his book, "The Clansman," I duplicated the experience with the Syrian poems one-hundredfold. The first gun was a page syndicate article about him that was published in not less than two hundred newspapers. To use his own phrase, Dixon had frankly "commercialised race hatred" and his book immediately became the centre of bitter and violent discussion. It was only necessary for me to fan the flames.

Far more congenial was the exploitation of "Recollections and Letters of General Robert E. Lee." This book, which was brought out in 1905, contained a rather remarkable collection of hitherto unpublished letters from the Confederate chieftain to his wife, sons, and daughter. They included some important unwritten history and shed new light on the character of a noble and chivalrous soldier. Here was a book that lent itself ideally to my purposes.

This time I had a piece of definite news. I had so much confidence in it that I believed the Associated Press would be justified in sending out a long despatch about its revelations. At that time Charles H. Boynton was General Eastern Superintendent of the organisation and I submitted a set of proofs

to him. He agreed with me about the historic importance of the disclosures, and the net result was that a three thousand word despatch about the letters was sent out by the Association to every newspaper in the United States and Canada using the service. It was a distinct innovation in book publicity.

When "The Jungle" came along I had perfected a machine that was now to undergo its largest test. In view of the sensations that followed it may be well to get a glimpse of the prologue to the drama. One afternoon an office boy announced to Mr. Page that Upton Sinclair had called with a manuscript of a book. Mr. Page was engaged and asked me to represent him, which I did. Sinclair was then in the late twenties but he looked like a boy of eighteen. He never lacked assurance, so he promptly said: "I have the manuscript here of what I consider is a sensational book. I would like to submit it with a view of its consideration for publication." With these words he handed me the typewritten sheets.

There is an indefinable and intangible something about a manuscript. Like a tree it has a definite character. The manuscript of "The Jungle" had this quality.

Up to that time Sinclair's chief claim to fame was as the author of "The Journal of Arthur Stirling," which had been brought out in 1902. It was supposed to be the actual diary of a man of genius who, after many rebuffs and disappointments, destroys most of his manuscripts, sends a notice of his death to *The New York Herald,* and commits suicide in the Hudson River. It was written with such realism that the majority of readers were deceived into believing that it was a fragment of real life. Shortly before coming to New York I had reviewed the book in Louisville and got a letter of appreciation from Sinclair. Thus we were not total strangers.

What followed might easily have transpired in a novel. Mr. Page asked me to read the manuscript. I started it at five o'clock that afternoon and read steadily until I finished it about four o'clock the following morning. This original and unexpurgated version of the horrors of Packingtown held me spellbound. I could scarcely wait until I got to the office to report my discovery. When I saw Mr. Page I said to him:

"If the revelations in this book are true we should have guardians appointed for us if we do not publish it. It will be

UPTON SINCLAIR

either a sensational success or a magnificent failure. In either case it is well worth trying."

Both Mr. Doubleday and Mr. Page agreed with me and I was charged with the responsibility of launching and exploiting "The Jungle." I little realised what an exciting proposition had been put up to me.

The manuscript contained such startling exposures of inefficiency and corruption in meat inspection, and disclosed such sordid living and working conditions in Packingtown, that I felt they should be verified. After a consultation with Mr. Page it was determined that the best guaranty of the accuracy of "The Jungle" would be a series of articles in *The World's Work* that would tell in fact the story that Sinclair thinly disguised as fiction.

I went to Chicago and obtained these articles. By a rare stroke of luck I located Dr. W. K. Jaques, formerly City Bacteriologist and head of meat inspection at the Chicago Stock Yards. During his brief term of office, he had instigated a drastic scrutiny and condemnation of diseased meat. He so aroused the ire of the Beef Trust that through its influence he was removed from office. Among other things he inaugurated the system of injecting kerosene into diseased cattle so as to make the carcasses unfit for food. I got Dr. Jaques to write an article entitled "A Picture of Meat Inspection" which proved conclusively and authoritatively that "The Jungle" contained no exaggerations or misstatements.

I was able to get a Meat Inspector's badge, which gave me access to the secret confines of the meat empire. Day and night I prowled over its foul-smelling domain and I was able to see with my own eyes much that Sinclair had never even heard about. In this connection let me say that Sinclair wrote his book from second-hand information, gained in the main from employés and Settlement House workers. This implies no criticism of his achievement because "The Jungle" will always stand as a really notable piece of reportorial work.

On this mission I also secured an article by Dr. Caroline Hedger, a physician who practised in Packingtown, on the unhealthful conditions there. I further bulwarked these two papers with a third written by a reputable New York lawyer, T. H. McKee, whom we sent to Chicago to analyse the work-

ings of meat inspection and the utter breakdown in carrying out the law. Thus I fortified Sinclair in every possible way.

The time was now at hand when we could loose the horrors, sure of our ground and steadfast in the conviction that we were performing a national service.

In "The Jungle" I had a real news sensation. I therefore planned its "release" precisely as a message of a President of the United States is handled. In such an instance the White House furnishes all the press associations with advance copies. Carbons of these are sent a week ahead by the associations to all newspapers under an agreement not to publish the matter until it is actually delivered or read to Congress.

I sent a set of page proofs to the Managing Editors of each one of the leading American newspapers with a letter stating that they were free to quote copiously from the book. I also provided the Associated Press and the United Press with proofs. As I recall it, I designated January 25, 1906, as the day of publication. It became automatically the "release date" of all the newspaper exploitation. This date, I might add, was a Monday, when morning papers usually have more available space than on any other day of the week.

That January day was not without its compensations for all the arduous work of preparation. There was an explosion of print about "The Jungle" that echoed from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It was a first-page story in scores of cities. In Chicago one paper devoted two full pages to it. Over-night the whole United States knew that the book was on the map. Like the English poet, Sinclair woke up on Tuesday to find himself famous.

Before the publication of "The Jungle" I reared still another bulwark around it. Down in Washington in the White House was Theodore Roosevelt, the master press agent of all time. I believed that the book would not only appeal to him as a citizen but suggest a definite course in the reform of our meat laws. I therefore sent him a special advance copy with a letter stating that I was convinced the time was at hand for drastic action. Roosevelt was so much impressed with the revelations that he telegraphed Sinclair to come down and discuss the matter with him at once.

Out of that conference grew the whole reformation of meat

inspection in the United States. Senator A. J. Beveridge, who subsequently introduced the Meat Inspection Bill, and who did admirable work in fathering it through Congress, has been acclaimed as the sponsor of stomach salvation. The real father was none other than Theodore Roosevelt, who got his first clue from Upton Sinclair and the exposures in "The Jungle."

Although the spectacular publicity that beat about the book advertised it enormously, it likewise drew us into perilous waters. Sinclair had turned the spotlight full upon Packingtown and everything that transpired there, and the Beef Trust took up the challenge. It was not animated by any motives of altruism for it set out deliberately to discredit the story in every conceivable way. Part of my task was to combat these manœuvres.

By this time, however, I had three strong allies. First and foremost was Theodore Roosevelt. Second was an aroused public just beginning to realise that the canned goods and other meats it consumed were prepared amidst filth and degradation. Third and equally vital to our purpose, was the growing sentiment in Congress that something must be done to change the old system of corrupt and inadequate inspection.

As a direct result of all this agitation the Department of Agriculture, which was technically responsible for meat inspection, sent a Commission to Chicago to investigate conditions in Packingtown. The members were honest and well-meaning but they fell into the hands of the Beef Trust and were only shown the specially prepared sections of the packing houses usually open to the public. They returned fully prepared to "whitewash" the packers and denounce "The Jungle" as the product of a disordered and sensation-seeking mind.

The Washington correspondent of a leading Chicago newspaper friendly to the Beef Trust soon published in advance what purported to be the findings of this Commission. This article was a fearful arraignment of "The Jungle" and its author and was not without its effect on the public.

I realised that the time had come when "The Jungle" must be saved from its powerful enemies. I appealed to Roosevelt to send men to Chicago who were willing to ferret out the facts. He thereupon designated Charles P. Neill, who was Labor Commissioner, and James Bronson Reynolds, as Special Com-

missioners. Determined that they should see what I had seen, I telegraphed Dr. Jaques to get in touch with them on their arrival. Under his chaperonage they saw the real thing and it was no rosy picture.

What followed is national legislative history. Neill and Reynolds prepared a scathing report which lifted the lid from the reek and muck of Packingtown. The Beef Trust was now thoroughly aroused and it moved heaven and earth to prevent the publication of these findings. With characteristic courage Roosevelt stood by our guns and one of the most sensational documents in the history of American investigation became public. The Meat Inspection Bill was passed and "The Jungle" triumphantly vindicated.

All the while Sinclair and I stood shoulder to shoulder in the front-line trenches of publicity. From my little office in the Doubleday-Page establishment in East Sixteenth Street in New York was directed the campaign that now interested the whole world. Nearly all nations bought Chicago canned goods and they stood appalled at the revelations that flashed over the cables. "The Jungle" was a news item in nearly every language.

Its foreign publication followed swiftly. Within three months after its publication in America it had been brought out in France where, by the way, it was called "The Poisoners of Chicago," in Italian, and in German. Nowhere did it create a greater sensation than in England where many thousands of copies were sold in every conceivable form. The War Office in London was so stirred up that it sent a group of officers to Chicago to personally inspect all the canned goods purchased for the British Army.

Sinclair was the centre of an almost continuous interview. We kept a photographer busy making new photographs of him. Theatrical managers clamoured for the dramatic rights, while the motion picture promoter, then in his infancy, sought to reproduce the sordid drama of Jurgis on the screen.

I felt like a City Editor of an afternoon newspaper on a day when a dozen sensations have broken loose at the same time. In this particular case it kept up day after day. I doubt

if publishing history has ever developed such a strenuous and continuously dramatic situation as was brought about by "The Jungle."

No book of its kind ever rallied such a group of distinguished defenders. I had met Jack London at Hull House in Chicago when I was planning the campaign for the book. He was immensely interested and asked me to send him an advance copy. On the day he received it he wired me from California:

" 'The Jungle' is the 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' of wage slavery."

In some respects this was the finest phrase made about the story and I used it extensively. I might add that London, who never did things in a half-hearted manner, was one of the most devoted friends that the book established.

No less sincere in his admiration of "The Jungle" was David Graham Phillips. He saw in it a courageous protest against an oppression that he had so often and so eloquently denounced.

In Chicago we had two notable champions. One was Miss Jane Addams; the other was Miss Mary McDowell, head worker of the Settlement House in Packingtown, where Sinclair had lived while he was gathering the material for the book. Their combined influence was of inestimable value.

During these strenuous times I saw Sinclair daily. He offered a problem that, in some respects, was more difficult to handle than the controversy that raged about his book. His impulsiveness seriously embarrassed me at times. Arthur Brisbane, for instance, wanted to print "The Jungle" from day to day in the *New York Evening Journal*. Without consulting us, Sinclair made him a present of the serial rights. I was able to cancel this piece of philanthropy and sold the privilege to Mr. Hearst for a considerable sum.

Sinclair was not to be blamed for any eccentricity of genius that he manifested. Few men could have stood up under what was literally an almost overwhelming inundation of fame. Instead of steadying him, the whirl of events only made him a trifle more erratic.

He faced a dazzling opportunity. Almost any achievement might have been his. I suggested that he make "The Jungle" the first of a trilogy of books dealing with the great American industries. I held out to him the advantages that lay in a

similar study of steel. I also recommended that he dedicate the third book to coal mining or the railroads. Had he developed this idea he might have become a worthy mate of Frank Norris. Both Sinclair and Norris had the same sense of detail.

Sinclair, however, became more and more absorbed in Socialism. He lent his name and his energy to various idealistic enterprises. One of them was a weird experiment in sociology in New Jersey. This venture immediately made him the butt of countless jokes and the target of much ridicule. No man, however gifted, can stand up against this kind of attack. He never again returned to the type of book represented by "The Jungle." In his failure to do so lies a real loss to our fiction.

One of the best estimates of Sinclair was made to me by his first wife. The three of us were at luncheon and the subject of genius came up for discussion. Mrs. Sinclair, who had a keen sense of humour—a quality lacking in her husband—spoke up and said:

"The trouble with Upton is that he never has an emotion without analysing it first." It was an inspired epigram.

The whole episode of "The Jungle" gave me more than a dramatic experience in publishing. It emphasised the power and potency of printer's ink because it proved that a book with a genuine message will not fail of an audience. Equally important was the fact that it achieved a permanent and constructive reform in an industry that touches and affects every human being.

There was an interesting aftermath. Six months after the Meat Inspection Bill had been written into the statutes of the nation I went to Chicago to see for myself if the old order had changed. A miracle had been wrought for the new broom swept clean. I scarcely recognised some of the packing-house interiors. Sanitation had succeeded degradation. I was so much impressed that I wrote an article for *The World's Work* embodying the results of these investigations. It was my last contribution to the magazine.

On this trip I met a famous meat packer who said to me:

"Young man, you and 'The Jungle' cost us many millions of dollars."

"Is not the new public confidence in you worth the price?" I replied.

He thought a moment and then answered:

"I guess you're right."

The battle of "The Jungle" was not in vain.

CHAPTER XVI

PLAYS AND PLAYERS

Through these chapters has passed an imposing procession of soldiers and statesmen, presidents and plutocrats, authors and artists, who made history out in the vast and throbbing domain of actual events. The domain of actuality is theirs.

Only one province remains unexplored. It is the land of make-believe whose capital is the theatre. Although it is peopled with puppets and merely holds the mirror up to nature, it has offered a fascinating setting for many of my experiences in interviewing.

What Lord Northcliffe represented in my relationship with distinguished personages in world politics and war, Daniel Frohman has expressed in a varied contact with men and women of the dramatic profession. He too has been friend, philosopher and guide.

I met both these men of such widely different traditions and temperaments through the circumstance of work. Out of a casual professional association developed a strong friendship in each instance. Just as the British publisher was the centre of much of my war-time adventuring in England, so has the dean of American theatrical managers been the hub around which most of my activities with the people of the stage have revolved.

Long before I settled in New York the two Frohmans, Charles and Daniel, incarnated theatrical prestige and power in the eyes of every one who knew anything about the American drama. Charles, or "C. F." as he was more commonly known, was always the aloof and mysterious figure of the combination, while Daniel—the "D. F." of a large and devoted circle and who had been Horace Greeley's office boy, was communicative and accessible. Charles prided himself on his remoteness, while Daniel, with a graciousness that has been the

inspiration of many a struggling actor and playwright, has been most approachable.

I have never been bitten with the virus of play-writing. Hence when I first met Daniel Frohman in my early days at The Players in New York I did not at once say to him: "I have a great idea for a play." Perhaps this is one reason why our association has been so congenial.

I had known "D. F." after the fashion that one knows a fellow-member in a club for some months before we were brought together in rather an interesting way. Frequently in the course of our conversations and more especially in the discussion of contemporary casts and plays, he would remark: "In the days of the old Lyceum we did thus and so."

He was referring, of course, to an historic contribution to the development of the theatre. His famous Lyceum Stock Company at the old Lyceum Theatre, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street in New York, was a real star factory. Out of it emerged a long line of distinguished players. The achievement of this institution—it was more than a mere playhouse—emphasised Daniel Frohman's professional idealism and service. I delighted to lead him into conversation about the time when he was grooming E. H. Sothern, James K. Hackett, William Faversham, Henry Miller, Herbert Kelcey, Mary Mannering, Maude Adams, Georgia Cayvan, Henrietta Crossman, Viola Allen and May Robson for stardom. He revealed a charming human interest sense and rare instinct for anecdote.

I immediately realised that Frohman was an undeveloped mine of material. I therefore suggested that he write his reminiscences of the old Lyceum, which would at the same time be an intimate autobiography. The moment I disclosed my plan Frohman said:

"But I am no author."

"If you can write as well as you talk the success of your memoirs is assured," I replied.

Frohman agreed but with the condition that he could call upon me for advice and counsel. I knew that he needed no assistance and my surmise proved to be correct. He submitted the chapters to me as they were written and the results met every expectation. They were published in *The Saturday*

Evening Post under the title "In the Days of the Old Lyceum," and were afterwards expanded into a book entitled, "Memories of a Manager," which the author was kind enough to dedicate to me.

This task brought Frohman and me closely together and the succeeding years have only ripened the association. In him I have found a never-ending source of human interest. His life is as rich with "story" as that of any of the great stars he created.

He once told me how his boyhood dream came true. When he was an advance agent ahead of a "one-night-stand" show, the height of his ambition was to have a New York theatre and Stock Company. Late one night in Philadelphia he went for a solitary walk down Broad Street where he encountered Bradford Merrill, then dramatic critic of the *Philadelphia Press,* and William Gillette, who was playing an unimportant part in a piece not his own. They had been to supper and were on the way to their respective lodgings.

Frohman knew both and joined them in their stroll. After the fashion of young and earnest men they began to talk about their futures. Frohman expressed the hope that I have already indicated; Gillette yearned to be a star in a play of his own authorship; Merrill's goal was the managing editorship of a New York newspaper.

Years later the same three met at the head table at a notable public banquet in New York. It was the first time that they had been together since that walk on Broad Street in Philadelphia in the long ago. Instantly they recalled the encounter. Each had realised his youthful desire.

Frohman's book "Memories of a Manager" was written in his apartment at the new Lyceum Theatre on Forty-fifth Street in New York. Like the man himself his quarters have a distinct atmosphere. Here I began to meet a long and interesting succession of men and women of the stage whose names are part of the annals of their calling. Later on these rooms became the scene of one of my most diverting labours.

The thousands of people who yearly attend performances at the Lyceum are unaware that almost directly over the stately entrance is a large living establishment which has been Frohman's home ever since the theatre was constructed in 1902. In

this apartment, you get one insight into the Frohman character. He has always made his theatre the rendezvous of the best elements in the profession. Back in the days of the old Lyceum, "D. F.'s" office was the haunt of men like Dion Boucicault, Mark Twain, Charles Dudley Warner, William Dean Howells, Bronson Howard, Brander Matthews and Henry Arthur Jones. In other words, he stimulated the social life of the theatre and these informal but delightful gatherings helped to give the old Lyceum a unique personal quality.

When the time came to build the new Lyceum, Frohman saw an opportunity to enlarge his ménage. According to the original specifications his offices were planned in the rear of the theatre on Forty-sixth Street. These seemed inadequate so a story was added to the front of the structure. It is devoted to an immense office, and outer offices, a commodious dining-room, kitchen and bedroom. The office, which is a stately chamber, is enriched with many pictures and other mementoes of the American and European theatre. An original drawing by Sardou of a scene in one of his plays, hangs alongside a portrait of E. H. Sothern, made in his infancy and on which is inscribed: "Taken before I came under the 'D. F.' management." The central chandelier is the same one that hung in the old Lyceum lobby and is a link with the first Daniel Frohman triumphs.

These rooms have been the scene of innumerable gatherings which afford the only American parallel to the famous "first night" suppers given by the late Sir Henry Irving at his Beefsteak Club in his Lyceum Theatre in London. Frohman in many respects bears the same relation to the social and intellectual side of the American stage that the eminent British actor-manager bore to his profession in England.

Practically every picture in the Frohman studio has a picturesque tradition. One of the largest canvasses in the dining-room shows a handsome woman observing her face in a mirror. Concerning it Frohman once told me the following tale:

"That picture," he said, "is the portrait of an actress whom I engaged in London about twenty years ago in a very curious way. The lady was the wife of a member of the Royal Academy. The picture is his work.

"I had arranged, while in England, to produce Sir Arthur

Pinero's comedy entitled 'The Princess and the Butterfly.' I had the cast made up in my mind with the members of my company, which then included such people as James K. Hackett, the late Edward J. Morgan, W. J. Lemoyne, Charles Walcott, William Courtleigh, Frank Mills, Mary Mannering, Julie Opp, Mrs. Whiffen, Mrs. Walcott, Elizabeth Tyree, now Mrs. J. S. Metcalf, Katherine Florence, now Mrs. Fitzwilliams, and others. It was a remarkable company, even from the present point of view. I needed a certain type of woman —aristocratic, lady-like and refined, for a little drawing-room scene.

"While walking along Piccadilly, I was struck by the appearance of a young woman walking in front of me. I liked her carriage, the colour of her hair, and her back. Her movement seemed instinct with mental alertness. I passed by her and saw that she had a face of unusual attractiveness. How to make her acquaintance and to know whether she was an actress was my problem. After following her for two or three blocks, an actor whom I knew stopped and talked with her. When they separated I found out from him who she was. An engagement to see her was made the next day and she instantly accepted my offer to appear in New York. 'For,' said she, 'I was heart-broken yesterday. I was walking along Piccadilly, sad and in despair. George Edwardes wanted me to go to South Africa in one of his musical comedies. I wanted to leave London for personal reasons and I do want to go to America.'

"These were her thoughts during the period that I was in a quandary, following her, and wondering how to make her acquaintanceship. This picture I keep as a memento of an interesting engagement and it is still the lady's property. She has permitted me to keep it and she sometimes sends a friend to look at it in order to show how she once looked."

No less interesting is a photograph of Julia Marlowe as "Parthenia" which hangs, oddly enough, alongside the boyhood likeness of E. H. Sothern to which I have just referred. When Frohman had the old Lyceum Company a young girl called on him one day with a view to interesting him in her career. She had youth, charm and beauty and the manager at once offered her a juvenile lead in his Stock Company. To his great surprise she replied:

Photograph by Arnold Genthe.

JULIA MARLOWE SOTHERN

"No, I do not feel that I ought to go into a Stock Company. I want to do something bigger. I want to appear at the head of my own company."

The girl was Julia Marlowe, who even then had a large vision of what she ought to do. Within two months she made her first appearance as star at a special matinée at the old Bijou Theatre under the management of Robert Miles, who knew her in Cincinnati, where she was born and when she was a striving juvenile.

The romances of success in the theatre are no less striking than those in throbbing industry. The cases of Julia Marlowe and her husband, E. H. Sothern, will illustrate. In fact they parallel each other in every respect.

Years after Miss Marlowe first called on Daniel Frohman at the old Lyceum he made a contract with her for $2,500 a week for forty weeks and for a period of three years. The co-star in this contract was E. H. Sothern, whose terms were identical. In 1887 he had come under "D. F.'s" wing, a youthful and ambitious actor. He became Frohman's first star.

One of the most unique features of the Frohman apartment is a small door in the dining-room wall which, when opened, gives a good view of the stage. It enables one to view the performance, hear the dialogue and yet remain unseen. This innovation grew out of Frohman's intention to have a permanent stock company in the building. He had the aperture made so that he could watch rehearsals and performances and get his own cue for coming down at certain junctures in the work. He also utilised it with authors whose plays were being produced. It permitted him to sit with the writer at a table, hear everything that was going on below, and note what alterations should be made.

The first author who used the "Little Door," as we have often called it, was Israel Zangwill, during the production of his play "The Serio-Comic Governess," in which Cecelia Loftus had the leading part. I can best relate the incident in Frohman's own words, which are:

"On the first night the play was a great success up to the end of the second act. During the third act the dramatic interest seemed to evaporate. Mr. Zangwill and I sat for several nights at this window, he expertly making corrections in the

dialogue and altering the movement of the play according to its apparent needs, but this seemed all to no purpose, until a little later on I suggested that a new dramatic interest would have to be developed by some preparation in Act First, so that the third act would maintain its proper suspense. I then suggested that Mary, the second character in the play, be utilised as the victim of my design. As a victim it was necessary that she should be betrayed by one of the principal characters in the comedy, the effect of which was to react upon another personage in the piece in Act Third.

"Mr. Zangwill listened to my suggestion in horror. 'What!' said he. 'Ruin the character of Mary! I cannot do it. Mary is a good girl and she must remain so.'

"I said: 'Either Mary's character must be ruined to save the play or the piece will fail.'

" 'Well,' said Zangwill, 'I'd rather have the play fail than to have Mary suffer. I cannot think of her in any other way than in the manner in which I created her.'

"I had to abide by the author's dictum and so the play and not Mary suffered. It finally was taken off."

My richest experience both with Daniel Frohman and the rooms in the Lyceum, came after the tragic death of Charles Frohman. It marked a series of adventures in interviewing replete with incident and personality. The entire procedure did not seem at all like work, so interesting were the points of human contact. As a preliminary to this absorbing undertaking, let me say that although I had long enjoyed a friendship with Daniel Frohman I never met his lamented brother. As a matter of fact I had only seen him twice.

When the *Lusitania* was sunk and those final words of Charles Frohman, "Why fear death? It is the most beautiful adventure of life," became the epitaph of a high courage, I was immediately asked by Edgar Sisson, then editor, to write the story of the manager's life for the *Cosmopolitan Magazine.*

"But I never met Charles Frohman," was my reply.

"You are an experienced reporter, and a reporter can do anything," was Sisson's rejoinder.

I accepted the commission with the stipulation that Daniel Frohman be associated in the enterprise and he was. It was agreed between us that I write the narrative and that he

mobilise the human sources of the material. He knew all of his brother's co-workers and it was easy for him to ask them to join us at the Lyceum. To the famous dining-room table in the apartment came an array of persons ranging from the men who knew Charles Frohman back in the days of the Haverly Minstrels down to his associates in the last production that he made on any stage.

The writing of the Charles Frohman biography, which ran serially in the *Cosmopolitan* for a year and a half, and which was subsequently published in a book called "Charles Frohman, Manager and Man," involved two distinct phases. One was the American end, and the other, and in some details the more intimate, was the English section. I will take them up in order.

Although I met many stage celebrities for the first time through this enterprise, I likewise renewed my acquaintance with those I had met in my earlier newspaper days. Chief among them was Otis Skinner, who was the first actor of consequence I ever knew. I was a reporter on the *Louisville Times* when he came to Kentucky on his initial starring trip. He was appearing in a play by Clyde Fitch called "His Grace De Grammont." I wrote an interview with him and we also met at the Disreputable Club. He had played Romeo to Madame Modjeska's Juliet and was the embodiment of everything that a youthful star should be. I found him then, as always, simple, frank and ambitious.

In his company as leading woman was Maude Durbin, a lovely and gracious actress representing in character and purpose, the highest type of her profession. Soon afterwards she became Mrs. Skinner. My friendship with this ideally-mated pair, whose happy life together is a lasting rebuke to the tradition that stage marriages are failures, has continued uninterrupted through all the years. I have watched Otis Skinner mount slowly but surely to the heights where he stands undisputed as the first American actor.

Julia Marlowe, of course, figured in the Frohman narrative for various reasons. For one thing "C. F." paid her the largest flat salary ever received by an American actress. Although I had met her at various times in the old Louisville days, I did not again have a personal meeting with her until after German

frightfulness had taken its tragic toll with the murder of the *Lusitania,* and I was engaged on the Frohman biography. In my boyhood she expressed my ideal of the stage that James Lane Allen represented as a master of style in writing. Her appearances at Macauley's Theatre were gala events for her host of admirers in Louisville.

In connection with her appearance as Mary in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" occurred a touching and beautiful incident. I was one of a considerable group of ardent theatre-goers—all High School students—which we called the Gallery Club. When certain actors and actresses appeared we attended the performances in a body. We were so numerous that we almost filled the "Peanut" gallery, as it was known. Our particular favourite was Julia Marlowe. When she came along we turned out a full and riotous attendance.

The president of the Gallery Club was a shy and sensitive boy named Henry Uhlen. He was the son of poor but worthy German parents who made many sacrifices to give him an education. The boy himself was high-minded and his ambition was to become a lawyer. During the period of his enrolment at High School he worked at night in order to lessen the financial strain on his family.

When Miss Marlowe appeared as the tragic Scotch lass in "Bonnie Prince Charlie" we raised a little fund among ourselves and bought her a bunch of American Beauty roses. On the card, which was attached to the flowers, Uhlen wrote this inscription:

To Julia Marlowe from the Gallery Club.

"Fairer art thou than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars."

The quotation was from one of "Kit" Marlowe's plays and it admirably expressed what we thought of the beautiful actress whom we worshipped. At the end of the third act Uhlen threw the bouquet from the gallery down to the stage.

A year passed. Uhlen graduated from High School and entered the Louisville Law School. In order to obtain funds to pay for his tuition he worked late every afternoon and night as assistant librarian in the Public Library. He toiled inces-

Otis Skinner

santly. The confinement told on him and when he fell sick he had little vitality with which to resist disease. He died at the age of twenty.

On a dreary, wet afternoon I went up to pay my last tribute to him. He lay in his coffin in the parlour of his mother's humble cottage. The walls were lined with the books that he had assembled at so much sacrifice. Over one of the bookshelves hung a picture of Miss Marlowe. The whole environment told an eloquent yet unuttered story.

When Miss Marlowe came to Louisville the following season I told her about Henry Uhlen. She recalled the episode of the roses and was deeply moved by the recital of the tragedy of the young law student's life. In remembrance of his loyalty she sent a huge bunch of American Beauties out to his grave. With them was a card which read: "Roses for Roses."

John Drew loomed large in the Frohman book and I had many meetings with him during the progress of the writing. He had a peculiar place in the narrative because he was "C. F.'s" first star and he marked a definite milestone in the career of the great manager.

John Drew has always represented something of the aristocrat on the stage. People used to say when they saw him in a new play: "John Drew is just John Drew, no matter what he does." This was true but therein lay the real charm of his acting, because the parts he had to play required the very qualifications which John Drew himself possessed.

He told me the whole story of his first meeting with Charles Frohman during a week-end that I spent with him at his country home at East Hampton, Long Island. He was revealed as charming host and delightful companion. So few actors have homes that it is almost impossible to know the great majority of them in this way.

The relationship between John Drew and Charles Frohman was unique. As was the case with all the Frohman stars, there was never a sign of a contract. This reminds me of one of Drew's most marked eccentricities. Like Lloyd George he is one of the "Great Unanswered." He has a curious prejudice against letter-writing. When he wants to communicate with friend and family he uses the telegraph.

One of the most emphatic personalities that I encountered

in the preparation of the Frohman biography was William Gillette. On a broiling night in July, 1915, we sat for hours in the dining-room at the Lyceum while he related, in a manner entirely his own, the narrative of his Frohman experience. Gillette talks just as he acts, which means that his conversation is keen and illuminating.

He told me that the real disappointment of his whole stage career was his failure to play Hamlet. It had long been one of his supreme ambitions. Charles Frohman was perfectly willing to gratify it and had begun to assemble the production. The mysterious thing called chance interfered. Just about this time Frohman secured the manuscript of Barrie's play, "The Admirable Crichton." He was tremendously keen about doing it at once so he sent for Gillette and said:

"I am perfectly willing that you should play 'Hamlet' but I have just received an ideal play by Barrie for you. Read it first and I will abide by your decision."

As soon as he read the play Gillette agreed with Frohman. He scored an enormous success in "The Admirable Crichton" and "Hamlet," so far as he is concerned, remains unproduced.

Gillette spends his vacations on a house-boat. Although he has had a succession of different craft they invariably have the same name, which is *Aunt Polly*. One of them figured in a most amusing story which its owner tells in inimitable fashion. This particular vessel had many virtues but speed was not among them. Gillette declares that you could readily have obtained a measure of her progress by throwing a feather in the air.

The *Aunt Polly* was making her way up the Connecticut River. At one point a drawbridge spanned the stream. Gillette asked his Captain to signal that he wanted the bridge raised. Up it went. Unfortunately the house-boat was at a considerable distance from the span.

Being a temperamental boat *Aunt Polly* chose this particular moment to become even slower than usual. Meanwhile the span remained up and the bridge-tender sat fuming. When the vessel finally appeared within hailing distance the tender yelled down at Gillette:

"Where do you come from?"

"New York," answered the actor-playwright.

"When did you leave?" came from above.

"July Fourth," responded Gillette.

"What year?" asked the man on high.

No encounter of that busy summer of 1915 was more productive in material or experience than my meeting with David Belasco. For years I had watched this remarkable man from afar, always marvelling at his extraordinary instinct for success and his almost uncanny artistic perception. His relations with Charles Frohman had been most intimate. They had launched their careers in New York together; the old Madison Square Theatre had housed their first New York theatrical ambitions; their joint productions had been outstanding events in the whole American theatrical development. After all this comradeship they became estranged and it was not until the year of Frohman's death that they were reconciled.

My first interview with Belasco was like a scene out of a play. At nine o'clock one evening in June I met him in the star's dressing-room at the Belasco Theatre. He presented his usual cleric-like appearance. The author of "The Girl I Left Behind Me," as may be inferred by those who have heard his curtain speeches, never emerges from the atmosphere of the mimic world in which he is such a dominating figure. The moment he began to talk about Charles Frohman he began to act.

For hours he dilated most fascinatingly on their long experience together. He wept over the pathos, laughed with the humour. It was precisely as if he was doing a drama in which he played all the parts and held the stage throughout.

I simply sat and listened to the unfolding of a story punctuated with real situations. It appeared to me that only a short time had passed when the night watchman came in and announced that day had dawned. I could hear the milk carts rattling through the streets outside. We had sat there all night.

At the beginning of the interview, or rather at the start of the monologue, I laid my walking stick on a small table that stood in the centre of the room. During the progress of the narrative Belasco took it up and rested his hands on the crook. When I got up to go he still sat with his hands crossed on the

top of the cane. He had a rapt look on his face. I reached forward and made a motion as if to relieve him of the stick. With a start such as a man makes when he wakes suddenly out of a dream he said:

"I've lost myself for a moment. I have not only talked of Charles Frohman all this time but I have been Charles Frohman."

Consciously or unconsciously, he had imitated the way that Charles Frohman so often sat during his last years with his hands resting on the cane that his lameness compelled him to use.

I have only touched on the high lights of the American end of the Frohman task. The whole galaxy of stars that twinkled in the Charles Frohman firmament passed before me, each revealing some new side in the character of the man who had brought them fame and fortune. In turn I interviewed Ethel Barrymore, Julia Sanderson, Elsie Ferguson, Billie Burke, Constance Collier, Ann Murdock, Marie Doro, Margaret Anglin, William Faversham, Francis Wilson, Henry Miller, William Collier, William H. Crane, Nat Goodwin, E. H. Sothern and James K. Hackett. Among the managers whom I met were Charles B. Dillingham, Mark Klaw and William Harris, while the playwrights ranged from Paul Potter to Augustus Thomas.

I run this roster to show that such a human contact alone would have compensated me for the many months of effort that I put into the Frohman biography. But it was merely the introduction to an even more alluring experience which began the moment I touched the British theatre, upon which the little American wizard had left such a permanent impress.

One reason why the English ramblings were so fruitful was that Charles Frohman was more frank and unrestrained over there than in America. He not only adored England but entered with zest, spirit and humour into the life about him. The real Frohman was revealed in his associations.

The star in what might be called the Frohman drama in England was Sir James M. Barrie. I have already related some of my experiences with him. The kinship with the author of "A Window in Thrums" justified every hazard and

John Drew

DAVID BELASCO

WILLIAM GILLETTE

hardship of travel that the book imposed. It was Barrie, by the way, who made the best characterisation of Charles Frohman when he referred to him as "the humorous, gentle, roughly-educated, very fine American gentleman."

Among the first of Charles Frohman's friends whom I met in England was Haddon Chambers, the playwright, who, after Barrie, was the American's closest man comrade abroad. They lived and travelled much together. Their happiest times, perhaps, were spent at the charming little village of Marlow, that drowses on the Thames not far from Maidenhead. Like all really big men Frohman liked simple things. Nothing pleased him more than to wander up and down the High Street in the town, gossiping with butcher clerk or spinning a yarn with Jones, the barber.

Mainly because of Frohman's love for Marlow, Chambers rented a cottage there every summer. It was in the establishment he had taken in expectation of the usual visit from his friend in 1915 that I first saw him. Chambers had invited me down for lunch. I arrived earlier than he expected and was received by a person for whom I developed a considerable regard and who, by the way, filled an important rôle in the lives of both Frohman and Chambers. It was none other than the playwright's valet, William Hogg, as genuine a character as ever figured in a Chambers play. He was an "Admirable Crichton" in real life. Chambers' friends were his friends and when he died in the spring of 1919 he was sincerely mourned in a wide circle.

Hogg informed me that his master was in the midst of what he called "an inspiration" and was not visible until the luncheon hour. I filled in the intervening time with a stroll through some of the most bewitching lanes in England.

At one o'clock Chambers appeared. He looked the well-groomed Englishman of the upper class who knew how to be casual without making it an affectation. There was an immediate accord between us. As with Barrie, there began a friendship which I found as one of the most valued by-products of that strenuous journey to England.

Haddon Chambers has added a group of distinguished plays to the literature of the English-speaking drama, but he has done nothing finer or better than the contribution he has made

to the gallery of durable human beings. I know of no writing man who surpasses him in brilliancy of conversation, quickness of wit, or keenness of mind.

The cleverest of the Frohman epigrams were inspired by Chambers. They made an irresistible team. While writing a note the playwright once asked his friend:

"Do you spell high-ball with a hyphen?"

"No, with a siphon," replied Frohman.

It was give and take like this all the time.

He has an original method of work. He only writes during the forenoon because he considers that three hours of effort is a sufficient tax upon the creative mind each day. Instead of having a secretary he formerly employed Hogg, who took down the dictated words. Chambers works slowly. This means that long gaps of silence intervene in his labours. Hogg fortified himself with a "shocker," which he read during the period of mental incubation of his employer. I once asked Chambers why he used Hogg in this way and he replied:

"Hogg is the only human being I ever knew who knows how to keep silent long enough for me."

To Hogg Chambers dictated the whole of "Passers-by" and a great part of "The Saving Grace," in which Cyril Maude made such a success in America.

Chambers owns one of the most delightful houses in London. It is located in Aldford Street off Park Lane and is a converted garage. It was a dingy, abandoned structure when he acquired it. To-day it is an attractive residence with some strikingly original details. It is the only house that I have ever seen modelled for one occupant. It is scarcely twenty feet wide, yet one never feels that it is cramped. One reason perhaps is that it is not cluttered up with useless things.

Chambers knows, as few men know, how to say and do the graceful thing. When Charles Frohman died he sent a wreath for the casket in which the manager made his last journey across the Atlantic. On the card attached to the offering he inscribed the following:

To dear Charles—

"For whom all winds are quiet as the sun
All waters as the shore,"

Photograph by White, N. Y. Copyright by Charles Froham, Inc.

CYRIL MAUDE (LEFT) AND HADDON CHAMBERS DISCUSSING A SCENE IN "THE SAVING GRACE"

He had chosen the lines of Swinburne that so adequately expressed the final human anchorage in the eternal haven.

With Chambers I had one of my many exciting war-time experiences. We were the guests of Lady Alexander in her box at the St. James Theatre during one of the early performances of Sir Arthur Pinero's play "The Big Drum." Her husband, Sir George Alexander, was playing the principal rôle.

Just after the curtain had risen on the last act we heard a terrific bombardment followed by the rattle of shrapnel on the roof. Immediately there rose the indefinable rumble that proclaims an audience in confusion. Everyone knew what was happening. The Zeppelins had come at last. Sir George stepped forward and said:

"Keep your seats. They are only firing on the Zeppelins."

There was a certain unconscious humour in his saying "only firing on the Zeppelins," and several people in the audience laughed. It helped to break the tension. Only a few of the spectators left their seats and after a brief interval the play proceeded to its close.

Sir George Alexander came easily into the scope of the Frohman book. He was lessee of St. James Theatre and he frequently shared the responsibility of English productions with "C. F." You would have singled Sir George out in a crowd anywhere, for he had a beautifully chiselled face and a rare distinction of manner. He lived in an old house in Pont Street off Sloane Square where he gave memorable breakfasts. He had the Lloyd George trick of assembling congenial people at this particular meal. Being an actor it was about the only hour he could meet his friends socially.

This mention of Alexander naturally brings up in my mind the somewhat imposing presence of Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, easily first among living English-writing playwrights. Charles Frohman had inherited him from Daniel Frohman, who produced most of his earlier plays in America. They included "Trelawney of the Wells," "Lady Bountiful," "The Princess and the Butterfly," "Sweet Lavender," and "The Amazons."

I first met Pinero at tea at his house in Harley Street, which is famous in play and story as the thoroughfare where the leading London doctors live. Indeed, Harley Street

means to medicine in England what Downing Street means to statesmanship. Sir Arthur is almost robust in figure, with a bald head and piercing eyes. He talks swiftly and epigrammatically and has something of the grand manner.

Pinero has one peculiarity in his work in that his plays are never sent to the producing manager in manuscript form. They are always published as a book marked "printed privately." He inaugurated this custom back in the days when English plays were issued to the public immediately upon their presentation and were much pirated in this country. Pinero's stage instructions, I might add, are so elaborate and comprehensive that it is not difficult to rehearse them from the author's point of view.

With the single exception of George Bernard Shaw I ran the whole range of English playwrights in assembling the Frohman material. As was the case with Pinero, Charles Frohman took over Henry Arthur Jones from his brother. I had met him frequently in America at the lunches and dinners at the Lyceum but it was interesting to see him on his home ground.

Unlike Pinero, Jones was never an actor but he has the actor instinct and with it a fine sympathy and understanding of the profession. He works rapidly and seldom revises. Many novelists keep what they call an "incident book" in which they jot down stories and episodes as they hear them. In the same way Jones has always kept a book, with lock and key attached, in which he enters ideas for new plays, scenes, scraps of dialogue or bits of characterisation.

Charles Frohman not only made stars but he also made dramatists. One of the conspicuous examples is Somerset Maugham, a thin, wiry, nervously energetic Englishman. I went to lunch with him one day in his house in Chesterfield Street. It is really a miniature Spanish museum, for the author of "The Land of Promise"* is an ardent pursuer of Hispanic art and curios.

This house, by the way, figures in an interesting story. Thanks to Frohman's confidence in him, Maugham prospered exceedingly and was able to purchase the place in Chesterfield

Street with his royalties. On the completion of the remodelling his first dinner guest was Charles Frohman. The invitation read like this:

"Will you come and dine in the house that Frohman built?"

One of the keenest of British playwrights is Alfred Sutro, who graduated from a desk at on office in "The City," into a maker of forceful dramas. His house in Regents Park is filled with rare books and still rarer pictures. Like most clever Englishmen Sutro talks flashingly. Indeed, I know of no country in the world where the art of conversation retains its flair and brilliancy as in England. Most Americans possibly do not know that Sutro's sister is Lady Reading, wife of the Lord Chief Justice and who was special Ambassador to the United States during the closing period of the war.

Of the same school is Michael Morton, a sincere and painstaking play craftsman. In America he acted in one of "D. F.'s" companies. He did for Charles Frohman in England what Paul Potter so often did in America, in that he could take a French farce and adapt it for Anglo-Saxon consumption. Morton is short and bald and a most companionable person.

The same is true of Louis N. Parker of "Rosemary" and "Pomander Walk" memory. I spent a day with him at the lovely old house he occupied down in Buckinghamshire. There is something soothing in his presence and with it an artistic dignity that always finds expression in his product. He has been in New York many times.

No contemporary dramatist achieved quicker recognition than Edward Knoblock. I had met him in London and New York at various times before the war. In October, 1918, and when the twilight had just begun to descend upon the German military gods, I found myself in Berne on one of my many war-time economic investigations. I was invited to lunch at the residence of Major Hans Visscher, who was head of the British Military Control in Switzerland. At the table I found myself sitting alongside Knoblock who was a member of the British Intelligence Staff and doing splendid work. He talks exactly as he writes, which is a guaranty against dulness. Many people believe that Knoblock is a British subject. This

is not true. He is an American but has spent most of his writing life in England.

Two intimate links between Charles Frohman and the British stage are Edna May and Pauline Chase. I saw them often. Although they are both American-born they have been so closely associated with the London stage that there is a wide impression that they are of English birth.

Pauline Chase had a rare companionship with both Barrie and Frohman. They were so afraid that she would marry without telling them about it, that a compact was made by the three that the two men should be her mentors. They solemnly passed on all suitors and finally approved of young Eric Drummond, who was a member of a well-known old banking family.

When I went to England in the summer of 1915 Pauline Chase lived at a cottage called Tree Tops at Farnham Common, about five miles from Marlow. It had a lovely old garden and among other features included a considerable chicken yard. Frohman delighted to spend week-ends at Tree Tops and took particular pleasure in feeding the fowls.

Marlow had the same lure for me that it had for Frohman and Chambers. Frequently I went down there to spend a quiet Sunday at The Compleat Angler, an old inn by the riverside which was a favourite haunt of Frohman. Pauline Chase often motored over and there was much reminiscence of that other day when the gallant American manager had his abode there.

From Miss Chase I secured a rare collection of Charles Frohman's celebrated sketches. The manager found it difficult to articulate with speech. At rehearsals, for example, he expressed his ideas with gestures which the actors soon learned to comprehend. Instead of writing letters he often sent his friends rude sketches drawn with a blue pencil. Miss Chase received scores of them. One of the most characteristic showed a drawing of the moon. Under it stood Frohman gazing up at her lunar majesty. The inscription was: "C. F. to the Moon: 'I will make a star of you yet.' "

Edna May lived at a pretentious establishment called Cranbourne Court near Windsor Forest. During the war, however, she spent considerable time at The Berkeley Hotel in London, and it was here that I obtained most of the details of her career under Charles Frohman. Both Miss May and

A Snapshot of George Meredith
and Sir James M. Barrie

Charles Frohman and Pauline Chase
Playing Croquet

Miss Chase have one rather unique performance in common. They left the stage when they married and bade a real "farewell" to the profession in which they had shone so effectively.

I have lingered over these English wanderings in pursuit of the Frohman material to emphasise the contention that I made earlier in this book that no matter what the subject, writing becomes a matter of intensive interviewing and reporting. Literature, when all is said and done, is merely the larger journalism. Real life, like the play, is "the thing." It matters little whether the background is war, statesmanship, commerce, or the theatre, the technique remains the same.

Work for me has been a succession of unforgetable encounters with many unforgetable people. Each person was a law unto himself, each demanded an individual diagnosis. Each interview has, in turn, been like a scene in an unending drama. Together they have provided a supreme adventure.

The Great War which was fought to free the world from an oppressive militarism, likewise achieved another freedom. It liberated men from the thralldom of an official silence which, like that silence which once enveloped American finance, begot suspicion and sometimes created distrust. We have come into a franker era in diplomacy and business. Henceforth premiers, soldiers, and nation-makers generally will have a different attitude toward the interview and the interviewer.

The pen has proved, as never before, that it can be a weapon as potent as the sword.

THE END

INDEX

Addams, Miss Jane, 287
Alexander, Charles, 56
Alexander, Lady, 305
Alexander, Sir George, 305
Allen, James Lane, 24-27, 36, 228-232, 243, 255, 259, 260, 271, 298
American Luncheon Club, The, 131, 257
Ananias Club, The, 88, 108
Archbold, John D., 70, 212-213, 214-215
Armour, P. D., 54-55, 65
Asquith, Mr. Herbert, 108, 111, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126-128, 138, 254
Atkinson, Samuel C., 56
Atlantic Monthly, The, 41, 42

Baird, John A., 16-17
Baker, Newton D., 186
Barker, Granville, 255
Barrie, Sir James Matthew, 87, 96, 136-137, 247-255, 259, 264, 280, 300, 302-303, 308
Barrymore, Ethel, 202
Bass, Robert P., 275
Beach, Rex, 276-277
Beatty, Admiral Sir David, 157, 162
Beaverbrook, Lord (Max Aitkin), 106, 127-128
Beck, James M., 159
Beckham, Governor J. C. W., 22, 26
Beckham, Mrs., 26-27
Beith, John Hay (Ian Hay), 88, 265-266
Belasco, David, 301-302
Bennett, Arnold, 259
Beveridge, Senator A. J., 285
Boyd, Colonel Carl, 196
Boynton, Charles H., 281-282
Breckinridge, Colonel W. C. P., 20-21, 34
Brent, Bishop, 195
Breshkovsky, Catherine, 180-181
Brisbane, Arthur, 287
Brown, Robert W., 15-16
Bryan, William Jennings, 19, 20, 34
Buchan, John, 263-265
Buchanan, Thompson, 272
Buckner, General Simon Bolivar, 19-20

Cadorna, Count Luigi, 140, 203-204
Carlisle, John G., 21, 32, 34
Carnegie, Andrew, 224-225
Carson, Sir Edward (Viscount Milner), 135-136, 156, 159-160, 264
Cassini, Count, 47-48
Cawein, Madison, 272
Chambers, Haddon, 246, 303-305
Charteris, Brigadier General, 141
Chase, Pauline, 308-309
Chaumont, 184-185, 188, 194
Churchill, Winston, 275
Churchill, Winston Spencer, 77, 118, 122, 152-156, 160, 191
"Clay, Bertha M.," 52
Clay, Henry, 230
Clemenceau, Premier Georges, 68, 77, 85, 191, 194, 205-208
Clemens, Mrs., 245
Cleveland, Grover, 33, 63
Courier-Journal, The, 15, 24, 28, 29, 33, 34, 35
Crawford, F. Marion, 27
Cunniff, M. G., 39-40
Curtis, Cyrus H. K., 55-56, 60, 242

D'Annunzio, Gabriele, 210
Daudet, Alfonse, 73
Davies, J. T., 97, 103

Davis, Mrs. Jefferson, 23
Davis, Richard Harding, 72, 78
Davis, Robert H., 278
Davis, Winnie, 23
Dawes, Brigadier General Charles G., 192
De Blowitz, Henri, 73-74
Devenport, Lord, 129
Diaz, General, 140, 207-208
Dillingham, Charles B., 246
Disreputable Club, The, 30, 297
Dixon, Thomas, Jr., 281
Doubleday, Frank N., 37-38, 233, 236, 283
Doubleday, Page & Co., 36, 236, 273, 281
Downing Street, 101-103, 106, 108, 114
Dreiser, Theodore, 78
Drew, John, 299
Drummond, Eric, 308
Durbin, Maude, 297

Edison, Thomas A., 206-207
Erzberger, Mathias, 201
Everitt, S. A., 37-38

Field, Eugene, 277
Fitch, Clyde, 297
Fletcher, Horace, 51-52
Foch, Marshal Ferdinand, 68, 139, 140, 186, 188, 191, 194, 200-203, 207-208, 211
Fox, John, Jr., 271
Francis, Ambassador, 166, 178
Franklin, Benjamin, 55-56
French, Daniel Chester, 244
French, Field Marshal Viscount, 123, 140, 143, 146-148, 151-152
Frohman, Charles, 87, 222-223, 246-248, 250, 290, 296-309
Frohman, Daniel, 243, 290-297, 305, 307

Galsworthy, John, 250, 259-260, 273
Garland, Hamlin, 276
Geddes, Sir Eric, 18, 156-158, 178
George, David Lloyd, 17, 21, 68, 70, 71, 77, 88, 94-115, 116, 117, 118, 120, 122-123, 125, 126-128, 132, 134, 137, 138, 149, 153, 165, 166, 172-173, 191, 204, 205, 206, 208, 221, 247, 248, 249, 273, 299
Gilder, Jeannette L., 274-275
Gilder, Richard Watson, 273-274, 276
Gillette, William, 292, 300-301
Glasgow, Ellen, 36, 272-273
Goebel, William, 21-22, 26
Goethals, Major-General George W., 91
Goodwin, Nat, 30-31
Gordon, John B., 23
"Graham, John," 65
Grant, General U. S., 19
Greeley, Horace, 29, 31, 290
Gutchkoff, 180

Haig, Field Marshal Sir Douglas, 68, 71, 88, 104, 139-145, 184, 186, 187, 188, 194-195, 264
Haldeman, Walter N., 34
Hall, David, 56
Hanna, Mark, 18-19
Harbord, Major General James G., 194
Harmsworth, Mrs., 137
Harriman, E. H., 68, 70, 193, 194, 221-222, 226
Hay, John, 48-51
Hearst, William Randolph, 118, 287
Hedger, Dr. Caroline, 283
Henley, William Ernest, 250, 251
Henry, O. (Sydney Porter), 41, 253-254, 266-271, 277, 280
Hill, James J., 194, 224
Hobson, Richmond Pearson, 23-24
Hogg, William, 303-304
Houston, Hebert S., 37-38
Hughes, Governor, 226

Jaques, Dr. W. K., 283, 286
Jellicoe, Admiral, 159
Joffre, General, 140, 147-148, 200
Johnston, Colonel J. Stoddard, 24
Johnston, William, 267-269
Jones, Henry Arthur, 306
"Jungle, The," 78, 280, 282-289

Keene, James R., 225-226
Keene, Thomas W., 17
Keimer, Samuel, 55
Kerensky, Alexander, 68, 89, 165-174, 181
Key, Francis Scott, 32

Kitchener, Lord, 100, 118, 120, 122, 123, 124-125, 126, 140, 155, 160, 162, 188, 199, 200, 264, 266
Knoblock, Edward, 307-308
Konavoloff, 180
Korniloff, General, 173-174

Ladies' Home Journal, The, 55
Lanier, Henry W., 37-38
Law, Bonar, 128, 158-159
Lawson, Thomas W., 216-217, 246
Lee, General Robert E., 19, 265, 281-282
Lee, Fitzhugh, 23
Lenine, Nicolai, 173-174, 180-182
Lindsay, Senator William, 34
Lloyd, John Uri, 28
Lloyd, Richard, 113-114
Loeb, William, Jr., 103
Loftus, Cecelia, 295
London, Jack, 287
Longstreet, General, 23
Loomis, Charles Battell, 62
Lorimer, George Horace, 53-67, 242
Lorimer, Reverend George C., 65
Loucheur, 191
Lvoff, Prince, 174-176, 177

McClure, S. S., 234, 236
McCombs, William F., 84
McDowell, Miss Mary, 287
McKee, T. H., 283-284
McKenna, Reginald, 126
McKinley, President William, 18-20
Mabie, Hamilton Wright, 27-28
Macauley, Colonel John T., 30
Marconi, Guglielmo, 208-210
Marlowe, Julia, 294-295, 297-299
Maugham, Somerset, 306-307
Maurice, Major General Frederick B., 111
May, Edna, 308-309
Meredith, George, 250, 251, 252
Merrill, Bradford, 292
Miles, Robert, 295
Milyukoff, Paul, 166, 176-177
Montreuil, 142, 184, 190
Modjeska, Madame, 297
Morgan, J. Pierpont, 77, 193, 211, 215, 222-224, 226
Morton, Michael, 307
Morton, Paul, 85-86, 218
Munsey, Frank A., 277-279

Narbokoff, Ambassador, 167, 168, 175
Neill, Charles P., 285-286
Nivelle, General, 104, 140, 190
Norris, Charles G., 241
Norris, Frank, 36, 37, 78, 232-241, 255, 272-273, 276, 280, 288
Northcliffe, Lord, 18, 40, 69, 72, 84, 86, 99, 103-104, 105-106, 116-138, 141, 193, 257, 258, 263, 278-279, 290

Obrecht, Father Edmond, 25-27

Page, Walter H., 37-38, 39-46, 48, 53, 86, 228, 281, 282, 283
Paget, Lady Muriel, 89
Palmer, General John M., 19-20
Parker, Louis N., 307
Pendennis Club, The, 31
Pershing, General John, 140, 183-196, 198, 200
Petain, Marshal, 143, 186, 194, 200
Phelps, Zack, 213-214
Phillips, David Graham, 241-244, 255, 275-276, 280, 287
Pinero, Sir Arthur, 293-294, 305-306
Players Club, The, 274
Plunkett, Sir Horace, 106-107
Pollard, Miss, 20-21
Pond, Major J. B., 27, 260, 271
Potter, Paul, 307
Powers, Caleb, 22-23
Prentice, George D., 272
Pulitzer, Joseph, 117, 135

Reading, Lady, 307
Reading, Lord, 107
Reform Club, The, 248, 256, 259
Repington, Colonel, 123
Reynolds, James Bronson, 285-286
Rhodes, Cecil, 119-120, 121, 159
Rhondda, Lord (D. A. Thomas), 129-130, 131
Ribot, Premier, 169, 205-206
Rice, Alice Hegan, 271-272
Rice, Cale Young, 271
Road, Archey, 109
Robertson, Harrison, 34
Rodzanko, Michael, 166, 178-180
Rogers, Henry H., 211, 215, 217, 218, 221, 226, 244-246

Roosevelt, Quentin, 87, 92
Roosevelt, Theodore, 77, 78, 85-93, 94, 97, 98, 101, 107-109, 111, 114, 144, 150, 171, 196, 199, 211, 284-285
Root, Elihu, 171-172
Ryan, Thomas F., 70, 211, 215, 217-221, 226

Sampson, Admiral, 23
Santiago, Battle of, 23
Saturday Evening Post, The, 45, 53-56, 59, 65-67, 76, 79, 156, 188, 202, 212, 214, 215, 220, 221, 226, 242, 291-292
Schley, Admiral, 23
Scott, Captain, 250-251
Scott, Peter, 250
Seelbach Hotel, 22
Shingareff, 180
Sims, Admiral W. S., 46
Sinclair, Mrs., 288
Sinclair, Upton, 71, 280, 282-289
Sisson, Edgar, 296
Skinner, Otis, 297
Smith, F. Hopkinson, 273
Smuts, General, 77, 148-152
Sonnino, Baron Sidney, 68, 208
Sothern, E. H., 291, 293, 294, 295
"Spurlock, Jack," 65
Stanchfield, John B., 159
Stanley, Sir Albert, 160
Steevens, G. W., 122
Stevenson, Robert Louis, 252
Sturmer, Premier, 175, 176
Sutro, Alfred, 307

Taft, W. H., 91
Takahira, Kogoro, 47-48
Tarkington, Booth, 276
Taylor, W. S., 22
Tereshtchenko, Michael, 177-178
Times, The London, 117, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 132, 138, 161, 264
Times, The Louisville, 15, 16, 24, 29, 36, 232, 272, 297
Titherington, Richard H., 278
Todd, Sir Joseph White, 129
Toscanini, 204-205
Tramecourt, 141-142
Trappist Monastery, The, 25-26
Trotsky, 173-174, 182
Tumulty, Joseph P., 81
Twain, Mark (Samuel Clemens), 216, 244-247, 256, 277, 280

Uhlen, Henry, 298-299

Van Loan, Charles E., 64, 78
Von der Goltz, Field Marshal, 199
Visscher, Major Hans, 307

Walpole, Hugh, 166, 261-263
Washington, Booker T., 44
Watson, Dr. John (Ian MacLaren), 27
Watterson, Henry, 15, 24, 28-35, 247
Wells, H. G., 78, 257-259, 280
Wheeler, "Fighting Jo," 23
White, Matthew, Jr., 278
Wilson, Woodrow, 21, 45, 77, 78-85, 114-115, 171, 183
Wood, Major General Leonard, 146, 196-199
World's Work, The, 36-42, 44-47, 50, 53, 85, 86, 215, 228, 280, 283, 288

Yenowine, George H., 277

Zangwill, Israel, 260-261, 295-296